PENTHOUSE
02242
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
SEPTEMBER 1980 $2.50
SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
HOW PRESIDENTS PAST AND PRESENT STEAL MILLIONS IN PETTY CASH
TAMMY WYNETTE: EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
AND: PENTHOUSE GOES TO CHINA
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR HIGH SCHOOL DREAM GIRL TURNS OUT TO BE A PORNO STAR
DAVE PARKER: AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION
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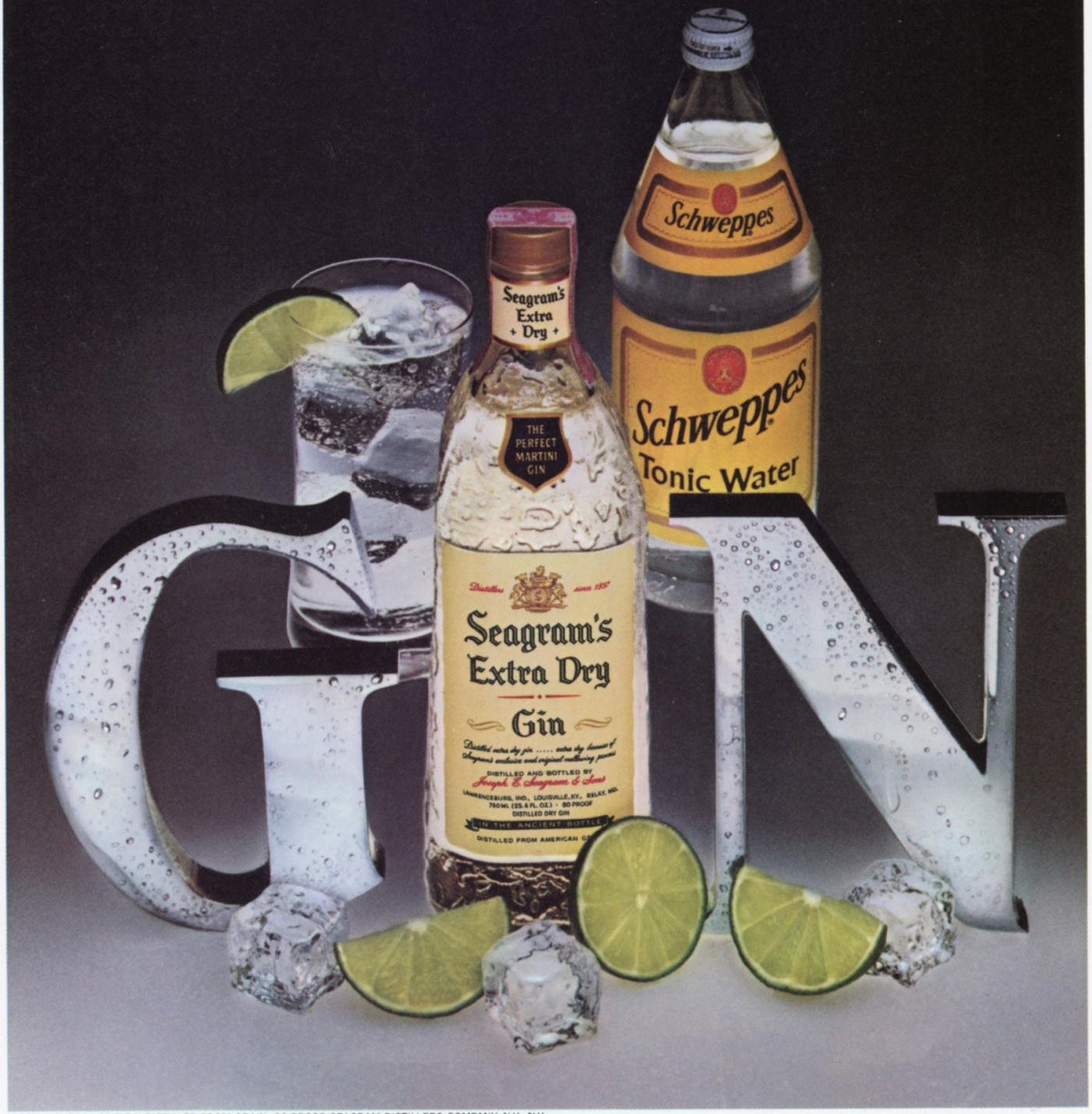

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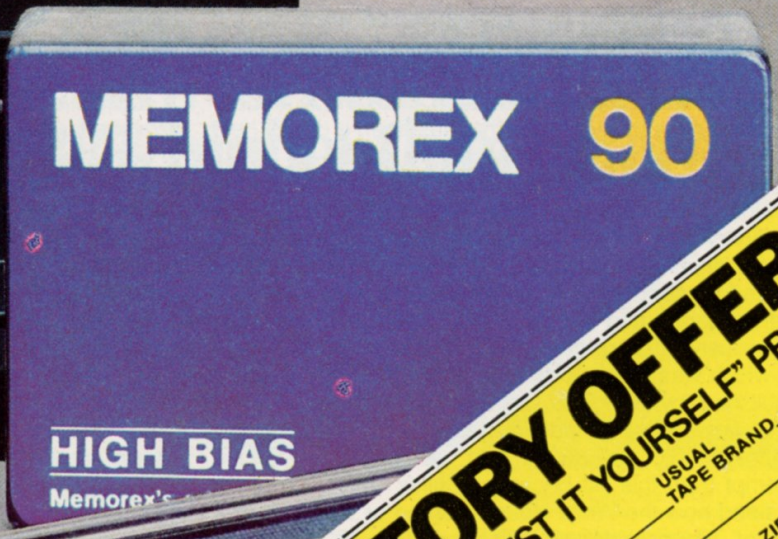

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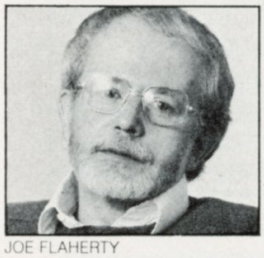

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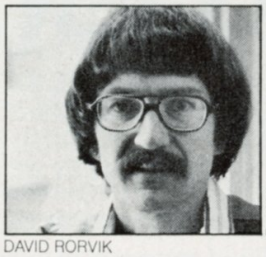

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RICHARD NIXON WITH BILL GULLEY

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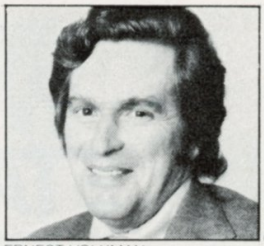

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HOUSECALL

September marks the beginning of *Penthouse*'s twelfth bountiful year of publication in the United States, and to help memorialize the occasion, we've prepared a super anniversary issue featuring some of the best writing, most glamorous pictorials, and least reverential humor to be found anywhere in the world today. We are not unnaturally proud of the continuing success of *Penthouse,* but it's really a success story reflected best in the continuing loyalty of our millions of readers.

The presidential election is this summer's main news and media event, and our lead article is an excerpt from a book destined to be the summer's main publishing event. Earlier this year, when nothing seemed to be going right for President Carter, many people wondered why anyone would want the job or—in Carter's case—why anyone would want four more years of it. There are many obvious answers, of course: power, prestige, the chance to make history, and so on. But there is another compelling reason—a nasty reason that has been a darkly held secret until now: the job is a virtual license to steal.

In "Presidential Theft" (page 56) **Bill Gulley,** who ran the little-known White House Military Office from 1966 to 1977, tells the extraordinary story of the president's Secret Fund, literally hundreds of millions of dollars that have been taken by presidents past and present and their friends and families to ensure lives of extravagance and luxury at our expense. Gulley's article is an exclusive excerpt from his forthcoming book *Breaking Cover,* which was written with **Mary Ellen Reese** and which will be published by Simon & Schuster. In it he details the abuses of power during the administrations of John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and Jimmy Carter. Gerald Ford is exempt from this list because, Gulley says, "he never fully understood how the White House worked or who did what in support of the presidency." The prestige of the office reached rock-bottom when Carter took over. Gulley relates First Mother "Miz" Lillian's staggering advice to her son Billy. "Get all you can, honey. If they'll give you a hundred thousand, take a hundred thousand. Get all you can, because you'll never get another chance like this."

Greed and/or obnoxious behavior are not, alas, the monopoly of politicians. Some of the titans of the entertainment business, the people who run the record, movie, and television industries, are people you wouldn't want in your living room. **Ben Stein,** the author of *Dreemz* and *Moneypower,* who has worked in Hollywood for years, tells behind-the-scenes stories of entertainment powerhouses in "Some True Sweethearts of the Industry" (page 72). After reading it, you'll be glad that your only Hollywood connection is in a movie theater.

Thankfully, not everyone in the entertainment business is a "true sweetheart," and **Tammy Wynette,** our exclusive interview subject this month, is one of the great exceptions (page 116). The First Lady of Country Music, Tammy has had 35 number-one songs and two Grammys and has been named the Country Music Association's Top Female Vocalist of the Year three times. Her song "Stand By Your Man" is the largest-selling single in the history of country music. But for all her success, and despite all of the horrifying things that have happened to her, Tammy stays in touch with her audience: "I try to do songs about the real things that happen in people's lives," she told interviewer **Stuart Goldman.**

Pittsburgh Pirate right fielder Dave Parker is to baseball what Tammy Wynette is to country music. Parker was the first million-dollar-a-year player in baseball, and most experts consider him the best player around today. But despite his ferociousness on the field, which has earned him the nickname "Cobra," *Penthouse* reporter **Ernest Volkman** found, after several days on the road, that off the field Parker is generally meek, quiet, almost shy. In "Steeltown Slugger" (page 124) Volkman profiles this otherwise-benign giant who turns into "a raving lunatic" behind the clubhouse door.

The great cattle mutilation story of the past few years has provoked a lot of heated headlines, not to mention tempers. In case you hadn't heard, some 10,000 cows and horses have supposedly been mutilated with "surgical precision." Conspiracy freaks, cultists, UFO fans, and much of the media managed to make a sensation out of this curious nonstory. In "Cattle Mutilations: The Truth at Last," science reporter **David Rorvik** writes that none of the speculations came even remotely close to the truth, "which is, in one sense, dull by comparison, but, in another sense, for what it tells about human nature, very interesting indeed." The answer is on page 120.

Robert C. Leung's "The Girl Most Likely to. . ." (page 151) reads like fiction, but it's all too wonderfully true. Ten years after graduating, Leung rediscovered the girl of his high-school fantasies in the most unlikely location. The eventual outcome is even more unlikely, but it proves that sometimes dreams do come true. When editor-publisher Bob Guccione created the world's first Department of Investigative Cartooning, he sent chief investigator (and sometimes humorist) **Bill Lee** on his first undercover assignment for the new department. Ludicrously disguised as a humor editor, Lee went to China recently, expecting to return with startling exposé accounts of good food, good cheer, and racy photos of the Forbidden City. What he found, says Bill, is "an Orwellian society going crassly commercial. In today's China it's *1984* marked down from 2500 B.C." Bill's unusual and unexpected observations on the most populous country in the world begin on page 110.

Other items of interest this month include author **Joe Flaherty**'s "Boxing as Political Theater" (page 78) and Olympic contender **Peter Schnugg**'s "Advise & Dissent" (page 108), both of which examine what happens when you mix sports and politics. There's a special froth of Penthouse Pets, of course, to make our Eleventh Anniversary party complete. Enjoy!

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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

On the air

We are two college students at a small-town college. One day we were doing our daily show when two lovely coeds entered the room. We thought nothing of it, since people often walk through our studios. We knew the girls casually, but we didn't think we'd get to know them any better. We were wrong. It was a slow night on the phone boards, so we got out the ever-present whiskey bottle and did shots to pass the time. The girls were beginning to feel the drinks when the show ended. We turned off the transmitter but cued up more records in hopes that *our* show wasn't over. My buddy Mike sat next to Cindy, a beautiful blonde with large, heaving breasts and a small, tight, round ass. Penny, a shorter but equally beautiful redhead, came over and sat on the audio console in front of me. She said to me, "You can quit adjusting those radio knobs and try mine." Naturally, I responded like any full-blooded American man. I casually unzipped her Vanderbilt jeans, revealing a small but well-kept bush. After probing through her muff with both hands, I found her trigger. With my index and middle fingers of both hands, I spread her warm, moist vaginal lips to reveal both her vaginal orifice and urethra. She jokingly asked if I would put the mike up to her twat. I brought it over and began to massage the outer lips of her vulva and her clitoris with the head of the mike. I eased it into her love nest slowly as she moaned and groaned cries of passion and love. My hands and the mike were now soaked with lubrication from her genital secretions.

I followed my fingers with my tongue, lapping slowly and savoring each drop of her womanhood. She screamed as I sucked hard on the vagina that she seemed to be losing control of. She violently shook into a shattering climax. Now she said, "It's my turn!" She reached down to my Levi's and unzipped them. She pulled back my jockey shorts, revealing my engorged member. I knew it was my night when she took all of my seven inches into her tender mouth. I could feel her tonsils on the sides of my glans. Looking over to see what Mike was doing, I saw he was playing slave-master with Cindy. He was making her take his jockey shorts off with her teeth and beg for a taste of his eight-inch, throbbing manhood. He forced her head down on his pulsating appendage and quickly began pumping vast quantities of hot gobs of thick, milky semen into her throat, all over her face, and onto her breasts. He pinched his glans and saved the last few drops to smear into her awaiting quim with his already soaking hands. Her wet oven was met with equal force by his probing tongue as they slipped into a 69 position. We had quite a "session" that evening. Mike now sees Cindy steadily. I haven't seen Penny, though. But that's life. Maybe someday we'll meet again "on-the-air."—*Name and address withheld*

The big switch

I'd like to tell you about something my buddy and I are into. All the names have been changed to keep things cool.

My friend Steve is married to a beautiful girl named Lynne. She has the sexiest body a girl could have, nice-looking face, tits, ass, and legs. She has long, black hair and was just made for fucking, at 23 years old. I'm married to Judy, who is 22 and has long blonde hair, a nice 36½-24-36 body, and a beautiful face.

Steve and I go out drinking a lot and have been talking about swinging. He would like to fuck my wife, and me his. I talked to my wife about it, and she got all mad and told me off. Steve said Lynne got so pissed off she'd like to kill him. We started working on ways to get our wives to spread their legs.

One weekend Steve's wife went to Mississippi to see her mother. I told him we would take Judy out and get her good and drunk, and he could try to fuck her. At the bar that night Judy was getting drunk, so Steve put his hand on her leg. She didn't mind a bit; then he ran his hand under her dress up to her panty-covered pussy. He cupped his hand over her cunt and started pulling her panties to one side so he could get a finger in her hot little box. I looked up, and she slapped the shit out of Steve and told him to keep his fucking hands off her.

I told Steve later on that when we got home and in the bedroom I would leave the window open so he could look in and get a look at Judy's body. When we got home and in the bedroom, I could see Steve looking in. Judy was so drunk she couldn't see two feet in front of her. She started taking off her clothes. First her top came off, and then her little bra. She stopped and looked at me and said, "Do you think my tits are getting bigger?" I said, "Yes, I think so." Next she dropped her dress on the floor and walked over to the bed in nothing but a little pair of red-lace bikini panties.

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5. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States except employees and their families of General Wine & Spirits Co., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising agencies, and DON JAGODA ASSOCIATES, Inc. Sweepstakes void wherever prohibited and subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations.

6. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE AS OF JULY 1, 1980.

7. For a list of major prize winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: RONRICO "GOLD AND SILVER" Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 2765, Westbury, NY 11591.

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3. Where is Ronrico Rum made? _____

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I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the law of my home state as of July 1, 1980.

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Entries must be received by November 15, 1980

Steve's eyes got big as apples. Judy got in bed and said, "All I need is a nice hard dick in me to put me fast asleep." I got out of my clothes and got in bed and started sucking on her tits and got her good and hot. Then I pulled her panties off and got between her legs and started to put my dick in, and she said, "The light is in my eyes. Why don't you turn it off?" I told her I liked it on and put the dick to her. I screwed her for about an hour. I don't know why, but I couldn't come. She came three times and passed out. I got up and went to the window and asked Steve if she looked okay to him. He said that she was beautiful and that he would talk to me the next day. He was going home to jack off and think about her.

A week later we took Lynne to the same bar and got her loaded. She went to the rest room and came back and sat down next to me. She had on a short, sexy-looking dress and was getting drunk as hell. I looked down, and her dress was up to her panties, and she had on a black garter belt holding up her stockings. I kept looking down at her little green panties till I had to touch them. I ran my hand up the garter strap to her panties. I could feel the heat from her pussy through them. She looked at me and pulled her dress all the way up and said, "Do you like my new panties? I just got them today." Steve and I both knew she was drunk and I was going to get some pussy that night. I pulled her panties to one side and inserted one finger deep inside her cunt. She opened her legs a little wider and started getting all wet. Then all at once she pushed my hand away and pulled her dress down and told Steve it was time to go home. They got up and said good night and left.

The next day Steve said he thought she was so drunk she didn't know I was finger-fucking her, or she would have said something to him. Then, two weeks later, Steve came over and said he knew how we could pull off the wife switch and not get the girls mad at us. We put the plan to work the next weekend.

First we had them dress up as sexy as hell and then told them we were going to take them out to eat and then to a big disco in the city. This made them happy as all get-out. We started our night out at eight, and by 3:00 A.M. our wives were so drunk that they couldn't dance or walk too good, so we started home. On the way home I was driving and looked in the backseat to see that Steve had Lynne's panties pulled partway down and was fingering her. So I started to work on Judy's pussy and got her all hot. By the time we got home all our wives knew was that they needed to be fucked.

Steve and Lynne went home, and Judy and I walked in the house. Inside Judy started pulling off her clothes all the way to the bedroom. By the time she got in the bedroom, all she had on was her little blue string-bikini panties. She turned to me and pulled the two little strings, and her panties dropped to the floor. She jumped into bed and said, "Get your clothes off. I'm going to give you the fucking of your life." I knew she had to be in heat by the way she was talking. I took off all my clothes but my underwear, turned out the light, and told her I would be right back because I had to let the dog out.

I went out the front door like a mouse and ran over to Steve's. I saw his bedroom light go out, and he came out the door and said, "Lynne's pussy is steaming for a dick." I told him that Judy was going to give him the fucking of his life. We wished each other good luck, and I went into Steve's house, and he went into mine. I made my way up to the bedroom and got into the bed. Lynne asked why it had taken me so long. I knew I couldn't say anything, so I just put my head between her legs. She still had her panties on, so I had to pull them off and started sucking her cunt. I sucked on her till she got off two times. She was begging for me to fuck her. I fucked her for a long time till she came two more times, and then I had to let my load go deep inside her. She went to sleep, so I got up and went home.

I walked in the door, and I could hear Judy yelling, "O God, O God, fuck me harder, oh, yes, faster, faster! O God, you're so good tonight." I went to the doorway and could see Steve fucking Judy. I watched her come five times, and then Steve got his nut off in her. She started kissing him and saying how much she loved him. Then all at once she pushed him away and said, "You're not Tom. Who the fuck are you?" She jumped out of bed and turned on the lights and started yelling, "You motherfucker, get the fuck out of my house before I kill you!" She looked at the door and saw me. She said, "You knew about this. Did you put him up to this? How could you do this to me—let another man fuck me?"

Needless to say, she was mad as hell. She made Steve go home, and I didn't get a drop of sleep. She was up yelling all night. She said it made her sick to think that another man had come in her and that she gave herself to him and enjoyed it, not knowing it was not her husband. When I told her that I had fucked Lynne, she hit the roof, but I talked her out of calling her up and telling her. I told her that I enjoyed seeing Steve fuck her, and she said I was sick.

Two weeks later I got Judy to borrow one of Lynne's sexy garter belts and a pair of black stockings. I took her to a store to get a new dress. I picked out a short blue one and went home. At home she put on the blue-and-white garter belt and stockings and a little pair of see-through white bikini panties. This was the

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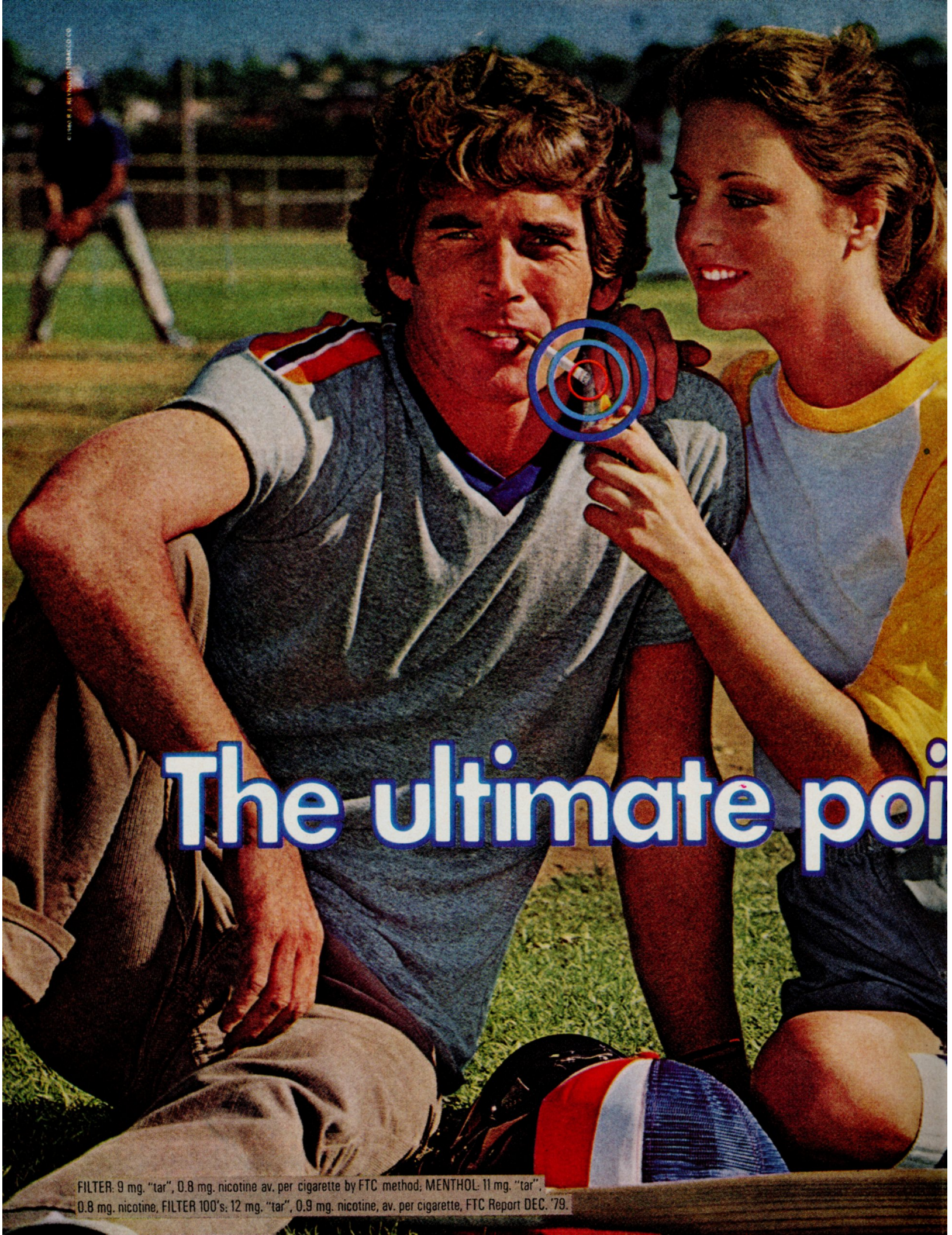

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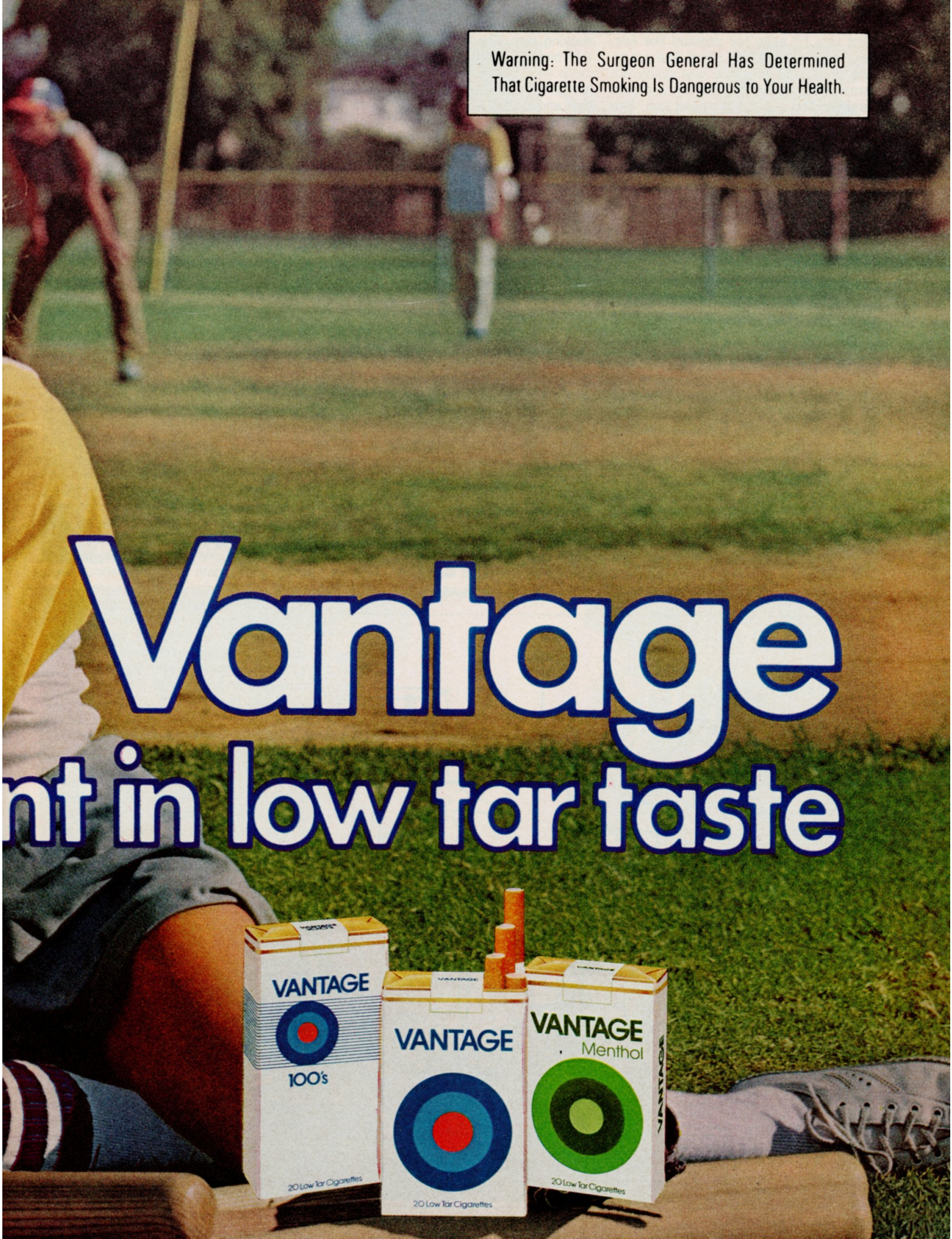
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first time I'd seen her dressed like this, and, boy, did she look good! She put on the dress and said she was going out braless for a change. Her tits are nice and firm, so she doesn't need one. She looked good as hell. If she bent over a little, you could see her stockings, garter belt, and nice ass through the white panties.

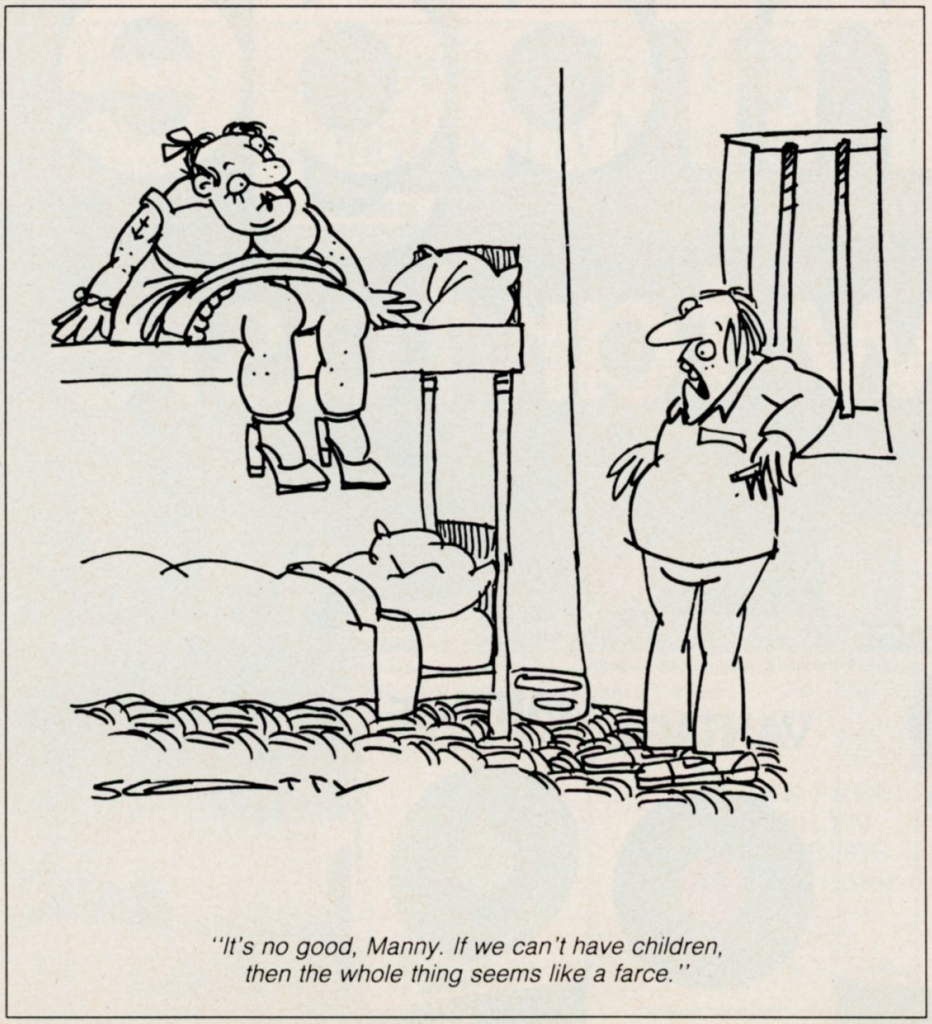
The four of us got in my car and started out for the same disco. By 2:00 A.M. both Judy and Lynne were drunk. Then Steve said to me, "Should we try the switch again tonight?" The poor guy couldn't keep from looking at Judy's ass each time she bent over or something. I told him okay, but this time I was going to ask Judy first. I didn't need her all mad at me all over again. So I asked her. At first she got all mad and started to get up and leave. Then all at once she sat down and said, "Okay. I'll let him fuck me. If you enjoy seeing your wife getting fucked by another man, I'll do it to keep you happy, plus Steve is good in bed. I just may enjoy it again." Lynne didn't know who fucked her that night, but Judy sure did.

After Lynne went to sleep, I went back home to check on Steve and Judy. I walked into the house and didn't hear a thing. At the bedroom door I could hear Steve say he was coming. I looked in and saw Judy sucking him off. At that time he was coming in her mouth, and she swallowed all of his come and kept on sucking him. She stopped sucking and told him, "I need you to fuck me one more time before you go home." Then she got up and sat right down on his hard dick and started fucking up and down on it. She started yelling, "God, you're so good. Don't stop. Oh, yes, O God, you're going to make me come again. God, don't stop!"

Then Steve asked her if he was better than her old man. She said, "God, yes, much better and a lot bigger." Then she yelled out that she was coming. She and Steve came at the same time. Then I walked in the room. Judy got off Steve, and I could see Steve's come dripping out of her pussy. Steve went home, so I got in bed next to her and ran one finger deep in her come-filled pussy and asked her if she would like another hard dick in there. She said, "Sure, as long as you don't mind sloppy seconds." I put my dick in her and came right away just from the feel of Steve's hot come in her cunt.

The next day Judy told me that she had enjoyed herself and would like to try it again next weekend. I asked her face-to-face if Steve was a better fuck than I was. She said, "Yes, he is, a little better. He made me come eight times last night, and you only make me come three or four times in a night." So, for the last three months, my wife has been getting fucked by Steve on weekends. And I'm not sure, but I think she's getting a little on the side from someone else, too. Sometimes I come home from work and find her little panties on the bedroom floor, and they look like they have little drops of come in them.

Lynne still doesn't know that I fuck her on the weekends. I think she would leave Steve if she knew about it. We are going to try to keep this up as long as we can. I enjoy the hell out of fucking Lynne. Steve and Judy enjoy fucking each other. So why not? I would like to find out who else Judy is fucking, but she won't tell me about it.—*Name and address withheld*



"It's no good, Manny. If we can't have children, then the whole thing seems like a farce."

Sex and the laundry room

I attend a large university in Boston, where the cold weather only tends to increase our already flourishing sex drive. Late one evening my roommate and I were smoking up some fantastic Thai stick and literally getting blown into eternity.

Much to our pleasure, the dorm laundry room is located on our floor, enabling us to pant as the university's finest ass parades down our halls on the way to do their wash. Despite our closed door, the scent of the herb filled the hallway. Suddenly, there was a light knock on the door. When my roommate answered, his mouth dropped to the floor. Before Greg stood one of our dorm's foxiest babes, whom we've both fantasized about several times. Her firm, tight tits were nudging through her outrageously tight T-shirt. I almost climaxed in my corduroys when she asked if I had change for a dollar. Obliging, I gladly forked over the last of my change. As she left, our eyes were transfixed on the most shapely ass either of us had ever seen. It was outlined by a fantastic pair of Calvin Klein jeans.

In awe of what we had just seen, Greg and I, as we continued to smoke, commented on how great it would be to explore her inner depths. Five minutes could not have passed when our dream girl appeared again at our door, this time with two of her equally endowed friends. We recognized Mindy and Barbara as foxes in our history lecture. Both were equally beautiful as their unintroduced friend. My quick-thinking roommate readily invited the girls to finish the herb with us. Without a second thought, all three agreed to party down. Mindy and Barbara sat on either side of me as Stephanie, the recently introduced beauty, took her place on Greg's lap.

The partying became intense. As I declined another hit, Barbara passed the weed to Mindy and Mindy's pert nipple gently brushed against my chest. The thought of fulfilling my ultimate fantasy, a *ménage à trois*, was coming closer to reality. Her embarrassment was assuaged when she saw my bulging crotch. Quickly glancing at Greg, I saw he was already engaged in a furious petting session with Stephanie. Needing no further coaxing, I began massaging the tight asses of my newly found sex kittens. I

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then lay back and let Mindy and Barbara slowly undress me, while I slipped a hand down Barbara's pants. Mindy, sympathizing with my obvious discomfort, relieved my eight-inch cock from its dark home and began administering one of the finest skull sessions I've ever experienced. Simultaneously, I saw Greg plunging his moose into the warm confines of Stephanie's tight cunt. After what seemed like the blow of eternity, Barbara positioned her dripping pussy over my awaiting mouth. I instinctively began lapping furiously at her tasty twat. Mindy, not wanting to be outdone, positioned her blonde bush over my hot rod. Her grinding thrust made me shoot my wad deep into her cunt. I was amazed at my own staying power—my still-hard cock was ready for another round.

Sounds of ecstasy filled the room as I saw Greg poking Stephanie in the style preferred by nine out of ten K-9s! This fantastic fuck session ended in a heap on the floor, Greg and I switching off between our goddesses several times before it all "came" to an end. We now wait with anticipation for their next visit to the laundry room.—*Name and address withheld*

Tenting tonight

I recently enjoyed the most curious encounter I have ever experienced. It began, innocently enough, with a camping trip I had been planning for some time. My girl and I were to spend a long weekend with some friends of several years, Tom and his wife, Susan. I had met them both in college, and we had often headed for one of the numerous state parks that cover central Florida. This particular trip was to be a combination reunion and retirement camp-out. Tom's future seemed secure, and he and Susan had decided to start a family. Two days before the trip my girl friend was called out of town. I was unable to find another partner on such short notice, so I ended up doing a solo on the trip. Piney woods and fresh air have always had a dramatic effect on my libido, and the absence of a companion was only compounded by my constant exposure to Susan's laughing brown eyes and enticing body. Time and again she or Tom would catch me eyeing her well-filled tank top and skin-tight cutoffs. Their good-natured chuckles only added to my embarrassment and consternation. Throughout the remainder of the day I was kidded mercilessly about my absence of a date.

After supper we drank some brew, had some smokes, and pitched the tent. Out of habit I had brought two sleeping bags that zipped together, but Tom, anticipating warm weather, had brought only light blankets. During the night it began to rain, and by morning it was quite chilly. An intermittent drizzle throughout the day kept the temperature down and the hiking cold and damp. When the sun set, it was downright cold, so we decided to zip my bags together and spread them open, using the blankets as a community cover. This accomplished, the interior of the spacious tent was effectively transformed into a wall-to-wall sleeping bag. I took one end with Tom several feet away and Susie on his far side.

Sometime during the night I was partially awakened by the tent flap being unzipped. I assumed a late-night leak would ensue, and fell back asleep. I was again awakened at reentry and felt the covers shifting as the relieved party settled near me. I dozed for a while and gradually became aware of a bare leg thrown carelessly across me. It was Susan. Relief, nervousness, and guilt hit me at about the same time. Arousal came in a close fourth. Susie and I had engaged in the pseudo-teasing so common in friendly relationships, but this was not the same. Two days of sexual frustration seemed to focus on my acute awareness of the hot smoothness of her inner thigh. I couldn't help myself. I was responding in a typically physical way, and as my sleepy alertness grew, so did my hunger. Without consciously willing it, I carefully rolled toward her, and she raised her leg slightly to facilitate my movement. When I completely faced her, she threw her arm over my neck and brought her leg back around my middle, pulling her hips closer in the same motion. I was unable to determine if she was awake or not. Her breathing was heavy but regular, and I simply could not tell whether it was passion or sleepy mistaken identity. Her jersey-style nightgown was bunched from her waist to her armpit, and I could feel a warm, naked breast against my shoulder. I couldn't resist placing a hand on her buttocks. I felt what seemed to be a pair of loose-fitting pajama panties.

By this time my erection had become almost painful, partially from the position in which it had been caught. I pulled my briefs below my balls and placed my freed organ between her legs. Slipping my hand underneath the loose leg of her panties, I began slowly caressing her firm mounds. Occasionally I slid my fingers between her cheeks and gradually increased the reach of my strokes until I was softly running the length of her vulva. The lips were down-covered and slightly parted. She was very moist, but again I was unable to tell if this condition was indicative of building excitement or natural lubrication. My excitement began to mount, and my touch became even bolder. Soon one finger, two, and then three were exploring her insides. My hand was becoming quite slippery with her juices, and she began an almost imperceptible movement against me. I reached back between her legs and insinuated the tip of my cock underneath the leg of her panties. I began rubbing the head up and down her wet furrow,

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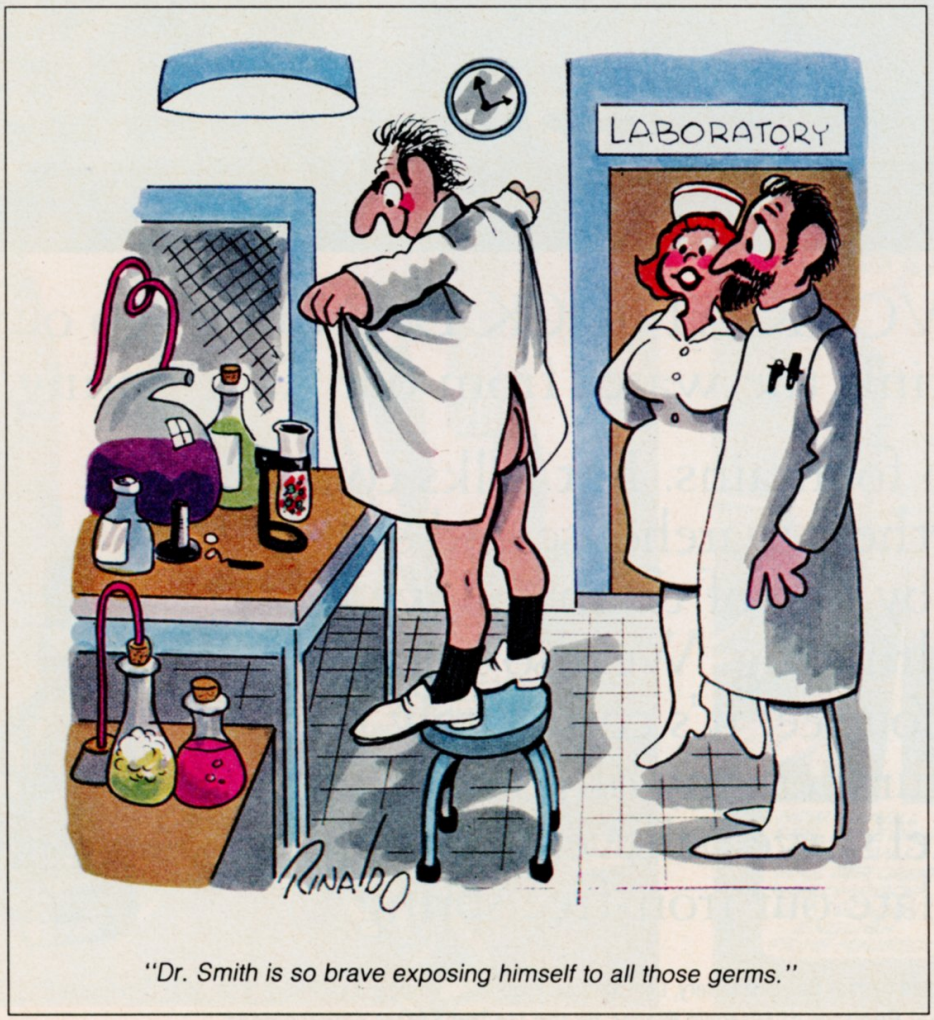
barely penetrating her hot opening. Susan began arching her pelvis to facilitate my entry, and at the proper pitch of excitement, I slid deep into her. As I strained to gain even greater depths, my finger started spreading her vaginal juices around and into her anal opening. I was consumed with the desire to penetrate every part of her. I wormed my finger into her tight backside, and she increased the tempo of her movements to a frantic pace.

As strange as it may seem, I had not thought of Tom since the episode had begun. I now found myself listening intently for any sound coming from his direction. Looking back, I guess it was a pretty ridiculous situation, but at the time I wasn't inclined toward reflection. As I listened for Tom, I concentrated on quietly fucking Susan. Her movements had become so violent I was afraid that I might not be able to keep my cock positioned in her. I wanted to roll her on her back for more control and deeper penetration, but I was unsure how close her husband was. My lungs were bursting, and I was getting a cramp in my side, but the pleasure was exquisite. We enjoyed the sweet friction until I could endure no more. As I felt my orgasm begin its unalterable climb, I locked myself closer to Susan and restricted my thrusts to short, fast jabs. Apparently her own release was also on the way because her movements became almost superhuman. In order to stay in her—and without thinking—I rolled her onto her back. Luck remained with me. Her legs relaxed into a completely spread position, and I pounded into her mercilessly. She soon ceased her frantic movements and became the ultimate gripping receptacle. I could hear as well as feel the liquid pistoning of my organ in and out of her softness. The sensation of my finger deep in her rectum rubbing against my shaft produced unbearable pleasure, and I shot my sperm into the innermost recesses of her hot channel. She continued to grip, contract, and thrust as the spasms subsided.

After a few minutes my heartbeat returned to some semblance of normalcy, and I was delighted to discover I was still erect. My head was filled with visions of a magnificent continuation of our lovemaking, but at the same time I could almost feel Tom bending a tire tool over my head, so I rolled us back to the position in which we had begun. As I untangled myself from her, Susan turned onto her stomach. She was completely passive. I couldn't tell whether she wanted me to persist or desist, so I contented myself by lazily stroking her back. As the emotional high subsided, I became increasingly aware of the pungent scent of our lovemaking. It permeated the tent. I felt her panties, and they were completely soaked. I cautiously slid them down her legs and removed them. Giving in to a last whim, I briefly tasted her sopping pussy and ass and then used the panties to clean her up as best I could. By this time I realized I would not be afforded the delights of Susan's other orifices this trip.

It wasn't long to daylight, so I pulled her jersey down to cover her and slid into my jeans. I put her panties in the hood pouch of my field jacket and let myself out of the tent. I washed the last traces of our encounter from me in the cold waters of the lake and locked the evidence-concealing field jacket in the trunk of the car. In a few minutes the sun came up, and shortly thereafter so did Tom. My heart skipped a beat when he stepped out of the tent, but I soon determined nothing was amiss. Susan emerged in a short while, and all appeared normal.

Later, as we were loading the car, Susie brought up an armload of gear and with a twinkle in her eye said: "I hope I didn't disturb you last night." I asked her what she meant. She replied, "I had to make a trip to the bushes. Didn't you hear me?" I told her I had, but that it hadn't disturbed me. "Besides," I said, "I used the bush myself last night." "I didn't hear a thing," she replied.—*Name and address withheld*



"Dr. Smith is so brave exposing himself to all those germs."

Teaser technique

I am a horny three-year football letterman at a large southern university and, thanks to my lack of funding, I was spending my spring break at home instead of down on a Florida beach. My roommate and I never miss an issue of *Penthouse*, and I even get a charge out of rereading old issues of *Forum*.

At home our backyard neighbor is a long-legged, swishing-assed, brownish-blonde who has been the cause of many of my erections and often the hot subject when I loped my mule. Her name is Pat, and my younger sister says that she entertains one of the meter-reader utility men, but I am not sure my sis hasn't done the same.

Pat looks very much like Marilyn Chambers of *Behind the Green Door* fame: broader of butt and long hair often worn in a ponytail, and she has two kids just starting school. She would come on to me like a 230-pound fullback with his eye on a pro contract and then shut it off just when she had me up and expectant, as if her pussy was an untouchable gold mine.

She acted like she wanted to be sucked but not fucked. I've told her, when she happened to be over to our house and wearing tight, cunt-slit-showing, faded jeans, that she looked good enough to eat. She would eyeball me sexylike, scanning my bulging crotch as my hefty nine-incher grew down my pants leg, and one time she got gravel-voiced when I commented on her pretty mouth and long neck while I was rubbing the length of my straining hard-on. Her

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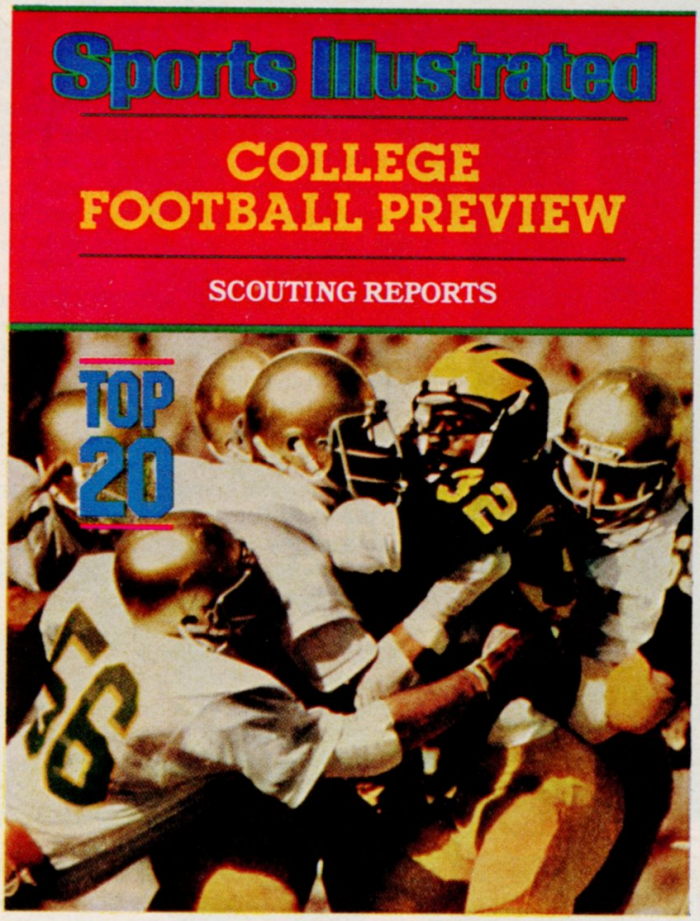

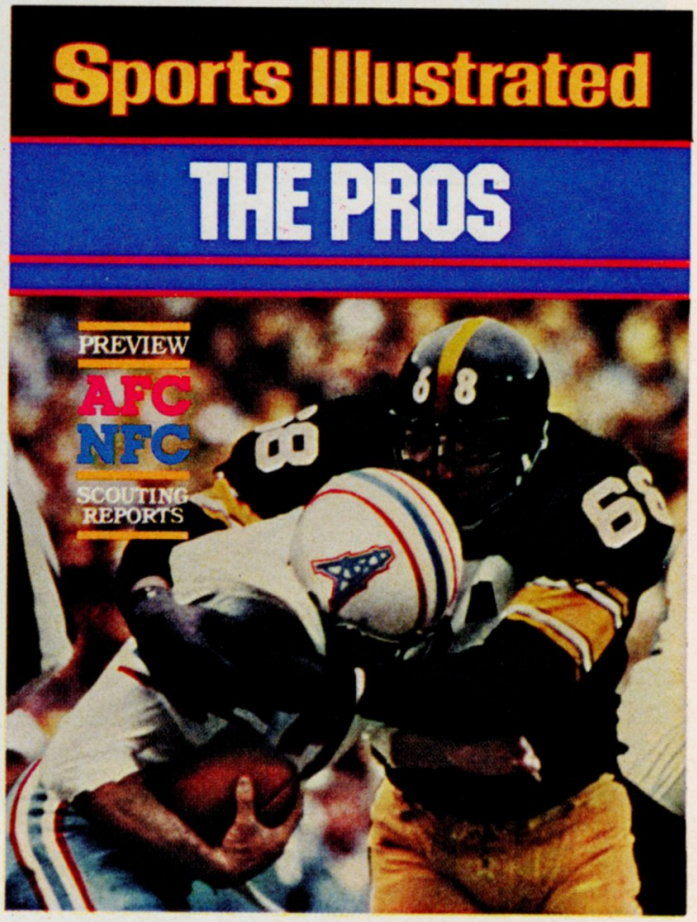

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gray-green, heat-glazed eyes said, "Let's fuck," but her cold-shoulder attitude that always followed was puzzling. Her teaser technique is what had kept me hot to trot and wondering.

Two days before I was due to go back to campus, she called to speak to my mother, who was out shopping, and we chatted for a while. I told her she sounded like a real sex kitten on the phone, and I would return her husband's drafting tools, which I had borrowed to do a rough drawing for another neighbor who was planning to add a room.

I knocked and entered through her carport door, and she was bent over the end of her kitchen cabinet, talking on the phone and jotting on a note pad, with her prominent ass stuck out and straining through an old pair of side-zippered slacks and her pink panties showing brightly through the wide-open, unzipped side-vent gap.

Setting the transparent drafting triangles on the cabinet top, I walked up to her and stroked a finger up and down on her exposed panties. She glanced over her shoulder seductively and did not even break her dialogue with whomever she was talking to, if anyone, for looking back on it, I think she probably planned it for my entrance.

Having awoken that morning with a raging beer hard-on and having gone without a piece of ass my entire spring break, I thrust my hand into that pocketless opening down onto her puffy pussy mound and rubbed vigorously, easing behind her to nuzzle my straining cock on the crack of her ass, managing to ease a finger up a panty leg into her hot, moist cunt before she hung up the phone.

She slowly extracted my arm out of her slacks, not the least bit irate about my actions, and rolled around to face me, but she would not allow me to kiss her on the lips and turned her head aside. So I tongue-danced over her jaw to her ear and down her neck, dry-fucking her against the counter. Then I unbuttoned her waistband and dropped to my knees, stripping her bare to the ankles. She moaned as I blew gently on her thick pubic hairs and then stuck my face into it as she sank down, hooking her elbows on the countertop. She spread her knees wide as I sucked into her, cupping her nice, big, bare ass in both hands. She was soon scissor-legging my head like crazy.

For too long I had been dreaming of this stuff to be satisfied with it on the kitchen sink, so I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. Stretching her out on the bed, I undressed her slowly and teased and kissed her firm tits and then took off my clothes. She screeched, "My gosh, you are a stud!" when my big prick sprang forth. Getting on the bed, I went down between those long legs and sucked her good, bringing her off twice before she begged me to fuck her.

As I crawled up over her, she guided my throbbing weapon into her swollen, puffy pussy lips, muttering something about my cock being too big. As I sunk into her unexpected tightness, I felt my cock swelling even bigger for the biggest and hardest hard-on ever, for she was tight as a midteener but fucked like a natural-gifted hooker. I pulled out of her tight cunt twice to go down on her, and then she would pull me up and back into her again before I finally exploded with her in a fantastic fuck.

During our first bout, even though she had earlier shunned a lip kiss, saying her lips were for her husband, she was tasting her own cunt juices off my tongue in her talented mouth. A little while later we swung into a 69 position, with her on top. She sucked and deep-throated my hemuscle, giving me some of the best head ever, ramming her nose into my ball sac as I sucked her luscious pussy from underneath. A great spring break after all.—*Name and address withheld*

Neighborhood professional

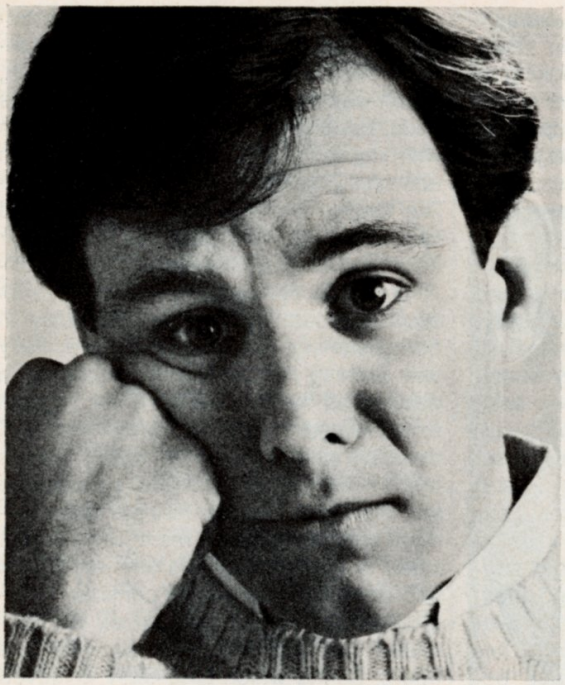
I am an 18-year-old high-school guy who, up until last week, was rather skeptical of your farfetched "Forum" stories. But now I have joined the ranks of the true believers.

Up across the border, in Canada, our winters get pretty cold. Last week was no exception, as a cold snap hit our area. On Wednesday I came home from school to have lunch, thinking I would return within the hour. How wrong I was!

I was just finishing lunch when the doorbell rang. I went to the front door and opened it. There stood the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on. She seemed quite cold, so I invited her in. She began mumbling that she represented the local real-estate company and asked if I knew of anybody who wanted to buy or sell. I replied no, as she removed her coat and boots, displaying her gold uniform. I led her into the living room and engaged her in a small conversation, eyeing her sensuous body intently.

Her sweet face and pouting lips began to bring my member to attention. I found out her name was Sally, and she was 19 and in her first year at the university, and she was just doing this job to earn some extra money.

As she gazed around the room, Sally noticed an issue of *Penthouse* lying on a table. She walked over to the table and picked it up. Immediately, my cock sprang to life. After she had been through it for several minutes, I stood up and walked over to her. She dropped the magazine and mashed her soft lips onto mine, followed by a long French kiss. Meanwhile Sally started slowly massaging my expanding bulge. I freaked out. She wasted little time in undoing my pants, as I removed her gold blazer and



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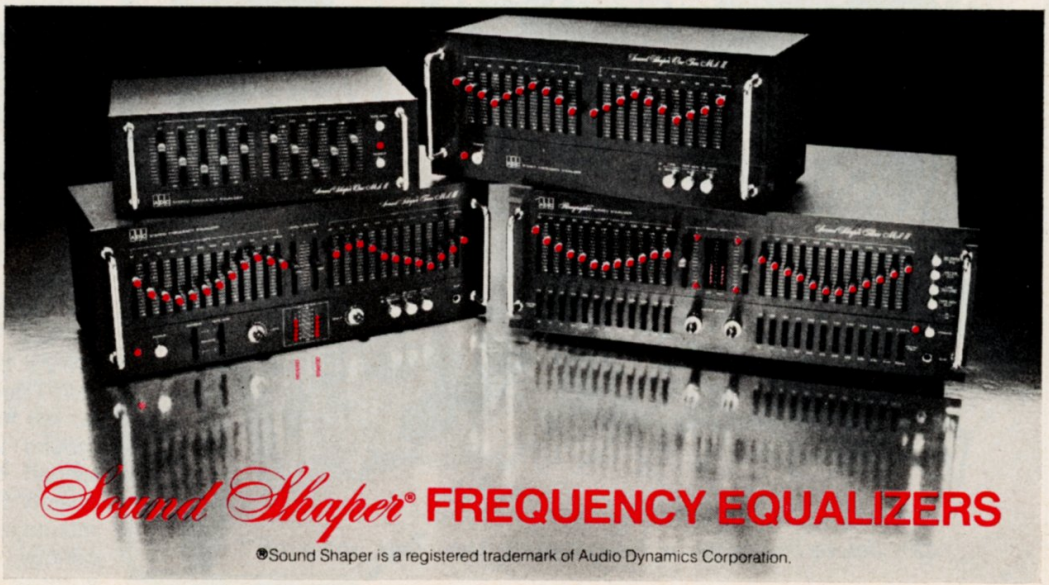

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zeroed in on her large breasts. My cock had reached its maximum extension of seven inches. Sally lowered her tongue from my mouth to directly in front of my aching meat. I began moaning for her soft, moist lips. Then, extending her tongue, she commenced licking, in long strokes, the shaft of my prick, ending at my swollen head. After several agonizing minutes, Sally engulfed my love pole and licked and sucked it feverishly. Sensing my oncoming orgasm, she began deep-throating me wildly. I was writhing in passion. Finally, not being able to hold back anymore, I gushed my load of warm sperm down her throat. She swallowed my come with ease, to my surprise.

Completely exhausted and limp from this escapade, I rested on the floor, staring wearily up at my now bare-breasted nymph. Sally's breasts were a work of art, shaped proportionately to her statuesque body. "You like this set of real estate?" she asked as she pointed to her ripe melons. I nodded in anticipation of what was to follow. She ordered me to strip completely. I did this task in seconds. My dong was now coming back to life. She lay down next to me and claimed, "You've got thirty-seven inches to explore." I rolled on top of Sally and reached down with my mouth and lightly kissed each tit. Her breathing became more rapid. I took one of her firm globes into my warm mouth, guiding my tongue over her erect nipples. Sally's breasts were more gorgeous than I ever imagined. I knew my caressing and licking of her sensitive nipples was driving her crazy. She shook in uncontrollable spasms, and I realized she was about to explode, violently. I kept it up, and within seconds Sally had a long and gut-wrenching orgasm.

I guided my tongue down through her cleavage and stomach, with only one thought on my mind—Sally's pussy. Reaching around, I unraveled her skirt. Immediately, I smelled the heady aroma from her crotch. I had never seen such a wet crotch. She had gushed her panties and even dampened her panty hose! I slowly removed her panty hose, licking the vaginal moisture from them. Sally moaned deeply watching me do this. My next area of concentration was her sopping panties. I delicately removed them and proceeded to sweep my tongue over this dripping piece of cloth until her moans and groans for my tongue became unbearable. At this point the only thing that stood in my way was her drenched undergarment. As I removed the fabric of her panties, I heard a loud moan from Sally. I placed a couple of pillows underneath her firm buns and spread her legs to their furthest extent. She cried out, "Lick my cunt; lick my cunt!" I responded by gently licking her thick, milky thighs, teasing her.

"My deluxe box comes with two breasts, two thighs, and a roll."

Soon Sally started gasping and rotating her hips as I neared her wet love tunnel. I nibbled lightly at her moist bush, which was manicured to perfection. I was soon tantalizing her luscious pussy lips with my tongue, driving Sally wild with ecstasy. Quickly, I plunged my serpent-like tongue into her honey pot. I licked her steaming walls and lashed at her throbbing clitoris. She shrieked and convulsed violently, realizing her reward was soon approaching. I lapped furiously at her glistening gash. At this point Sally was arching her back and screaming in ecstasy as the first wave of her orgasm reverberated through her body. Her cunt muscles were convulsing rapidly as the first stream of her love juices cascaded into my mouth. She went rigid for a moment and then begged me to lick deeper. I had to grab Sally's ass with my hands in order for my tongue to continue its intrusion into her wet love tunnel. We continued like this for what seemed like hours, during which time Sally achieved numerous waves of orgasms.

My meat was as hard as steel, and we mutually begged for a fucking. I repositioned Sally's legs over my shoulders for greater accessibility to her gleaming orifice. She begged for me to mercifully fill her pussy. At last, I positioned my rod between her pussy lips and gently eased it in all the way, stretching her warm vaginal walls. We both moaned in pleasure. I increased my pace, quickly driving Sally into a frenzy. Again, she arched her back to receive me deeper. She bucked wildly in anticipation of another orgasm. Within minutes she climaxed twice. Reaching the peak of ecstasy, I flooded her tight love hole with a shuddering orgasm. We collapsed, immediately, to the floor, breathing heavily. After several minutes' rest, I withdrew my shriveled cock, glistening with my own come and her love juices.

We embraced and softly kissed each other, murmuring about our passion for each other. Suddenly, Sally stood up, grabbed her panties, and exclaimed, "Let me explore your kitchen, and I'll give you a surprise you'll never forget!" I readily agreed with my goddess of love and pondered the waiting surprise. After a few minutes she returned, wearing her panties. As she approached me lying on the floor, I noticed that her panties were protruding at the crotch. I asked her the reason for this peculiarity. She replied sensuously, "You'll see soon enough." With that she climbed on top of me, kneeling above my shoulders, directing her crotch to a distance of inches from my lips. The heady aroma that encircled Sally's crotch before now smelled like fruit! I quickly got an erection. Sally guided her hands down to her covered love mound. At this point she delicately extended two fingers into her covered snatch. She groaned at the sound of her mound squishing. I remained silent but curious. "Now that you've heard your surprise, you're going to taste it!" said

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Sally. In an instant she slid her fingers into her moist pussy and came out with dripping juices, which I eagerly licked clean. Then it hit me that she had rammed a banana up her cunt! "Now you're going to see your surprise," Sally claimed with glee. She removed her panties and repositioned again accordingly. My prick was hard in a second. Her beautiful quim was filled with a partially mashed banana. The banana extended out beyond her pussy lips, stretching them somewhat. Her dark-brown bush was smothered with mashed banana. Indeed, it was a heavenly sight.

I extended my tongue out to its maximum reach only to fall, agonizingly, short of my target. Sally's enticing love nest was driving me wild. She continued to tease me (and herself) for what seemed like an eternity. The mashed banana and her love juices were meandering down her warm thighs, driving us both insane. Without further adieu, she lowered her love nest on my face. It was great! I was amazed at how enticing this dripping concoction tasted. I furiously lapped out this exquisite combination, while wrapping my tongue around her pulsating clit. On the verge of orgasm, she writhed her hips on my face, pressing her full pussy on my mouth and spreading this creamy liquid across my face. She climaxed with a shudder, sending love juices streaming into my mouth and down my throat. After 20 minutes of this delightful cunnilingus and at least four more earth-shattering orgasms, Sally removed her spewing cunt from my lips and stood up, eyeing my pulsating prick. "Please, my sex mistress, let my rigid member enter your royal honey pot!" I cried. She began fingering herself, while kneeling in front of my stout tool.

At this point she reached down and took my blood-engorged meat in her mouth, swirling her slippery tongue around my tip. I was in a world of total pleasure. Then, raising her head, she examined my swollen tip, pulsing with ecstasy. Realizing that there was little time, she moved her saturated pussy up to my straining dick. Sally then came down on it, letting the head penetrate her moist folds. I could feel her soft pussy hair tickle my glans. I thought I was going to faint. With that, Sally couldn't wait any longer (neither could I). She spread her soft pussy lips and plunged her wet, warm cunt upon my towering tool. Again, we groaned in mutual passion. Within seconds I exploded, sending spurts of hot come into her steaming snatch. She screamed in pleasure, reciprocating my mind-blowing climax.

Now, completely drained of our energy and senses, we crashed out on the floor until we could gather our bearings. We showered and dressed. She thanked me for "warming her up." I claimed the pleasure was mine. Finally, Sally responded, "Like our motto says, 'We're the neighborhood professionals for you!' " I believe it!—*Name and address withheld*

"Darling, was it as good for you as it was for me?"

Ebony ecstasy

I am an attractive woman in my mid-thirties and never married (because of my preference for my career as an executive for a major health-insurance company). I have never been some man's professional baby factory and personal maid. I earned my own lakefront condominium, foreign sports car, furs, jewelry, etc., rather than having to marry. Besides, with my tall, slim 38C-25-36 figure and dark-brown bedroom eyes, I've been able to sample many of the married men in my office, who are bored to tears with their wives.

I've been fucking regularly since my older brother, Harry, took my cherry during my sweet-sixteenth birthday party. Even now we get together for some good, old-fashioned, no-strings sex. Sometimes, we've gotten his wife, Anne, for some fantastic threesomes and, when I've had a willing date, some swapping as well. In fact, it is one of these sex episodes with Harry that I am writing about as well as about the realization of one of my oldest fantasies: getting gloriously fucked by a black man.

One of my personal accounts is with my father's industrial textile firm, where they manufacture specialized laundry bags for hospitals, schools, and institutions. I was there to talk to one of the employees about a claim when my brother and his wife arrived to talk to my father. It was after quitting time, and my father was talking to Anne when Harry and I decided to go to a secluded part of the warehouse for a session of "heavy breathing." He laid me down on a pile of bags, and we were soon disrobed and going down on each other. We both started coming, bathing each other's face and filling each other's mouth with sex juices, when we heard a noise and, looking up, saw my father's foreman, Willie, holding his monstrous black cock. Despite my obvious surprise, the sight of that sex pole not only made my mouth water but started my cunt twitching and itching.

There's nothing I like or need more than having a hot and hard cock embedded in either my mouth or cunt. I love the taste of sperm and come from just the feel of it splashing against the inner walls of my pussy. That ebony beauty, I decided, was going to find its way into both places. But before I could reach out for it, Willie told me that unless I gave him a little of what my brother was getting, he was going to tell my father about what he saw. I was excited by the prospect of getting some black prick inside me, but the fact that it would be by force was too much for me to stand, and in one swift motion I had my mouth over the smooth tip and was drawing it into my

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mouth and caressing it with my tongue. Was I ever in heaven with that black dick in my mouth and my brother's cock buried in the steaming warmth of my cunt!

What a thrill it was to have two men shoot their hot cream in me! Willie's come was delicious and filled my mouth until it started dribbling down my chin. Harry must have been really excited, too, because he gave me what seemed to be a gallon, and soon it was streaming out of my pussy and down my thighs. When they both slipped out of me, I lay down and parted my thighs, giving Willie a look at where I now wanted him to put that black beauty of his. Just as he was about to crawl between my thighs, we heard the distant sounds of my father and Anne, calling out to us. We hurriedly cleaned ourselves and got dressed before they discovered us. However, before they arrived, I told Willie that I wanted to finish what we had started, and we made a date for the following night at my place. He turned out to be more than I could ever have imagined.

When my father and sister-in-law did join us, they found us talking and smoking cigarettes. Anne gave me a knowing look and smiled. My father just looked at us and shrugged. Maybe one of these days, my father will help me realize another of my fantasies and I'll get him too.
—Name and address withheld

A happy anniversary

Having been a reader of *Penthouse* for the past six years, I would like to share an experience with your readers, one quite unlike anything I've read in the "Forum" section. The only one I have related it to is my wife, who is an avid reader of *Penthouse*, too.

Rick and I are close friends and work in the same office. I have known both him and his wife, Sandra, for several years and have enjoyed dinner and drinks at their house on frequent occasions. On one Friday afternoon Rick invited me over, and I gladly accepted, as Sandy was a good cook and a gracious hostess. It wasn't until we had the first drink and a toast that I realized I was sharing their fifth wedding anniversary. They didn't tell me, as they didn't want me to get them anything. We enjoyed some stimulating drinks and a delicious dinner, and after Sandy had cleared the dishes away, Rick suggested that we do some pub crawling. He went for the baby-sitter, as they had two children, one about two years of age and a baby about five or six months old.

We were all about the same age, Rick being 26 and Sandy 24, and we shared many interests together. We made a pretty good night of it, and after four hours and five or six bars later we returned home, feeling no pain. Since it was nearly midnight and I didn't have a car, they suggested I stay the night and sleep on the sofa. I had done so before and felt right at home. While Rick took the baby-sitter home, Sandy fixed up the sofa with a couple of sheets and a pillow and we talked and had a drink while awaiting Rick's return. Sandy was a pleasant person: a good wife but a little on the quiet side. She was attractive enough facially but no great beauty. She did have a beautiful head of chestnut-colored hair, which she wore to shoulder length, and one of the most stunning figures I had seen on a woman—big breasts and a waistline you could circle with two hands, full hips, rounded thighs that showed through her dress, a beautiful ass, and legs that made people turn around and look when she passed.

We finished our drinks when Rick arrived home, and they retired to the bedroom and I to the couch, stripping down to my shorts and T-shirt. I was just going into the land of Nod when sounds from the bedroom caught my attention. They were the sounds of two bodies in passion, so I decided to satisfy my curiosity. I made my way quietly into the hall, which was right around the wall from the sofa and a few steps from their open bedroom door. The bedroom was bathed in moonlight, and not over six feet from where I stood I saw a sight that made my cock go rigid instantly. Rick lay on his back on a double bed, his legs apart while Sandy knelt over him from the side, slowly sucking his hard cock. I stood rooted to the spot fascinated as I listened to Rick imploring and urging her on while complimenting Sandy on her artistry.

His cock would appear and then wholly disappear into her mouth as she cupped and fondled his balls. I watched as if in a hypnotic state as Sandy licked his shaft and balls and returned, engulfing his whole cock down to the base. She was deep into her own passion as I listened to her heavy breathing and moaning. Meanwhile she was milking him with her hand, urging him to ejaculation. I couldn't stand it much longer, and I knew I was going to shoot my own load soon. I wanted to jack off right there but knew it would stain the wall and spatter the carpet. My own nut needed relief more than Rick's. Then as I watched Rick announce in a hoarse whisper he was coming, she continued to milk and suck him, even after he came. This was more than I could stand, and I returned to the sofa and got my handkerchief from the pocket of my trousers. I lay down and wrapped the handkerchief around my throbbing dick and started to beat off. Then I heard a board in the hallway squeak. Quickly I removed the hanky and pulled the sheet over me. I felt rather than heard the presence of someone.

As I watched through half-closed eyes, I saw Rick and Sandy walk slowly and quietly to the side of the sofa. They were both nude, and he was guiding her by the arm. He pointed down at my "tent

pole" in the sheet and whispered "go ahead." She shook her head in the negative, saying, "He'll wake up." He whispered back, saying, "Goddammit. Do it! He's passed out." About now it wouldn't take Dick Tracy to figure out what was coming next, and I thought it was any second. I watched Sandra turn toward me, and the sight of her just about did it for me. Her tits were enormous and stuck out like eggplants. I closed my eyes as she bent over me, searching my face for signs of wakefulness. Slowly she eased the sheet off of me and onto the back of the sofa. They both stared in awe at my eight-inch rod, hard as oak. Rick told her to "do it—you'll never get another chance." Sandy leaned over me and put her thumb and forefinger on the base of my cock. Then, as I watched in joyous disbelief, she put the head of my raging prick in her hot, wet mouth. As Rick watched his wife, his own cock grew hard.

Suddenly, as I was about to shoot, I felt a stream of warm liquid hit my belly, and Sandy jumped up, whispering, "Shit." As she stood up, I saw a stream of milk squirting from her left breast across my stomach up the back of the couch and on to the wall behind it. Sandy was apparently still nursing the baby. Rick grabbed her, asking, "What the fuck is wrong?" When he saw the problem, he put his finger to his lips and drew her a few feet to the side of the sofa. He whispered something to her. Then, as they stood together, I saw something I don't believe I'll ever see again. He inserted his right hand between her legs, finger-fucking her while with his left hand he cupped her huge tit and began sucking milk from her right breast. She in turn bent her head and raised her left tit to her mouth and sucked herself.

This went on for what must have been three or four minutes, and then they kissed each other passionately, and Rick pointed at me, lying in my supposed stupor. Sandy knelt down next to the sofa and began where she left off. That's all it took; about three seconds after she put my prick in her mouth, I exploded like a volcano. She didn't milk me with her hand. I supposed she thought she would "awaken" me. I just kept shooting stream after stream of pent-up sperm into her mouth, and she kept swallowing as fast as she could. All the time this was going on, Rick was leaning over her, encouraging her performance: "Suck it, honey. Oh, yeah, you're beautiful. Suck him dry as you did me." There was no doubt in my mind that Sandy needed no encouragement. She still held me with her thumb and forefinger and continued to suck and push her tongue into the opening of my urethra, making sure she got every last drop. She finished and got up unsteadily as if in a daze, pulled the sheet over me, and looked at Rick and said, "My God, he must have stored that up all winter."

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He told her she was beautiful, and they went back to the bedroom. In a very short time there were the sounds of unrestrained and wild lovemaking in progress. Again I watched as they fucked wildly for about 15 minutes. He came twice without withdrawing, and they finally passed out with exhaustion. The next morning we breakfasted together as though nothing had happened. Sandy fed the two children, and Rick drove me back to my apartment. Only now, if they read this in "Forum," will they know that I *really* shared fully in their secret.—*Name and address withheld*

Study methods

Like so many others, I have always felt that letters to "Forum" were the result of vivid imaginations, but now I have had a fantasy come true. I teach high school, and although I have spent a lot of time enjoying the luscious bodies of the female students, it has always been enjoyment with my eyes only. A few like to tease me with a glimpse down their blouse or by "accidentally" spreading their legs when they know I can catch a view of their tight little panties, but no one has ever made a move until now.

One of my better students, whom I have often thought of while masturbating, asked for some help before a test. Anything to be alone with you, I thought, and told her to come back when I had a free period. I was expecting the usual tease but was looking forward to it. Kathy came by, as she'd promised, and we sat down to review notes. She was wearing a long skirt that was unbuttoned to mid-thigh. Her blouse tugged at the buttons, and I could see through the gaps that her beautiful tits were barely covered with a stretchy lace bra.

She did all the usual leaning over, etc., and I was loving it. But then she took me by surprise. Swinging her legs toward me, she put her feet on the highest rung of her chair and spread her knees to give me a perfect beaver shot. Her panties were tight across her pubic mound, barely outlining her cunt lips. She must have trimmed her snatch because no hair was poking out; her panties covered it all. I still hadn't realized how serious she was, but I was to soon find out. While I was still staring at this lovely vision of a teenage female crotch, she asked if anyone was in my office, which is between two classrooms. I was quickly growing hard and nearly as quickly suggested that we use some books which I keep there. I let her walk ahead of me so I could arrange my pants to hide my growing bulge. I needn't have bothered, because as soon as we closed the door, she was upon me. She pressed against me, slipping her tongue into my mouth and her hand down the front of my pants. I grabbed her boobs and caressed them, first through the material of her blouse and bra, and then bare, as I undid the buttons and pulled the cups of her bra up to release her melons. I lowered my head to suck on her nipples (and to get a better look at them), and she moaned with delight. By now her hand was stroking my stiff shaft, and I was ready for my treat. I lifted her skirt up to her waist and dropped to my knees in front of her.

There, in front of me, was the object of so many fantasies. I grabbed her buns with both hands and pulled her pussy to my lips. While my nose reveled in the scent of musk, my lips massaged her cunt through her panties. I covered my teeth with my lips and worked it back and forth along the length of her now-moist pussy, licking and pushing the area where I thought her clit would be.

Then, trembling with delight and disbelief, I pulled her panties down and began sucking and licking in earnest. Kathy alternated between stifling moans and grinding her dripping cunt against my mouth. I was in heaven, but it was to get even better! She pulled me to a standing position and immediately went to work on my swollen manhood. Cupping my aching balls in her hand, she kissed my pole from one end to the other, pausing at the throbbing head to run her tongue lightly from side to side. Then she took most of it into her mouth and started stroking with her expert lips. I held one of her tits and used the other hand to brush her hair away so I could see this incredible blowjob I was getting.

My dick felt like it was going to explode. Perhaps sensing this, she stopped and hopped onto my desk, beckoning me to her love nest. Her lips were swollen, and her clit was at attention. I was tempted to go down on her again, but she had other ideas. She took my cock and guided it deep into her warm, wet pussy. I grabbed her hips and thrust repeatedly as deep and as quickly as I could. My balls slapped against her ass, and our pubic hair joined as I settled down to long, even strokes. We could hear students talking in the adjoining classroom, but they had no idea of what was happening! I felt myself coming and pounded furiously for the last five strokes.

Kathy arched her back, and her eyes rolled as she came with me. I held my cock deep within her and shot my wad over a space of what seemed like minutes. When we both had finished our spasms of pleasure, I slowly withdrew my slowly deflating prod. We dressed quickly and returned to our studying, not saying a word about what had just transpired. Apparently our study method works, because she got an "A" on the test! Keep up the good work, *Penthouse!* "Erotic" implies "quality."—*Name and address withheld*

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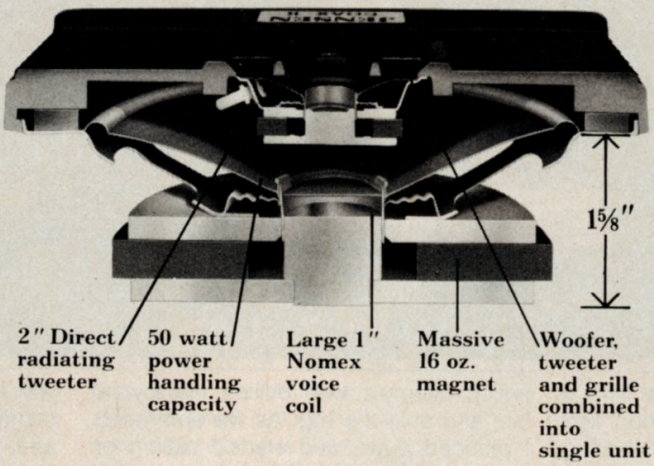

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a while and used to think that most of your letters were the products of vivid imaginations. However, something unique happened to me recently, and I thought perhaps your readers might be interested in a real story with a different twist.

First of all, I should mention that I frequently suntan in the nude in my backyard, which has high walls and affords a lot of privacy, or so I thought! This particular day I was well greased up with suntan oil, the sun being extremely hot on a cloudless day. As I lay on the blanket, soaking in the sun, I applied more oil to my ass to prevent any redness from appearing in that sensitive area. As I spread it around, feeling very sexy, I heard some noise from the house next door. I happened to look up and saw someone working on the neighbor's roof.

I didn't know if he had seen me, but I certainly noticed him. He appeared to be in his late twenties or early thirties, with a deep tan and a hairy chest—he wore cutoffs only, and it looked like someone had stuck a tennis ball down his crotch. His thick, muscular thighs were a sight to behold, and feeling a little unnerved looking at him and reacting to him, I bundled a towel around myself and headed inside for a cold drink.

Well, evidently, I wasn't the only one with that in mind, as it was just a little bit later I heard a knock on the door and checked out my window to see who it was. It was him! I opened the door, and he introduced himself as Frank, wanting to know if he could have a cold drink, as the house where he was working was closed up. Feeling a little cocky and sexy, I invited him in, really wanting a closer look at his midsection and its hidden delights.

Frank and I opened some cold beers and went to the couch, where he mentioned what a nice, even tan I had. I wasn't sure what to say at that point, but I think I mumbled something about his not being too bad either. I stole a glance at his crotch area, which not only had expanded further but also had inched down toward the edge of his shorts. This evidently hadn't gone unnoticed, as Frank lifted up his muscular ass and undid the top portion of his shorts, commenting on how hot it was.

The next thing I knew I felt my hand diving inside, where I discovered the coarse hair and huge shaft, his prick now standing at attention before me. He slid out of his drawers, and I gasped at the sight before me. His dick wasn't that long by any means, but it was as thick as a flashlight and curved upward, ending with a purple head oozing its come juice toward me.

Without further ado, I bent down and licked its slit, the slimy liquid creating a coating as my tongue worked its way around the shaft. Frank reached over and pulled off my towel, pulling me toward him and onto the rug. As we embraced, I reached down and started pulling on his shaft, letting the liquid act as a lubricant as I slid the skin up and down, over his ever-expanding cock. His fingers reached my ass, where he drove me crazy with his back-and-forth moves until he stuck a finger straight up my behind. I squirmed with delight, far too horny to care where he ended up, and lay on my back, spreading my legs for easier access to my now-throbbing bung hole.

He hoisted my legs up over his shoulders and proceeded to thrust into me with that bulbous head in an area previously unexplored. At his first advance I cried out, the pain being quite intense, but after a spell it subsided, and he slowly pushed on, as I felt like I was wrapped around an enormous post that wouldn't let go.

To my surprise, I found myself, after a time, returning his thrusts with a vengeance never previously known, as I had to hold on for dear life as he pushed further and further into my dark cavern. Soon we were bucking like wild animals in heat, and perhaps really were, as I cried and moaned for him both to stop and continue on and on. Just as I thought I couldn't possibly take another centimeter of his fat prong, he withdrew suddenly, now crawling on top and straddling me over my heaving chest.

As I looked up, I saw him with his eyelids clenched shut, moaning with ecstasy as he pistoned his cock to and fro in his fist, straight above my head. His massive sac was hitting me in the chin with each stroke. I just could not believe this was happening to me. A shower of hot, white liquid began to rain upon my face, hitting my eyes and mouth, as my hot tongue kept busy trying to drink it all in.

Frank's pole now rested lightly on my mouth, and he began to move it back and forth, picking up the excess sperm on his stick. He was still rock-hard as I moved a hand up and down the enormous vein. "Turn over, baby" was all I needed to hear. I found myself on all fours, with my still-open ass raised for his command. His tongue began to lubricate my anal crack as I moaned and moved back to practically smother his face.

I felt his hot, wet prick slide up my leg and then the pain as he entered me again, seemingly bigger than ever. He had no mercy, pushing in quickly until I felt his balls squish against my cheeks. He grabbed my breasts and started pumping away as I tried to accommodate by meeting each thrust by pushing back. He started to cry out. I could sense he was close to flooding my insides. I was delirious with pleasure as he plowed back into me, filling me up with his hot, thick sperm enema. As he pulled out, a stream came out my hole and down my

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leg, which he scooped up and worked back into my red eye. God, was it super!

Needless to say, not only does Frank stop by from time to time for even further escapades, but my roof is now completely redone, and I should say I am as well. I hope your other readers meet such good friends.—*K. B., Tucson, Ariz.*

"Baby-sitting"

I'm a reasonably attractive, 34-year-old married man, and until this past weekend, I'd not fooled around on my wife in the 12 years we've been married. The kids had a long weekend from school, so my wife took them and spent the weekend with her sister, who lives about 200 miles from here. It didn't matter much, since I had a few things I wanted to get done around the house in addition to my regular routine.

Part of my regular routine is a 30-minute run that includes a few steep hills and a finishing routine of wind sprints. As I sat on my front steps, lacing up my running shoes, Patty, the neighbor's virginal daughter, came running by in her jogging suit. I called to her, and she came over, and I asked her if she wanted to try a real run, half-joking. She agreed, and we started out. Really, we ran pretty well together, except for the hills and sprints, on which she couldn't quite match my pace, but still she did all right.

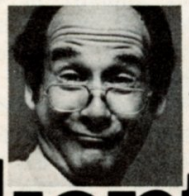
Walking off the exercise in my backyard, she told me that she was all alone for the weekend; her mom and dad had gone to the shore and were trusting her by herself. Quickly, my mind went to high gear, and I kidded her that I'd be glad to "baby-sit," since I, too, was alone. Patty then suggested that we baby-sit each other. I told her that it sounded like a good idea to me and then invited her in the house for a cool drink. I mixed up a batch of vodka sours and poured us each a tall, ice-filled glass. Quickly, Patty downed about half of hers. I kidded her about getting high and said that I might take advantage of her. She laughed nervously and said that in that case she'd better get home and take a shower so she wouldn't be too sweaty for me. Needless to say, I was at a loss as to whether she was kidding or what.

Since we had done some very mild kidding about sex at the local swimming pool, I figured that was about as far as things would get, so I asked her if she knew that we could save water by showering together. Patty downed her remaining drink and stood up, looking very nervous. Thinking that she was leaving, I was surprised when she shakily stuttered that she was very ecology conscious, so she was willing if I was.

Agreeing that sacrifices have to be made, I took her hand and led her upstairs and into our master bedroom. Pointing to the shower-bathroom door and the stall shower, I said that this must be the place. We both stood doing nothing for a few seconds until I finally decided to make a move before the opportunity got away. Gently putting my hands on Patty's waist, I pulled her to me and kissed her lips, slowly working them apart and kissing her long before tentatively probing with my tongue. As I swirled my tongue deep inside her mouth, she literally melted against me as she returned my kisses and embraced me. Walking and kissing slowly, we made our way to the bed, and I laid her down, carefully not breaking the kiss. Shaking slightly, my fingers pulled down the zipper of her jogging-suit jacket. I placed my hand on her shoulder, resting my arm on her bra-encased breasts before pushing the jacket from her shoulders and off her arms. I fondled her shoulders and kissed her neck down to her chest at the edge of her bra before kissing her noticeable nipples through the embroidered material covering them.

As I returned to her mouth, I whispered to her that she had grown quite a bit over the winter. She shook her head as she closed her eyes and put her hands behind my head and pulled me to kiss her again. I rubbed my hand over her belly, feeling her pubic hair through her clothes and finally placing my hand on her crotch. As I rubbed her in a circular motion, she moaned softly into my mouth

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194



"Yesterday, I kept four women happy while I was tied up"

What a day. My meeting ran late, so I was still tied up at the office when Linda called the house. Then my sister. Then Pat, my stockbroker, with a hot tip. Then my mother, with a hot meal.

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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please) although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A water solution

Congratulations for having the guts to print Michael Brown's article on toxic wastes, "Poisoned Water" (May 1980), in which he exposed the hypocritical and deceptive practices of the Environmental Protection Agency in covering up our enormous problems with chemical wastes.

I run the only broad-spectrum chemical recycling company in the United States (to the best of my knowledge). Our goal is not to apply some limited technique, such as solvent distillation, to any waste we can find, but to develop the reclaiming, reutilization, recycling approach to chemical wastes generally. I estimate, and others have joined me in this evaluation, that 80 percent of the chemicals now going into dumps (whether legal or illegal) could be recycled into usable byproducts. But whether the figure is 50 percent or 90 percent, what difference does it make? We are talking about an enormous saving in energy, an enormous saving in lost resources, and an enormous improvement in chemical assault on the environment. Any reasonable person would expect the government, through its lead agency, the EPA, to be actively supporting progress in this direction. Not so.

In all the years it has been in existence, through multiple billions of dollars of appropriations and hundreds of millions of dollars of R&D contracts, the EPA has never spent one single penny for any significant research into hazardous waste recycling. It has funded only one part-time position in its vast bureaucracy, and that person is charged with disseminating the EPA's lackluster, ludicrous substitute for a program, known as "Clearinghouses." Yet the contracts for resource destruction have exceeded a billion dollars. Do you want to incinerate resources? At sea or on land? How about plasma fusion? Or oxidize them in fused salts? And, of course, step right up if you would like a handout to continue burying wastes underground. Do you want to encapsulate wastes in glass at a huge cost in energy and lost resources? Why not shoot them into the sun or bury them in the oceanic trench? No matter what zany scheme you may have for destroying resources, the EPA is ready to load up your bank account with R&D funds. But for recycling, the only approach that solves rather than merely defers the problem, it has never been able to find a dime.

The crowning insult came in recent months when the EPA announced that its new disposal regulations would cost over $5 billion to implement. First, it puts most dump site operators out of business. Then it grants a monopoly to the remainder by decreeing them to be "legal" dumps, whatever travesty of logic this is based on. Lastly, it calmly commits $5 billion to driving business into the nets of these few holders of the royal monopoly. And some people think the oil companies have a good scam going.

If the EPA were at least open in its determined opposition to any kind of recycling, it could be faced as a known enemy. However, it maintains a pretense of actually being a champion of recycling. EPA literature claims that hazardous wastes is the problem of the decade and that recycling is its number-one strategy for dealing with it. It lists its approaches, in one Arthur D. Little study, with recycling as number one and land filling—only of what remains after recycling, neutralizing, etc.—as the last option. It spends fortunes on publicity to distribute this kind of deceptive smokescreen so that the public remains unaware that no support is given to recycling whatsoever. In fact, as everyone in the field knows, land filling is absolutely the only approach to chemical wastes the EPA ever considers. When Congress passed the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act, the EPA proceeded to interpret it as the Resource Destruction and Disposal Act. Powerful provisions of that act for supporting recycling have never been implemented and probably never will.

As an environmentalist, I decry those who attack the EPA's successes in reducing our society's onslaught against the environment. But in the field of hazardous wastes, I attack the EPA's record as one that is designed to build bureaucratic empires at the expense of environmental protection. They are in love with the crisis and terrified of solutions. Once again, congratulations to you for daring to burst their bubble.—*Dr. Paul Palmer, President, Zero Waste Systems, Inc., Oakland, Calif.*

Thank you for Michael Brown's article on the problem of hazardous wastes. As he clearly outlines, the problems from toxics in the environment are immense—even hardened environmentalists used to the horror stories and the "disaster of the week" have difficulty not feeling overwhelmed.

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But as it is impossible to overestimate the problems of hazardous wastes, it is also impossible to overestimate the importance of the Superfund in order to start solving some of these problems. What is the Superfund? Briefly, the Superfund is federal legislation that would establish a fund to clean up abandoned hazardous-waste sites. The money in the fund would come from fees from the petrochemical industry that created the waste in the first place. But the Superfund is more than just dollars. It would create a legal scheme that would, for the first time, do the obvious—make the polluters pay for the damages that they have caused.

To no one's surprise, the petrochemical industry is fighting this legislation tooth and nail. It is using the same old, tired arguments—profits before people. And it has got a lot of politicians here in Washington worried in this election year.

What we're asking for is simple: industries should pay for the clean-up, and the polluters should pay for the damages. Concerned Americans can write to our organization to get more information.

Thanks again for the fine article. We need all the help we can get.—*Marchant Wentworth, Environmental Action, Suite 731, 1346 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20036*

Caligula

Being a student of church history, I am very much amused over the present uproar over Bob Guccione and *Penthouse*'s film *Caligula*. Putting aside the charges of pornography and ineptitude, Mr. Guccione has done a service to those who can see what the film is truly about.

Caligula is definitely a mirror image of our own society and what can happen when morals break down, taxes go sky-high, and the central government is allowed too much power. I hope those who value their personal liberty will see the film. Instead of criticizing *Caligula* and Mr. Guccione, we should offer congratulations. It is a view of what could become of our society. May this motion picture be shown forever.—*Rev. Walter Turkowsky, Winchester, W.Va.*

Defending the defenders

The article by Tony Scaduto, "Stop the Draft," in the June 1980 issue deserves a reasoned response. His anguish is clear: why are we even considering the forced conscription of another generation of young people to fight the wars precipitated by our idiot politicos? From this anguish, however, emerges the very tendency he bemoans in our leaders: the wish for simple solutions, easy scapegoats. He would have us blame influences that point to a return to the draft on an easily identified group of "scoundrels" who want to enslave our children. The problem is less obvious than that.

First let me clarify a few principles. It seems to me that one must either believe or disbelieve that there is some genuine threat to American interests in the world, which require availability of credible military forces. If we believe such a threat exists, the next question is how to provide such a military force. I propose that despite our recent overreaction in the middle East, and without regard for the particular morality or wisdom of oil politics, multiple threats to American interests do indeed exist. I face one manifestation of such threats here in Germany. Very soon, I expect our eastern opponents to expand into Yugoslavia just as they did into Hungary and Czechoslovakia. My immediate problem is that, as a military officer, I do not presently have a viable military force to discourage or oppose such a move. We in Europe are outgunned and outnumbered by at least two to one on every front, and technology will *not* make the difference.

So where does one draw the line, and with what? Mr. Scaduto's statistics on the supposedly rising educational levels of our recruits are highly suspect. Such claims also miss an important point. Even if they have diplomas, the high-school kids we get these days rarely come from the top half of their classes. More typically, we see people with a fourth-grade reading level or difficulty in speaking English. It is unrealistic to expect such people to operate (much less maintain) the high-technology equipment we have foisted on the army in place of enough guns and training. Likewise, please do not accuse the reserve of "not really trying" because it has opposed direct recruitment of people into its local units. I know of no military officer who believes that we can train our entering people on nights or weekends, or in summer camp, and still obtain the needed level of military skills. It just can't be done.

A large part of my problem also lies in an area mentioned briefly by Scaduto: I'm losing top-quality NCOs because they've had to suffer a 15 percent or greater pay cut in recent years because of non-compensated inflation. I observe that the very same people who usually oppose the draft are often the folks who also demand yearly reductions in the pay and benefits of people I already have. The underlying assumption seems to be that we can get more for less and at the same time treat military people as the dregs of society. It just ain't so.

In his protest of a returning military draft and a possible National Service Corps, Scaduto ignores underlying issues I believe are more important than the particulars of the Selective Service System. Such programs as are now being discussed are not merely the inventions of a bunch of shortsighted power brokers. They are, however, simplistic proposals to deal with very real problems. And they are made by people we ourselves elected.

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The very real problems beneath the draft issue I see each day in my young airmen. One of these problems is that they enter the service, looking for the benefits, the education, the travel, but with no idea that hard work might possibly be required of them in return. As Scaduto seems to believe, they affirm that the mindless, dull work of a generation ago should be spared them simply because it is hard and dull. They want someone else to carry the bedpans and empty the trash. But they forget there may not be somebody else.

Though I hesitate to generalize unfairly, I might suspect these young people are not completely unrepresentative of the society they grew up in.

For anyone who would blame the political system for the mess we find ourselves in, I would ask that you spend a moment and do a bit of remembering. When you last voted, did not your favorite politician promise you clean air and clean streets, low unemployment, and a kind old age? And did you not carefully avoid asking just who would pay for all of this? If you truly believe the politicians are a bunch of scoundrels, then go out and *un*-elect them, from the bottom of the system up. But don't blame them for telling you what you demanded to hear. The laws of both society and physics do not permit you to get something for nothing, and that's what we've all been asking.

In the meantime, we've got an accumulated pile of social and economic debts to pay. Internal society needs to start doing a lot of jobs that don't pay very much. External society needs to put some bricks between the thin-stretched mortar of our castle towers. A return to the military draft and the beginning of a National Service Corps are at least a beginning in those directions. Sure, they are imperfect. Sure, the politicians can screw up the works. Sure, these steps need to be accompanied by a lot of other things. But are we going to refuse to do what we know is needed, just because it can't be done with perfection? If we do, then we deserve the destruction that our inaction will inevitably bring us.—*Name and address withheld*

I would like to thank Tony Scaduto for expressing in his article exactly the attitude that is leaving the young people of this country with the idea that the only jobs available in the military are menial and will at the same time leave them impoverished.

Mr. Scaduto testifies that our military is as educated as it has ever been in the enlisted ranks with the exception of the period 1969–1971. And I certainly agree. With the high quality of young people available and with the high standards of entry, there is no reason for a young man or woman to believe he or she will "be emptying bedpans or trash." Granted, these may be full-time jobs with the civilian option of the National Service, but in the military (active or reserve) the jobs being done are all directly critical to completion of the mission or at least directly critical to the support of the mission.

Mr. Scaduto's only valid point is that the draft will not help with retaining experienced NCOs and junior officers. The dwindling benefits are discouraging, but not yet so bad as to cause lack of food, clothing, or shelter for the military personnel. However, the dwindling must come to a stop—now! Bringing the benefits back up to where they were prior to January 1977 and increasing the availability of Selective Reenlistment Bonuses will curb the retainability problem. But Scaduto's point of view can do nothing to alleviate the way the civilian population envisions military life. Not all supervisors are spit-and-polish, crew-cut assholes with whom enlisted personnel have to kiss ass in order to advance within their fields. In fact, only a fraction of one percent would fall into that category. The extreme majority of leaders are just that—leaders—because they realize that the enlisted force is the backbone of meeting the mission. The open-door policy of virtually every officer assures that if there is a problem encountered at a lower echelon, there is always a higher place to go. The vast majority of leaders care very much for the people under their command.

I would also like to question Scaduto's criticism of using patriotism as an incentive for induction. He quotes an 1814 statement of Daniel Webster concerning the battles caused by the wickedness and follies of the government. I would hardly call a confrontation with Russia or a battle to preserve our supply of oil (upon which our entire industrial being is supported) a folly. The quote from Webster was fine in 1814, but with the condition of the world today, I would venture to call that statement outdated. Patriotism is a very good reason to volunteer one's service. If not for the Iranian fiasco, the togetherness of the American people would surely be less than it is today. Do we have to participate in a full-scale war for people to become patriotic? If so, I hope there are not too many people who think as Tony Scaduto does, or we will be in bigger trouble than anyone can possibly imagine.

The U.S. government must increase funds available for retaining people. It must also supply the armed forces, and especially the reservists, with the manpower and equipment to keep us ready to defend. And, finally, the public must be informed that the military is a dignified and by no means menial way to earn a living. When these conditions are met, we will surely become once again the most intricate and effective defensive military force in the world.—*D. McBride, USAF, Atwater, Calif.*

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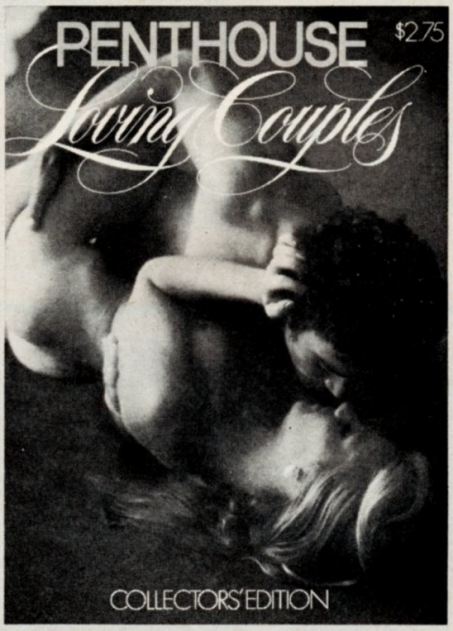

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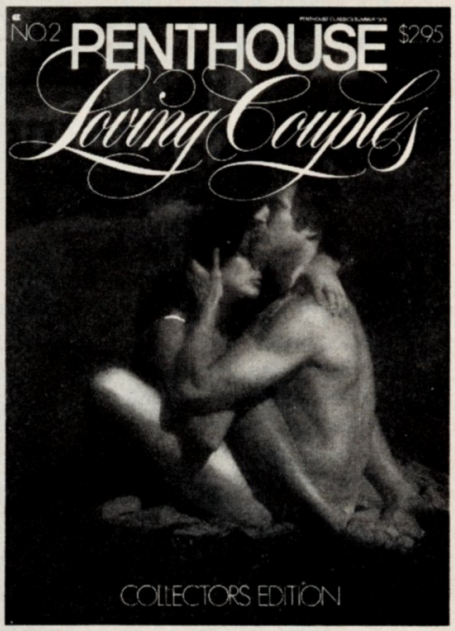

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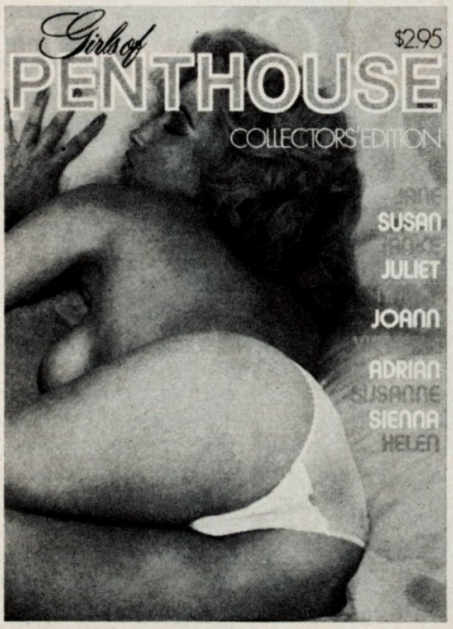

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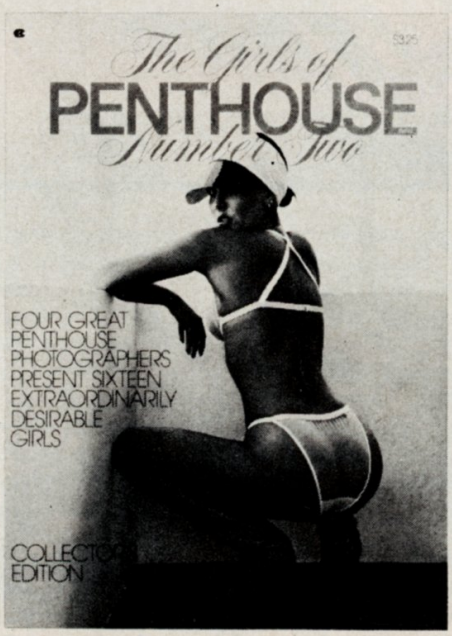

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

My wife, Vivien, and I both read Penthouse *from cover to cover with great interest, especially your column. We have been discussing with eager enthusiasm the idea of threesomes or more for over a year. The problem has been that we live in a very small town and could never risk approaching someone about participating with us because of the potential scandal.*

About six months ago we made a trip to Denver, where we stayed for three nights with an old Vietnam War buddy of mine. We didn't know it at the time we arrived, but he and his wife had separated about a month prior to our visit and he was living alone. The first night we sat around and talked over "old times," and Michael kept bringing up sex and saying how horny he was since his wife had gone. Later that night, after we'd retired, Vivien and I talked for a long time about how this was a good time to try out a threesome. It really wasn't what I had in mind, as I had been hoping for another woman, but we agreed to try it anyway.

The second night we told Michael that we were going to retire early, and we went to our bedroom, where I stripped down to my shorts and Vivien put on a see-through black shortie nightgown. I went down to the kitchen and picked up two bottles of champagne, and then Vivien and I walked in on Michael, who was lying in his king-size bed, reading. We yelled "Surprise!" and pulled back the cover and crawled in, with Vivien in the middle. We sat there talking and drinking for a while until the champagne was about gone. Michael went for more, and I asked Vivien how she felt, and she replied that she felt more relaxed. Now, my wife is 27 years old with a great figure—34-B bust (nice but not huge tits), very light tan hair, and gorgeous legs. After Michael returned, we had one more glass, and then we started playing around.

We both began to feel and kiss Vivien. It wasn't long before the black nightie was gone and she was completely nude. As she lay there, Michael sucked one tit while I sucked the other one. We both took turns fingering her while she held both our cocks in her hands at the same time. I pulled the cover back, leaned down, and kissed her legs and all around her cunt. Then I moved up. I was kissing her when, all of a sudden, her fingernails dug into me and her tongue darted into my mouth with great passion. I looked and saw that Michael had gotten between her legs and was sucking and tickling her clitoris with his tongue. Vivien went absolutely wild, and it was only minutes after that that the sex marathon really got going in earnest.

I got on Vivien and fucked her for about five minutes. Then I got off to give Michael a chance. I watched in amazement as she took hold of his cock and guided it into her sopping cunt. Vivien had been a virgin when we married and in our six years together had never played around. Michael had a larger and longer cock than mine, and Vivien moaned in ecstasy as he drove his entire prick deep inside her. Michael lasted only about ten minutes and shot off a hell of a load. By then I was ready again, and as Michael moved aside I began a long session of fucking. Vivien told Michael to slide up, and she turned her head to the side, took his cock into her mouth, and began sucking him while I was fucking her. After I had come, Michael got back on Vivien and penetrated her deeply. I straddled Vivien's chest so that she could suck me. Michael was driving her crazy, and she began sucking my cock with great vigor.

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By about 2:00 A.M. we were all exhausted, and we all dropped into a sound sleep. It had been super—Vivien had fucked me twice, Michael three times, and had sucked us both off. The next night, which was our last night in Denver, we had a repeat performance. On our drive back to Ohio, Vivien told me how wonderful it had been and that she would love to continue it if we could find someone who would participate with us regularly.

For the next two months our sex life was very disappointing for her. She just didn't get excited and avoided sex unless I insisted. One time I even had to use jelly to lubricate her. She continued to beg me to get another man for a threesome. Finally, when I had to go out of town on business, I took Vivien with me.

On our last night before returning home, we met a man in the motel lounge. I introduced Vivien as a secretary from my company. We didn't have much time to set up an arrangement, so while Vivien was in the ladies' room I told this guy that if he was interested I had heard gossip about the "secretary" and that she would go to bed with two at once—would he be interested? When she returned, the man suggested that we go to his room for a nightcap. As he didn't know that Vivien was my wife, he was aggressive with her and before we had finished our drinks he had pulled her down on his lap, was feeling her tits, and had pulled her dress up above her hips to feel her vagina. It wasn't long before the three of us were in bed, and the man, whose name was Larry, started fucking her without any foreplay. I moved up in bed to allow Vivien to suck me while Larry was fucking her. As soon as he reached an orgasm, he told me to try it to see "how good she sucks cocks." Larry was a little on the crude side and had also had too much to drink. Instead of showing love and kindness, he treated Vivien as if she were a common whore.

After we had dressed and gone back to our room, Vivien was very distressed. Larry was a total stranger as compared with Michael back in Denver, and I thought that this experience would kill her desire for two men at once, but she insisted that we find someone who would be more gentle and want prolonged sex and not just a "quickie" from any woman. So, in desperation, I picked out a person who I knew was a sex maniac and who was married so that he wouldn't be likely to talk about it. I confronted him with the whole story and asked him if he would be interested in a threesome about every two or three months. Howard was more than willing, and we invited him to our house one night.

After a few drinks Howard went right to the bedroom, where he sat on the edge of the bed while Vivien stripped naked before him. Soon we were all in bed, and from about 9:00 P.M. until 2:00 A.M. it was another sex marathon. Vivien sucked us both off, and we both fucked her repeatedly. I was worn out and finally got up and took a shower. I then dressed and went to the kitchen for another drink. It was at least another hour before I returned to the bedroom, and when I did, Howard was still pounding away at her. While I stood in the doorway, I heard my wife cry out, "O God, Howard, I'm coming again. Keep fucking me, keep fucking me! Don't ever stop!" I began to wonder if this threesome situation wasn't getting out of hand.

For the next month I tried to cool it, but Vivien kept asking me when we would have another session with Howard. I then suggested that we try a threesome with another woman, and she threw a fit. I then refused to set up any more threesomes, and she informed that if I didn't want to participate, she would find two other men who would like to have sex with her.

Well, she got her way. Howard invited us to spend a weekend at his cabin by a lake. When we arrived on Saturday afternoon, Howard introduced us to two other men who would be spending the weekend there also. Saturday was lots of fun, although Howard wouldn't keep his hands off Vivien. Later that evening we built a fire in the fireplace and sat

For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send $2 to Box 929-P, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

around telling jokes and stories and drinking. Finally Howard suggested that we bring three mattressess off the beds, spread them around in front of the fireplace, and turn out the lights. Soon the five of us were lying there, with Vivien in the middle, and it wasn't long before Howard started kissing and feeling her all over. When the other men also started caressing her, Howard unbuttoned her blouse, exposing her tits. He sucked on one tit while one of the men sucked on the other one. The third man undid her slacks and slid them down, along with her panties. This was an entirely new situation. In the past, my wife had entertained me and one other man. Now there were four of us! I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Suddenly I didn't want to be a part of it. I mixed a drink and went outside and sat there for about an hour. I went back inside to find one man fucking Vivien while she was sucking the other guy. Howard, who was at the bar, asked me what was wrong. I told him I didn't like this arrangement, and he replied that Vivien was just too much woman for me to handle and that he was merely helping to keep her satisfied. In disgust I went to the bedroom and fell asleep.

The next morning everyone was out like a light, just lying there naked. After breakfast I told Vivien that we were leaving and to go get her things together. When I came back into the cabin from loading the car, Howard tried to talk me out of leaving. I didn't see Vivien or the other two men, so I pushed open the door to the bedroom and found her on the bed with the two of them. I was furious and shoved away the guy who was fucking her. I grabbed her and led her to the car—still naked. She had to get dressed as we drove home.

Needless to say, I have no intention of ever trying another threesome. Vivien was never like this in all the years that we have been married. I don't know what changed her or whether she will ever revert back to the way she used to be. What can I do, Xaviera, to save my marriage?—D.B.

Your wife was just a slow starter; that's all. She was a virgin when you married and never fucked around at all for years. Now that she's had a taste of wild sex, it will probably be a while before she calms down. She's like a schoolgirl who's just lost her virginity. Once you've lost it, what's left to lose? It's like Paris and trying to keep them down on the farm, as you Americans say.

Don't despair: sex is only one aspect of a successful marriage. Things might be a little tense between you for a while, but in time she'll probably come around to being the woman you married.

While you're waiting, don't. Go out and fulfill your fantasy of fucking other women. Of course, you could challenge your wife and say you won't participate in any more threeways until she participates in one with you and another woman. She sounds horny enough to meet your terms.

TAKES ONE TO TANGO

About a year ago, while lying in bed, my husband and I started discussing our sex fantasies. Bob asked me what mine were, and I told him that I had none, and honestly I didn't. But just to keep the ball rolling, I asked him to tell me about his fantasies.

He blew me away when he answered that he wanted me to start having sex with other men. I couldn't believe my ears. I felt that he didn't love me as much as he once had. He explained that it was because he did love me so much that he wanted to give me my freedom. You see, Xaviera, I had been raised in an extremely strict environment, i.e., no makeup, no friends, no dances, etc. I married Bob right after I got out of school, but I do love him dearly.

Anyway, after that conversation Bob started telling me day in and day out that I should go out with other men. I kept telling him that a woman of 30 with two children shouldn't be doing that sort of thing. Finally, after about three weeks of mixed emotions and many tears, I finally

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agreed to play out his fantasy.

I should mention that I am five feet six inches tall, with long blonde hair, and am considered very beautiful. My body shapes up to a 38-24-35, and I have a perpetual tan. In fact, I look very much like Dyan Cannon.

I decided to go to a disco. From the moment I walked in, I didn't sit down. I was continually dancing, and I gradually found that I was really enjoying all the attention. I finally decided to make the big move and go to bed with another man. It was then that I met Chris. He was 19 years old, with blond hair, and was just fabulous-looking.

I went back to his apartment. The moment we walked in he was all over me. I was very tense at first, but when I felt his tongue enter my mouth, I turned to jelly. I tried my first marijuana cigarette, and I started to respond eagerly to Chris's every move. He picked me up in his arms and laid me down on his bed. We undressed each other slowly and sensually. He had a truly beautiful body—very broad shoulders, tiny waist, and the cutest ass I had ever seen. The thing that I couldn't believe was the size of his cock. It was enormous—well over a foot, or so it seemed. I wrapped my hand around as much of it as I could. It was so-o-o thick!

Chris then went down on me but kept backing off just as I was about to climax. I was going crazy. I tried to get his cock in my mouth, but I had to settle for just licking it and sucking his beautiful balls. All my morals broke down as I started to eat and tongue his ass. He then jerked off in my mouth, and I swallowed every thick, delicious drop.

He spread my legs. He laid the tip of his cock against the opening of my pussy and started rubbing it up and down my slit. I wanted him inside me so badly that it hurt. I screamed at him to fuck me. He finally put in the head, and I felt like I was coming apart. I started bucking against him until he had completely penetrated me. I had never experienced the feeling of being filled to the brim with prime cock before, and it was the most fabulous feeling that I had ever experienced in my life. I came and came and came again. I felt as if I were climaxing on practically every stroke of his good cock. Eventually he could no longer keep going, but I still wanted more.

It was then that his three roommates came home. Chris asked me if I wanted them, and when I answered, "Yes," he got up and went in the other room. All three of them entered at the same time, nude. I wanted them all, but Daryl was the one that really took my fancy. He was a black man, very handsome, and hung even better than Chris. It was truly magic to feel that gorgeous black cock inside my body, with him fucking me like a madman. I then took on all four at once—through every hole in my body.

That did it! I have been hooked ever since. I love men, and they love me. I love meeting someone new and knowing that I have my husband's permission to fulfill my every desire. Not once has Bob complained about my affairs. He sits home watching the kids and will even take them out for the evening if I want to entertain at home. He lets me do anything and everything I want, and I have by now had affairs with well over 150 men and a few dozen women. I have attended swing parties and many other get-togethers of this nature. Bob always encourages me to do this—not that he needs to.

The problem is that I know Bob would love to be able to go out and do his thing. I have told him in the past to go out and do what he wants, but I get furious when he does. I can't stand to think of him being with another woman. I've tried numerous times to overcome my insecurities and jealousies, but every time he goes out I end up screaming and yelling. He has told me to stop telling him to go out if it is going to make me behave the way I do. Xaviera, what should I do? I know I'm not being fair.—K.G.

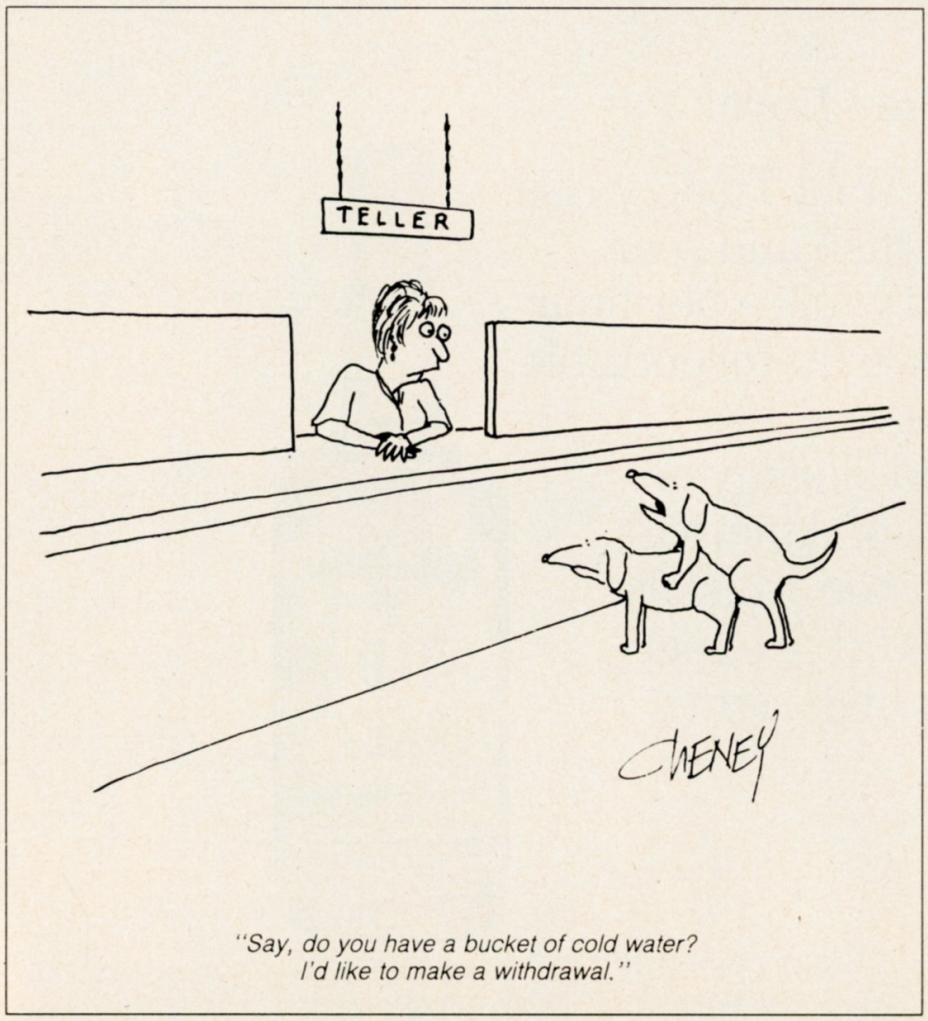
You sound as if you could be the sister of the previous writer's wife. I think you are quite a hypocrite if all you are concerned with is your own selfish pleasure. Even though the suggestion was originally your husband's, that does not give you the right to hold your own man back from having some other pussy on the side. Stop being so silly and jealous. Or else stop your stupid sex games—then you will see how dull your sex life will become.

Do you really love your husband, or is it just a matter of ego to be able to tie him down to you in order to prove that nobody but you counts? You may one day find yourself very lonely and unloved. Give him his freedom as well, and you may soon find the love between you and your man becoming even stronger.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

I've occasionally enjoyed a mild reversal of sex roles, whereby the woman will make the decisions about our foreplay and positions, but I never would have believed that I would ever be totally dominated—even worse, humiliated—sexually by a woman. But it happened just the same.

One night, about a month ago, I was in a bar and decided to try to pick up this woman. She was a little older than me, with jet-black hair and what appeared to be a really massive chest (although, as it turned out, I never even got to see her breasts). I came on with one of my standard openers, and she just looked me up and down and then told me to buy her a drink. That's pretty much how the whole conversation went, with



"Say, do you have a bucket of cold water? I'd like to make a withdrawal."

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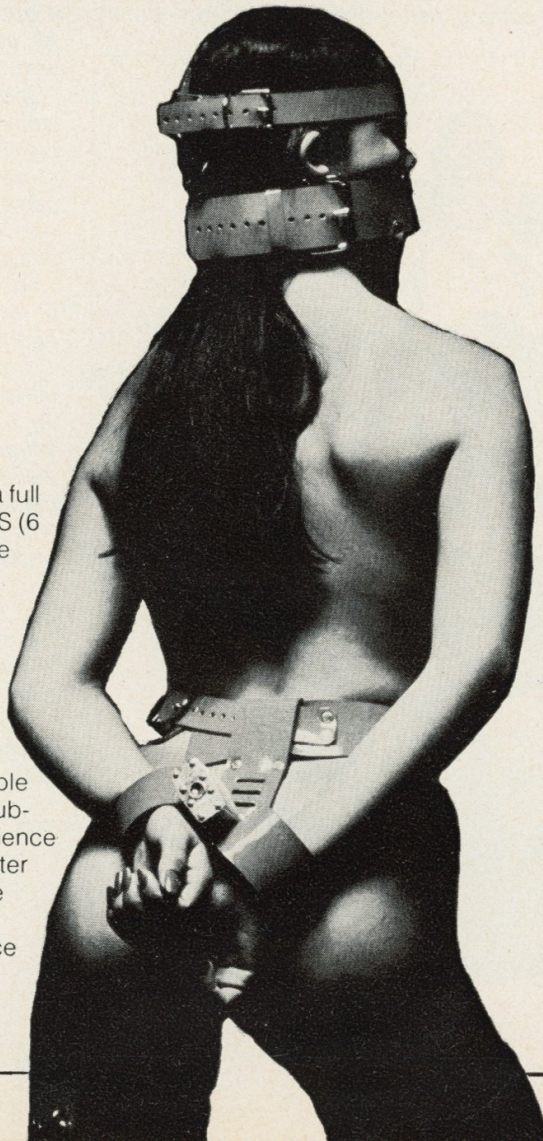

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everything her way. She was letting me know that whatever happened would be on her terms, and I was buying it 100 percent. I was horny as hell.

Eventually we got to her apartment, which had at least six or seven rooms. The door opened into the living room, and I was a little shocked to see a dude sitting there, watching television. He glanced up at us as we walked through the door but otherwise didn't seem to pay any particular attention to us. We walked down a hall to her bedroom and went in.

I had no sooner closed the door behind us than she boldly plunged her hand right down the front of my pants and grabbed me with her fingers. Then she got this sour look on her face and hurriedly undid my pants and pulled them down to have a look. I should mention that although I'm a pretty big guy, I don't have a huge cock—it's about six inches when erect but is otherwise pretty small. She must have been expecting some kind of mammoth salami down there, and she was clearly disappointed. She said something insulting and walked away. There was a long, awkward silence as she stood in the middle of the room with her back to me and her arms folded over her chest. Then she told me to take off all my clothes and get down on my knees.

Despite my shame and embarrassment, I did as she said. She stood in front of me and pulled down her own pants, exposing her naked ass. She stepped out of her pants and told me to start kissing her ass. I did. After a minute or so she spread her legs a little and told me to lick up and down the crack. I did that, too. Then she spread her legs quite a bit and leaned forward, putting her hands on her knees. She told me to kiss her asshole. I licked and kissed her anus for a long time, but she wouldn't let me touch her anywhere else.

When she'd had enough of that, she spun around, grabbed my head firmly in her hands, and pushed my face into her black bush so that my nose was covered on both sides by the wet lips of her vagina. She asked me questions like did I like my cunt real wet and slimy. The smell of her pussy had me in a trance; I don't even remember what I answered or whether I answered at all. My member was bloated and pounding like a hammer, but she hadn't touched it and wouldn't let me touch it.

She then pushed my head back and walked right out of the room. She came back a minute later, leading the dude from the living room by the hand. She pulled his pants down and started sucking him (he, of course, had a whopper). He didn't even look at me—neither of them did. Soon she pulled him down on the bed, and he fucked her fast and hard, coming deep in her with a loud groan. Then he got up and walked out, without ever having said a word. As soon as he pulled out of her, she pulled her knees up to her chest and, still holding her legs up, told me to come over to the bed.

She had me kneel by the bed on my hands and knees, and then she pulled her legs wide apart. Her wide-open pussy was covered with a thick froth of pussy juice mixed with the guy's come. "Now lick it," she said. I obeyed, and while I was licking and sucking the thick cream off her vagina, she slowly lowered her legs until her feet touched the floor and she sat upright on the bed. This caused big globs of the guy's come to slither out of her channel down into my mouth. Fortunately, the taste of her pussy mostly outweighed the other taste, but by then I was so damn horny it didn't make much difference either way.

I should have quit while I was ahead. She knew she was in total control, and she decided to make the most of it. When I had finished cleaning up her crotch, she made me lie down on the floor on my back. She said something about it being time for me to get mine. She had me raise my legs up high and bend my knees back until I was practically rolled up in a ball, with my knees almost on the floor on either side of my head. This was not a comfortable position, but by now she was rubbing my cock, and I knew it wouldn't be long before I could climax. All of a sudden she grabbed my balls with her free hand and squeezed them. "Open your mouth," she said. She wouldn't let them go until I had opened my mouth as wide as I could, and then I knew that she was going to make me come in my own mouth. She jerked me furiously, keeping my cock aimed straight at my waiting mouth. I shot a big wad, five or six long streams, almost all of it directly down into my mouth, and I had to swallow it.

I guess the reason I'm writing is that although I'm disgusted by the experience, it's still one of the most erotic things that ever happened to me. The weird thing is, I enjoyed it. I liked being made to feel that sucking her ass hole was all that I'm good for. Xaviera, am I crazy?—J.D.

The macho male mystique needs a little bending, and I'm glad to see some men are willing to let a woman be in control, even if it's only in the bedroom.

Don't worry. You're not crazy. Just submissive. Go ahead and enjoy yourself.

THE SWEET SCENT OF SEX

I am an average 19-year-old male with, I would say, an above-average sex life, and I am currently a student at a medium-sized university. My story began when I met a very cute Latin American girl here at the university.

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class. As she was somewhat shy at first, Emilia only allowed me to kiss her goodnight on her cheek. This was a drag, of course, but I lived through it. As time progressed we began to kiss frequently, and I soon found out what "hot-blooded Latin" refers to.

Emilia stands about five feet two inches and has dark hair, a tanned complexion, seductively dark eyes, pleasantly round baseball-sized tits, long and slender legs, and a very attractive ass, which curves and crevices in just the right places. Each time we kissed, her hot and powerful tongue seemed to lunge at my mouth, striking and lashing my teeth and plunging deep inside my oral cavity—a true wet kiss.

We eventually got around the bases, and home plate was reached on a Friday night in her apartment, after her roommates had left to see a movie. She had cooked her favorite dish from her native country. The place was sensuously decorated with scented candles, and we had a bottle of champagne on the table in the dining room. After a nice dinner Emilia changed into a sexy red silk gown that had a slit up the thigh. She wore a ring on almost every finger, red nail polish, and open, lace-up shoes, and the perfume she was wearing sent tingles running from my prick to my ass hole. We started watching television, but as we started to fondle each other while lying on the thick shag rug, we quickly turned the set off. I felt her beautiful nipples through her gown and slid my hand between her legs and discovered that she was not wearing any panties. She smiled coyly and unzipped my bulging pants, releasing my throbbing, huge monster from its temporary prison. With one fingernail, she ran down the underside of my penis, then passed my scrotum and made her way to my ass hole. With an eager smile on her face, she plunged her middle finger up my ass. When she had her entire finger buried in my bowels, she laughed and purred like a pussycat, leaned over and placed a knee on my stomach, and began to deeply tongue me. I, meanwhile, was licking every inch of her body and had her moaning from my preorgasmic foreplay. Suddenly she pulled out her finger from my rear, uttered something in Spanish, and placed the finger under her nose, inhaling deeply. Once she had taken in my smell, she went nuts on me and soon we were banging away uncontrollably, without any rhythm. We climaxed together and melted into each other's arms. At the time I didn't think anything of the strange thing she had done, and our relationship continued.

Then, one evening, I went over to Emilia's house, and her best friend from her native country was there for a visit. Christina was as pretty as Emilia and somewhat similar in appearance but was married and was waiting for her husband to arrive in a couple of days from their home in South America. We all sat down and drank two bottles of wine and smoked a couple of joints, and after a while we were all quite high and just sat around laughing. Suddenly they got up and motioned me to the bedroom. I saw four karate belts lying on the bed (Emilia and her roommates were into karate). Emilia pulled out a deck of playing cards, and Christina explained that we were going to play Spanish poker if I was daring enough. It turned out to be a game similar to our American strip poker. I soon found myself with only my shorts on. Emilia was down to her bra and panties, and Christina was clad only in her socks and undies. At 11:00 P.M., the two Spanish beauties informed me that the game was over. Then they forced me to drink half a bottle of wine and smoke three joints with them as a penalty for losing the match.

Then, after Emilia whispered in Christina's ear, they told me they wanted me to prove my strength by letting them tie me to the bed with the karate belts to see if I could escape. I was so high and sailing away that I didn't even think of declining. I found myself literally bound to each post of the bed frame. Although I was tightly secured, it was pretty comfortable. They both left the room, and when they returned 15 minutes later, nei-

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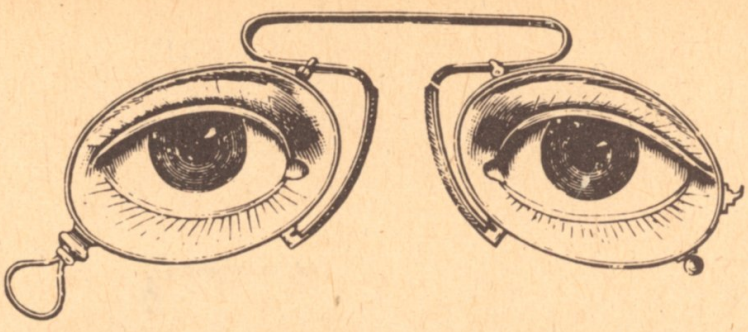


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE MYTH OF NATIONAL UNITY

BY EMILY PRAGER

In this age of mass media power and political unrest, it is necessary to discuss the nation's most popular newsmagazines, *Time* and *Newsweek*. These are the weeklies that, through their omniscient, semifictionalized, third-person reportage, would have us believe that there is such a thing as a national consciousness, a national unity of concern that they themselves do not originate but only selflessly reflect. These are the class magazines that *tell it like it is,* that *do not curry favor,* that *have no opinion* of their own. Mini-newspapers on gloss for folks too lazy to read the dailies. By-lines so tiny they look like dance notations for a mouse musical. Give you the feeling God writes the bulk of the text. No human writer could be so self-effacing.

A swift perusal of *Time* and *Newsweek* political cover-lines over the last two years suggests a human presence after all: "Is America Turning Right?"; "The CIA: How Badly Hurt?"; "America's Mood Hopeful—Sort of"; "Innovation: Has America Lost Its Edge?"; "Where Have All the Heroes Gone?"; "Is Capitalism Working?" The presence shouts for change. But what change? In what direction? Do these cover-lines reflect the mood of a Jungian America—millions of Coke drinkers united in a group depression about the future of their land? Do the stories behind these cover-lines answer those questions so insistently gloomy and so stridently posed? Could any story? Ever? Is it false to imply that one could?

Take *Newsweek,* November 26, 1979, for example. The cover shows a stricken eagle clutching the American seal in terror; feathers fall from its body like those of a neurotic canary too long encaged. The cover-line asks ominously, "Has America Lost Its Clout?" A reading of the cover story reveals an attack on Carter's handling of foreign policy and not, as the cover-line would suggest, an overview of the many ways in which America has or has not lost its "clout." The implication is at once clear and unclear. The clear implication is that Jimmy Carter's presidency has made America look impotent to the rest of the world. The unclear or subliminal implication, the one that is buried beneath the words subtly directing opinion, is that *Newsweek* is anti-Carter. Nameless "former aides" are quoted throughout, damning the president with first-person accounts of his ineptitude. Some pro-Carter stuff is sparsely sprinkled here and there for a seeming balance. But the piece ends with the rather questionable, right-wing opinion that what ails "America" is its tendency to dwell on what happened in Vietnam and to fear that in other conflicts with other nations it might happen again. In my opinion this is the only thing America has going for it at the moment. And if I hold a differing opinion, is it not safe to assume that there are others like or unlike me who differ, too? And if there are others who differ and who are not represented in this piece, can there be any factual basis for the underlying assumption here of a cohesive national unity of thought?

The *Newsweek* cover story is presented as news: straight, researched reportage, the facts. The truth is, it is an opinion piece, carefully constructed to camouflage the slant of *Newsweek* editorial policymakers. It does not discuss, nor does it answer or even try to answer, the slanted query "Has America Lost Its Clout?" but rather "Has Jimmy Carter Lost His Clout?", a cover-line far more representative but seemingly too forthright for *Newsweek*.

Take *Time,* October 29, 1979. The cover is a portrait of General David C. Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. No humor here. The general's face shows strength and concern. A breastplate of medals festoons his uniform, pictorial proof of his courage and honor. Behind him, small paintings of missiles, tanks, and warplanes are deftly arranged. The cover-line asks fearfully, "What Price Power?" and beneath it a smaller cover-line explains further: "Expanding America's Arsenal."

The cover story within poses as a research piece on the state of America's military establishment and the cost of maintaining and expanding it. The article is, in fact, almost shamelessly pro-defense spending. Hysterical, hawkish quotes fill the story, their tone exemplified by this from Sen. Sam Nunn: "We in this country have gone to sleep [while] the Soviet Union has diligently, consistently, steadily set about the task of building the most awesome military machine mankind has ever seen." Once again Vietnam, or rather the mass public reaction to our failure in Vietnam, is blamed for all military fuck-ups. To quote the essayists at *Time:* "Badly—and unfairly—scarred by the Vietnam War, the armed services were forced into a period of retrenchment, receiving little popular backing for their expensive needs." As if there were no reason for our caution! As if we, the protesters, and not they, the strategists, were responsible for our ignominious defeat! *"But,"* add *Time*'s dauntless essayists, ever the reflectors of unanimity, "the national mood and

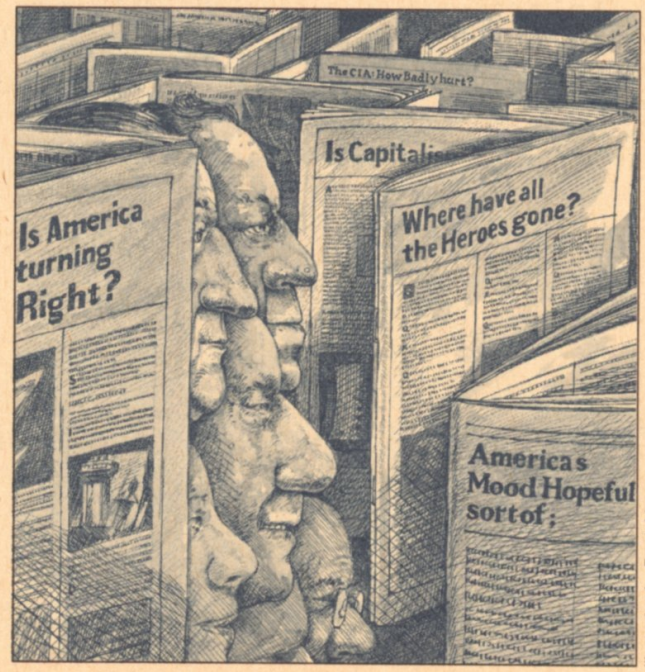
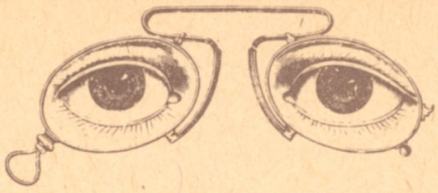


Illustration by Frank Mayo



the international realities are both changing."

At the end of the piece, *Time* concludes: "It can be maintained, in fact, that a nation's most fundamental social-welfare obligation to its citizens is to defend them against attack. The responsibility for this is entrusted to the armed forces, but the U.S. military has been denied sufficient resources to fulfill the responsibility." Well, very definitive, but it can be argued that our military establishment is vastly overgrown, entangled, and disorganized. If "What Price Power?" were a journalistic research report, there would be some evidence of opposing opinion here, but there is none. Why? Because the essayist would have us believe that if there is an opposing opinion, it is held by an invisible minority which is of no account and, like a vampire, shows no reflection in the mirror of national unity.

The answer to the threatening query "What Price Power?" is itself a threat; the price of anything but the gross defense budget that *Time* recommends turns out to be your freedom, your children's freedom, your grandchildren's freedom, and your pets' inevitable exile to Siberia.

It is perhaps self-evident that magazines echo the editorial policies of their publishers and owners. And yet, in this particular period of political unrest and warlike clamor, the element of Hype holds a power unequalled in our journalistic past. Worse than yellow journalism or muckraking, Hype proclaims that there is a club of thought to which millions of Americans belong, citizens happily united in opinions, desires, and concerns, arm in arm on the side of Right. Only $1.25 at your local newsstand to find out what you and the other members of national consciousness should, or do, think. Who in this age of isolation and confusion, of huge government and massive specialization, of impending economic and nuclear doom, who, all by himself, could risk the uncertainty of not belonging?

SCENES

BLACK AND BLUES

The only thing I have against *Ain't Misbehavin'* is that it's too dolled up and elegant. And too damned clean. Which is one charge that can't be leveled against ***One Mo' Time!***, a hot little musical that has been running for months at the Village Gate in New York and that is now broadening its base with a national touring company and a Warner Brothers Records cast album.

"Oh, God, you're not going to call it dirty, are you?" Vernel Bagneris, the author and director of this jazzy "Evening of 1920s Black Vaudeville," is understandably concerned. "People are saying what a wonderful family show this is, and you're going to tell them it's dirty?"

Well, I don't know if "dirty" is quite the word. Maybe "sexy" or "juicy" would say it better. Or "funky." You've got to let me have "funky," at least. How else am I going to decribe lyrics like these, from "The Right Key but the Wrong Keyhole": "Leave my door/Because your key don't fit my lock no more"? Or this lyrical passage from "Kitchen Man": "His frankfurters are oh so sweet/How I love his sausage meat"?

When he hears the lyrics from his show quoted at him, Bagneris has the grace to giggle.

"Hey, that's poetry! We got those old lyrics from versions put out on what they used to call 'race labels'—records put out strictly for black people. You could write about your man's jelly roll or anything else you felt like, because nobody was going to care. It was only for colored people."

A very high-toned "colored person" himself, with the hazel eyes, languid grace, and delicate coloring characteristic of his Creole heritage, Bagneris sounds more amused than bitter about that. Which is about what you'd expect from the person who dreamed up *One Mo' Time!* For all its raunchiness, the show is a loving, laughing tribute to the black vaudevillians who toured the TOBA circuit down south, during the early, roughhouse years of this century. (The initials, by the way, stand for the Theater Owners' Booking Agency. But the performers had their little joke by calling it Tough On Black Asses.)

Before the depression pulled the plug on it, black vaudeville reached every major city and minor hamlet having a sizable black population. Great performers like Bessie Smith, Butterbeans and Susie, Ma Rainey, Bill Robinson, Bert Williams, and Sweet Mama Stringbean (as Ethel Waters used to be known, before she got class) used to play the circuit, sandwiched between the jugglers, opera singers, blackface comedians, and ballet dancers.

The theaters they played were lowdown affairs, usually in the red-light district of the town. Out front, as many as 500 people would pay a quarter for a ticket that would also entitle them to a chance at the door prize. Most nights, that would be a ham or a turkey; on special occasions, a gold tooth. On Saturday nights, a

One Mo' Time! *with Vernel Bagneris: old memories of New Orleans' vaudevillians.*

few whites might sneak out of their own opera houses and symphony halls to catch the midnight show. Backstage, performers shared a communal dressing room (doors? what's a door?) and prayed that the house pit band would be more or less sober by the time their turn came around. Onstage, the talent appeared in their own costumes (if the railroad hadn't lost their trunks on the second-class trip out of Atlanta) and prayed that they wouldn't get the hook before the last verse.

One Mo' Time! pays a roaring tribute to the black vaudevillians who made their living in this you-pays-your-dues-and-you-takes-your-chances world. It also tips a special salute to the historic Lyric Theater, one of the proud but seedy palaces on the TOBA circuit. As any civilized resident of New Orleans could tell you, the Lyric was the soul of the city's black music until it burned down in 1927. Today all that's left of it is a tile plaque at the intersection of Iberville and Burgundy streets in the French Quarter. A recent pilgrimage to that historic site showed it to be a parking lot, convenient for customers to Mac's Snacks, across the street. The blue-and-white tiles are cracked and, on the day of our visit, they were being straddled in an obscene fashion by a bright red Yamaha 400—for sale, cheap.

But the Lyric is still very much alive in *One Mo' Time!* Onstage, the theater owner is yelling at the audience to quit spitting on the floor. Backstage, the artistes are crammed into a wretched dressing room, eating mayonnaise sandwiches and watching everything that could go wrong, go wrong. One member of their troupe has already landed in jail, another has split with their cash, and their leading lady is on the sauce again. The theater owner, meanwhile, is working a flimflam with their salaries. And the audience sounds like it's out for blood. Just another show night in the glamorous life of show-biz folk.

Bagneris says he modeled his characters on legendary performers who played the Lyric back in its heyday. A blues-belting mama named Big Bertha was patterned after Bessie Smith. She's the one who gets to do most of the rip-snorting numbers, like "Don't Turn Your Back on Me" and the aforementioned "Kitchen Man" and "The Right Key but the Wrong Keyhole." A less rambunctious, mellower blues singer named Ma Reed is the author's version of Ma Rainey, the lady they say taught Bessie how to do it. She's the one who handles the tricky numbers like "C. C. Rider" and "Muddy Waters," blues so subtle and intricate that a lesser singer would lose her way home in them. A sassy little business, name of Thelma—the one who does the flirty numbers like "Everybody Loves My Baby"—is supposed to remind us of Ethel Waters.

The Granger Collection

Bessie Smith: playing the Lyric.

Since he's not much over 30, Vernel Bagneris surely never knew Bessie and Ma and Ethel and the Lyric Theater had been reduced to a cracked tile plaque long before he was born. But his Creole grandmother, Amontine Lumas, and many of her New Orleans friends and neighbors remember it all clear as a bell.

"They're all in their eighties now, and very Catholic and proper," he reminds us, with an affectionate wink. "But some nights, when they want to, they can remember. Some of them were chorus people back then, so they knew the backstage, too. They remember how everybody got their oyster po' boys at the Elite Cafe (they called it the Ee-Light) and washed them down with half-pints of Old Crow during the show. It's their memories in the show, and that's why it has that gut-level truth."

As many ecstatic reviewers were quick to point out, the music in the show has the same authentic feeling as the book. For that, Bagneris credits Orange Kellin and Lars Edegran, the two Swedish musicians and musical historians who play in the show and who oversaw its musical arrangements. They were the sleuths who dug out the original, "unsanitized" versions of the songs and who coaxed people like Gladys "Jabbo" Smith and John Robichaux up from New Orleans to play in the band.

Although they don't actually appear onstage, a lot of other people are spiritually represented in *One Mo' Time!*: the musicians, composers, and performers who still make music in New Orleans today. People like Willie Humphrey, who still appears like clockwork at Preservation Hall. Willie was the last clarinetist to play the Lyric Theater before it burned down. When he came to see the show, he told Bagneris that it reminded him he hadn't been paid yet for his last week's work at the theater, back in 1927.

And people like Isidore ("Tuts") Washington, another venerable octogenarian who still plays at local haunts like Tipitina's and the Dream Palace, where he's billed as "the dean of New Orleans piano masters." The faithful know the diminutive Tuts by his celestial rolling-blues style, his nicely broken-in tuxedo, and his signature: "Thank you, music lovers," mumbled after each incredible keyboard feat.

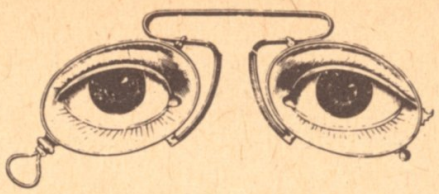
Vernel Bagneris knows him better. "Tuts may look frail and fragile, but he plays the piano all day long for his dog. He also plays for his friends, by telephone. He'll call up Orange Kellin long-distance and say, 'Hey, Orange, listen to this!' Then he'll put the phone by the piano and do some unbelievable thing. I remember once, Tuts came to a party and decided he would play for us. So he sat down, took his half-pint of Jack Daniels out of one pocket, and put it on the piano. Then he reached into his other pocket and took out his pistol and put that next to his bottle. I'd love to see him play up here sometime—if he promises not to shoot us."

Bagneris would like to think that Willie and Tuts and all their New Orleans brethren understand that *One Mo' Time!* is for them, too. He reminds us that everybody in the New York production is from New Orleans—including the wardrobe mistress. Most of the personnel in the national company and in the editions of the show headed for Washington, D.C., and for Europe are also drawn from "the city that care forgot." One might safely say that the city itself is an invisible member of the cast.

"New Orleans is an attitude," this native son says. "It's the only city in America where everybody still holds onto their own unique cultural feelings. It's like a house party where every guest comes with a different dish of food. The Creoles, for example, are still into their jazz and their Jelly Roll Mor-

The Bettmann Archive

Bill Robinson: touring the TOBA.



ton–style of piano playing. That's a very light style, with delicate flourishes, and you can smell the classical themes in it. The blacks from the projects are into their brass bands and into Indian groups like the Wild Tchoupitoulas, with their African tribal-ritual beat. For a lot of people, getting your music still means going around the corner on Sunday to the local black Baptist church."

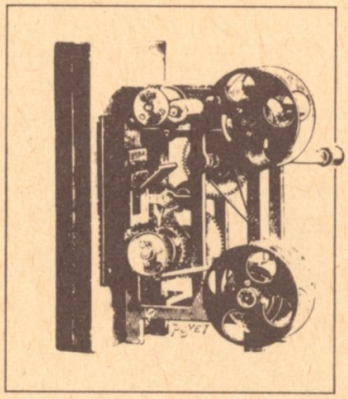
There's still a local version of *One Mo' Time!* going hot and heavy at the old Toulouse Street Theater in New Orleans French Quarter, where it has become an integral part of what Bagneris sees as a city-wide revival of interest in black "roots" music. This revival, Bagneris believes, started when Quint Davis initiated the Jazz and Heritage Festival 11 years ago.

"Before this back-to-the-roots movement, there was this damned stigma attached to certain kinds of black music," Bagneris says. He can still remember being shooed away from the back door by his Creole family whenever a black funeral went by. They wanted to "protect" him from seeing the mourners waving their hats and umbrellas and dancing in the street to the brass bands.

"I can still hear my grandmother telling me: 'Don't you go out there dancing with those black people!' They used to call it *'that* kind of music' back then, and it was only for the 'common folks.' Even when I was growing up, I wasn't allowed to listen to gospel music or jazz. No really funky black music."

Today, folks are mixing it up again, like they used to when the Lyric Theater was the only game in town for *all* "people of color." Even Bagneris's proud grandmother came out of the closet and admitted that she could still remember the lyrics to many of the songs her grandson has resurrected, in all their glory, for *One Mo' Time!* And when she came on opening night to see the show and told him, "You got it *just* like it really was," he figured he was home free.—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS



MEDIUM LUSTER

One point to be made for Stanley Kubrick's film ***The Shining*** is that at least until the climax it constitutes a surprisingly respectful, if free, adaptation of Stephen King's overwritten horror novel. After the radical reversals of attitude and point of view in his last film, the adaptation of Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, Kubrick now shows more regard for schlock than he did for English literature, a fact not necessarily to his discredit.

Another point to be made for *The Shining* concerns a certain tacit morality of the horror film. It is that no matter how scary things become, the terror will always proceed from the tale and not from the introduction of gratuitous shock effects, no matter how classy. This is a moral test that Hitchcock passes, that *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* passes, but that, say, *Alien* fails. *The Shining* passes with such flying colors that it earns a special confidence—with which I'm not sure it always knows what to do. It is measurably less unsettling than the book—it could have been the greatest horror movie coup.

In its preparatory moods and atmosphere, *The Shining* is absolutely marvelous. The Colorado mountains; the massive, shingled pile of the summer resort hotel, the Overlook, to which Jack Torrance (Jack Nicholson) brings his wife (Shelley Duvall) and his introverted little boy (Danny Lloyd) so that he can write a book while working as live-in winter caretaker; the hotel's vast, empty lobby, its public rooms and corridors, and especially its elaborate outdoor maze, cut from giant hedgerows more than a dozen feet high—all these are seen with a spacious, almost neutral precision that seems the best preparation for the horror to come.

Only with its people does *The Shining* go seriously wrong. Although the cast (add Scatman Crothers as the Overlook's chief chef, who understands the little boy's mysterious foresight as "shining") is excellent, it never develops much presence, either individually or together. Even Jack Nicholson's bravura journey from husband and father to homicidal maniac under the hotel's evil influence looks more a collection of limps and grimaces—external matters—than of the tension that might arise from even the most commonplace characterization. I assume this is intentional. There is no such thing as a normal conversation in *The Shining*. Kubrick's camera and the rhythms of his cutting see to it that we are always slightly on edge, aware that every ordinary response is pitched a little too high or too low. It is all a preparation for the terror, supremely clever and yet finally rather trivial—as if personality were as much a calculation as everything else in this endlessly deliberate movie.

For a film full of ax murders, rotting corpses (that walk), blood gushing from elevator doors, and the like, *The Shining* is a remarkably tasteful piece of work. The very first disquieting images—a glimpse of a drawn shower curtain, the sight of knives mounted in the Overlook's gleaming kitchen—seem casual until you realize that nothing is casual, that the soul of the movie is pattern. In large part the pattern looks like an extensive but none-too-complicated plane geometry. The arrangement of the Overlook's interior, the sweeping, lateral camera movements that examine it, the hedgerow maze, the Indian decorations, even the patterns in the carpets—all enforce a system of straight lines and right angles.

The Shining *with Jack Nicholson: slumming in the horror genre.*

Anyone who has read the book will notice that Kubrick continually substitutes geometrical designs for Stephen King's profusion of animal and vegetable forms. I can appreciate why he does this (everything will finally depend on learning to make use of those designs), but I find the substitution symptomatic of a film that, without pretending to "explain" its horror, is nevertheless always striving to be more rational, less easily mystical than its source. For all its visual boldness, for all the sharp, spooky beauty of its snowy climax, *The Shining* seems a slightly timid movie, not wholly sure that so much stylistic intelligence should be down there slumming in that genre.

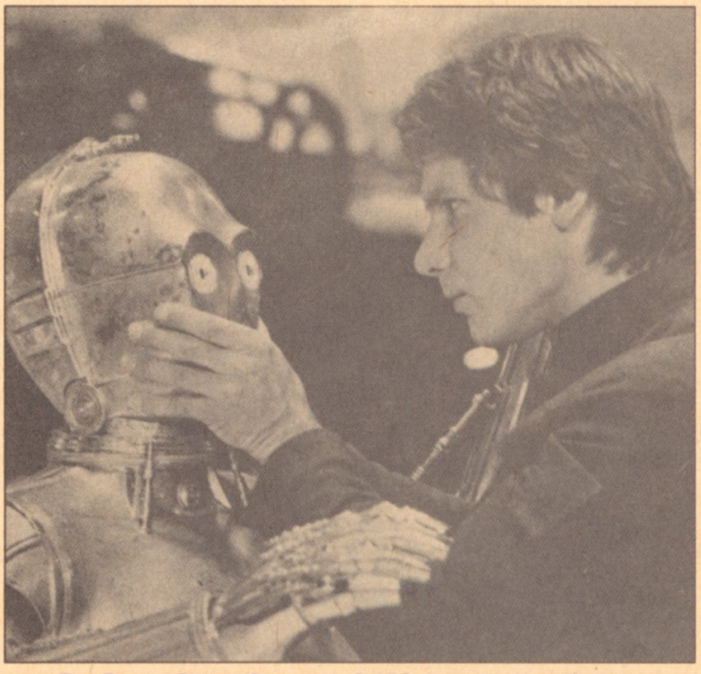
It is partly this reserve that limits Kubrick and keeps him a me-

ticulous and innovative technician rather than the visionary that I think he would like to be. Of course, he has wonderful ideas about *The Shining*, but they remain ideas rather than intuitive insights. Contrast this with Brian De Palma's treatment of another Stephen King novel, *Carrie*, a treatment in which the thinking (and I do mean thinking) wasn't so much directed toward the form as from the feelings, from within the blood and bones.

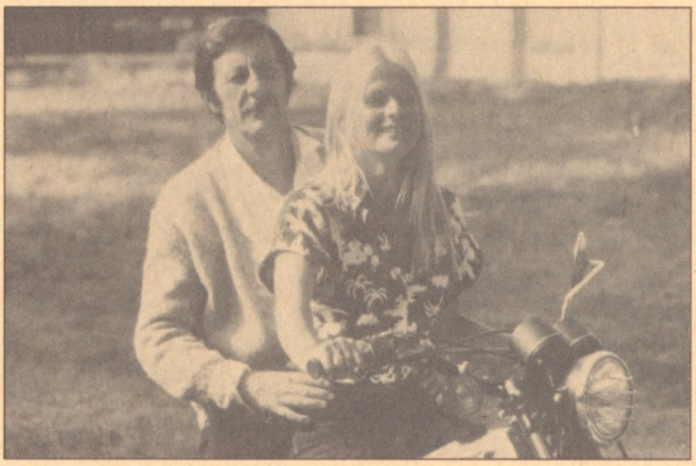
Perhaps because I felt less than total enthusiasm for *Star Wars*, I find ***The Empire Strikes Back***, or "The Saga Continues," or "Star Wars II" (or "Star Wars V," if you follow the official chronology, by which episodes I, II, and III haven't been filmed yet), no disappointment at all. In a few subtle respects it may even signal an improvement over the original, with the mind-boggling simplicity that characterized the plotting behind the technical ingenuity of *Star Wars* here giving way to something a little more complex. Irvin Kershner directed *The Empire Strikes Back*, but the project must in every essential way still belong to George Lucas, whose major talent still seems to lie in the intricacies of narrative fiction.

So when Princess Leia banters her way into love with Han Solo, and when Luke Skywalker learns that Darth Vader is really his dad (Darth Vader, that dark angel fallen from the blessing of The Force), it seems to me that we are in the presence of a kind of storytelling that, whether soap opera or "creation myth," offers more to the series than the introduction of half a dozen giant snow walkers, another star destroyer, or even the—quite beautiful—space-born gambling resort of Bespin. For all the mechanical marvels, the struggle in *Star Wars* has boiled down to the traditional sword duel between Darth Vader and Luke or the late Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi. Any way of spicing up the basics is all right with me, whether it be romance or a new branch on the family tree.

But if there is a gain in the story (let's wait 15 years, for a few more episodes, before we begin calling it a "saga"), there is also a loss through exploitation—the process that makes Chewbacca the Wookie or the self-parodying robots C-3PO and R2-D2 look even less like movie ideas than like items for the gift shop of some potential Star Wars type of Disney World. Even the source of the Force, the wise Yoda, turns out to be a cute little pointy-eared aged near-Muppet, his speech supplied by Frank Oz. As a friend who saw the movie with me pointed out, it is unsettling to have the Teacher of Us All speak with the voice of Fozzie Bear while looking like the educated granduncle of Kermit the Frog.



The Empire Strikes Back *with C-3PO: items for the gift shop.*

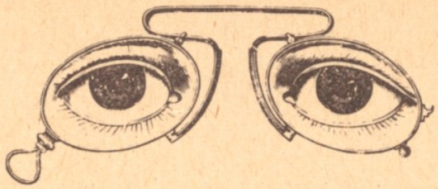


Practice Makes Perfect *with Jean Rochefort: boulevard comedy.*

Philippe de Broca's ***Practice Makes Perfect*** is an agreeable, nonsensical French comedy about a successful, philandering, middle-aged concert pianist who keeps driving 20-year-old girls wild. Actually, nobody can resist him. His wife, his ex-wife, his mistress, an old flame's *grand*daughter—only the impossibility of keeping straight his assignations and his concert dates, an impossibility that will eventually become its own kind of metaphor for the pressure of time, brings him back to earth and to the gentlest intimations of his own mortality.

For as many reasons as you can shake a stick at, I prefer this kind of fantasy to the fantasies that motivate the *Star Wars* sequel. To them I'd add the absolutely crucial fact that *Practice Makes Perfect* would amount to nothing without its people, whereas in *The Empire Strikes Back* the people amount to nothing at all. At the start of his career—with *The Love Game, The Joker,* and *The Five-Day Lover* (1960–1961)—De Broca seemed the happiest minor light of the French New Wave. He later descended into some meaningless successes *(That Man from Rio, King of Hearts),* but in the past few years he seems to have recovered the modest, romantic, absurdist vision that may be his particular gift to the tradition of boulevard comedy in which he works. The gift manifests itself partly in a sense of personal style—the relative aplomb with which his hero (played by the estimable Jean Rochefort) sees his world alternately inflate and collapse around him—partly in an ability to keep an idiot plot moving with enough turns (and through enough handsome locations) to make clever energy seem a reasonable substitute for sense, and partly through a graciousness that transforms everyone's potential maladroitness into a kind of beauty.

As for beauty, *Practice Makes Perfect* offers the most beautiful movie background music, mostly Beethoven's Piano Concerto no. 4, and a succession of beautiful women, ranging from the veteran Danielle Darrieux down to young Carole Lixon and Catherine Le Prince. However, my favorite comes in between: a wonderful actress named Nicole Garcia, hardly known here (she will be), who plays the pianist's wife. She is tall slender, cool, amused, bemused, mysterious, with a civilized sexiness that might inspire the best and most dangerous dreams.—*Roger Greenspun*



WORDS

NOVEL ANSWERS

Once upon a time, when people thought they understood the purpose of life or the secret of the universe, they wrote stories about it. They still do—only today they are likely to label the story "science fiction." In an age when most fiction tries to reconcile us to the depressing thought that there aren't any answers, SF writers have inherited the grand tradition of the ancient mythmakers: they offer speculations about the "meaning of it all" as if they really had a lock on the truth. The results can be exhilarating, infuriating, or just plain silly. But they are rarely dull.

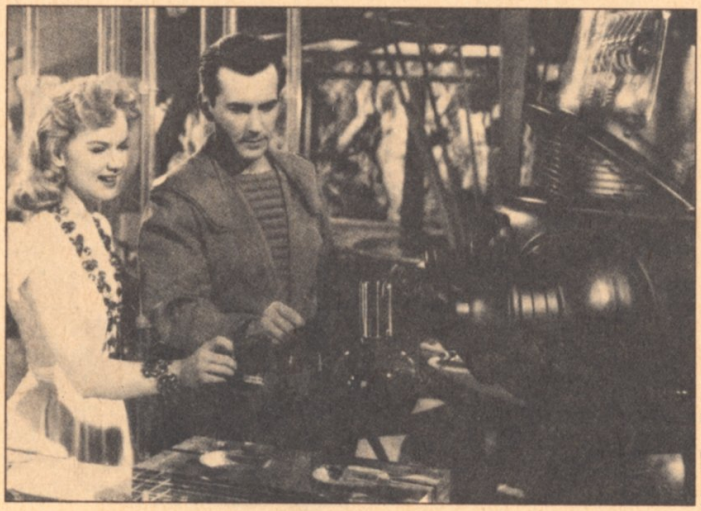
Alfred Bester is never dull. His latest novel, ***Golem 100*** (Simon & Schuster, $10.95), takes place in the year 2175 (with an important epilogue set in 2280). The entire northeast corridor—"from Canada to the Carolinas and as far west as Pittsburgh"—has become one vast, urban jungle, known as the Guff. This is a standard SF nightmare. But Bester's treatment of it is hardly standard. A group of rich, bored ladies (who live in luxurious, well-protected oases in the middle of the Guff because they find it so exciting) dabble in witchcraft and succeed beyond their wildest dreams.

A series of horrendous murders and rapes shakes the composure of that most hardened policeman, Adida Ind'dni, a high-caste Hindu who heads the forces of law and order in the Guff. But the task of tracking down the culprit falls to a private "op" named Gretchen Nunn and a chemist named Blaise Shima, who blends best-selling perfumes for the water-poor Guff dwellers. Bester's characters always sound like cartoon figures until you get to know them. Take Gretchen Nunn: black, brilliant, and beautiful, she is also blind—but she doesn't know it, because her extrasensory perception is so highly developed that she has been "seeing" through other people's eyes ever since birth. If you find this premise hard to swallow, read on. As Bester says, "anything and everything is possible" in the Guff. The murderer turns out to be the "combined ids" of the bored rich ladies, given shape—or rather, many shapes—by drug-enhanced mumbo jumbo. Once released, id-power is uncontainable; the hunters become the hunted, and Bester twists his cartoon figures on the rack until they drop real blood.

Bester's guided tour of the id-world is meant to shock, as is his vision of the next stage in human evolution. This modern myth is not for the squeamish.

Robert Heinlein's ***The Number of the Beast*** (Fawcett, $6.95) is as wholesome as skim milk and about as satisfying. Not that Heinlein's characters lack normal appetites: they all love sex and practice it whenever they get a chance. But they never worry about their performance, their ability to attract partners, or anything else that has to do with the appetites. In fact, they have very little to worry about. In the first few pages, a "mad scientist" and his "beautiful daughter" (her description) nearly get killed by a bomb; they run off with two other beautiful, brilliant people, get married, and spend the rest of the book shunting from one universe to another in a specially equipped computerized air-car named *Gay Deceiver*. They are supposedly running away from some nasty, green-blooded aliens, but Heinlein soon gets bored with this plot device and drops it. The rest of the book is almost entirely dialogue; this causes the reader some problems, because all four characters sound exactly alike.

Eventually, Heinlein "justifies" the confusion by revealing that all the universes his characters can visit are fictional; and so, by implication, is ours. The fearless foursome stop briefly in Oz and Alice's Wonderland, but they end up with several characters from Heinlein's previous books, including *Stranger in a Strange Land* and *Time Enough for Love*. Indeed, the second half of the book will be incomprehensible to anyone who is not familiar with the latter. Along the way, the author misses no opportunity to share his wisdom with us: "One must accept death, learn not to fear it, then never worry about it." "The methods and mores of sexual copulation are the central feature of all higher developments of life." "*Every* major shortcoming of our native planet could be traced to one cause: too many people, not enough planet." But not to worry. There *is* a solution short of genocide: just become a gorgeous, guilt-free genius with an encyclopedic memory and a black belt in karate, and then do your own thing.



Movie Star News

Science fiction: in the grand tradition of the ancient mythmakers.

Tetrarch (Shambhala Publications, $12.95), by Alex Comfort, may not be strictly science fiction, but it is a good example of the kind of book that people write these days when they want to share with a larger audience what they have learned about life. Comfort is a researcher in the life sciences who struck it rich a few years ago with a glossy, illustrated instruction manual called *The Joy of Sex*. As you might expect, sex plays a big part in Comfort's view of the universe.

Tetrarch tells of a series of quests, undertaken on "The Other Side" by two lovers, Edward and Roseanna, who step through a door that they have discovered in a second-hand furniture shop in Edinburgh. The Other Side is the land of allegory, the true source of all visionary experiences, from the insights of Indian

Roger Field

Bester: tour of the id-world.

Wide World Photos

Comfort: sex play therapy.

yogis to the poetic images of William Blake. Blake, referred to as "our Greatest Adept," provides most of the symbols; each chapter is headed by a quote from his works. There is plenty of "science" on The Other Side, but it operates on principles that we think of as magical; for this reason (and because of our antiquated sexual mores), the people over there think of us as savages.

Comfort spends too much time filling in the Blakean outlines of his visionary world; I got awfully tired of four-sided cities and four-sided philosophical principles and even four-sided lovemaking. Yet the writing rings with conviction. When Comfort's characters argue against "skull-knowledge" and in favor of "empathy," when they call for "turning-off of selfness," when they experience sex play as therapy and as revelation, they are clearly speaking for Comfort, and Comfort is clearly sharing his own discoveries with us. The cynical may see this as a spin-off from *The Joy of Sex.* I found it an honest and occasionally moving attempt to put the essentially wordless into literary form.

Larry Niven, a leading practitioner of what is known as "hard-science fiction," writes gigantic puzzle stories. His greatest creation is the artificial world known as Ringworld, a huge band of nearly indestructible material called "scrith" that encircles a sun and provides living space for some 30 *trillion* beings on its inside surface. Niven (who developed the concept from an idea proposed by physicist Freeman Dyson) described Ringworld in an earlier novel but left the puzzle of its origin unsolved. In ***The Ringworld Engineers*** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $9.95), he tells all. The characters include a cowardly two-headed alien, a catlike creature whose high intelligence does not mask its keen predatory instincts, and many races of mutated hominids who inhabit Ringworld and keep some semblance of order there by practicing "rishathra," which is defined in a glossary at the back of the book as "sex practices outside of one's own species."

I wouldn't dream of revealing the truth behind the origin of Ringworld; in fact, I'm not sure I understand it, anymore than I understand the solutions to a lot of other puzzles that Niven poses along the way. Which is not to say that I doubt the calculations that Niven so generously provides. If Ringworld could be built, I am sure it would behave just as Niven says it does. Whether its inhabitants would behave just like refugees from early Flash Gordon serials (except for all that rishathra) is another matter. Niven seems to think so, and who am I to argue with the Creator?

There are no space voyages in Gene Wolfe's ***The Shadow of the Torturer*** (Simon & Schuster, $10.95). This grim story takes place on an earth that has turned its back on the stars. The hero, Severian, is a torturer's apprentice, a member of a proud guild that carries out court-imposed sentences in what appears to be the remains of an ancient spaceport. Severian is cursed with perfect memory; he spares no details in telling of his rise from apprentice to ruler of his country. He writes the way an archeologist digs—slowly and painstakingly, carefully sifting each layer of the past for clues before going deeper. His style is appropriately antiquarian: the colors of his world run to shades like citrine, gamboge, and sardonyx (all of which words I had to look up in an unabbreviated dictionary).

Many contemporary science fiction novels lay out their imaginary societies along medieval lines; in some cases, the motive seems to be nothing more profound than an ill-informed nostalgia for a simpler era, when everyone knew his place and when change came gradually if it came at all. The decaying hierarchic social structure in *The Shadow of the Torturer* touches much deeper springs. In this Kafkaesque setting, no one is sure of anything outside his immediate circle. There may indeed be no purpose at the core, no reasonable direction at the top. Severian is doomed to find out. In this first volume of a projected trilogy, Gene Wolfe gives only hints. Severian encounters a mysterious rebel leader and several enigmatic women; he betrays his guild and is exiled to a distant province; he survives a duel by using a deadly flower as a weapon. His early training has acquainted him with pain and suffering and death; he has assumed that life holds little else for him or for others. But what if he is wrong?

Wolfe: big questions

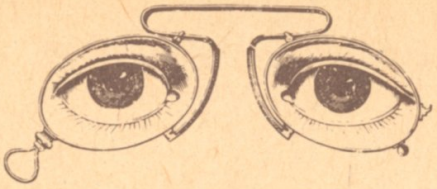
Wolfe's world takes some getting into. Some readers will be put off by the chilling details and the overripe style. But I found Severian a stimulating companion, and I intend to stay with him on his search for satisfying answers to the big questions.—*Gerald Jonas*

SOUNDS

MIDDLE MAN

Boz Scaggs has come a long way. Anyone encountering "Breakdown Dead Ahead" or any of his other glossy pop-funk hits on the radio might be forgiven for picturing him as a terminally sophisticated urban pretty-boy. The face on the covers of albums like the recent *Middle Man* and the classic *Slow Dancer* and *Silk Degrees* of a few years back (all by Columbia) is craggier than one might expect, but in every picture Scaggs is dressed to kill. But as people who have followed Scaggs's career since its beginning in the late sixties know perfectly well, the music and the image haven't always been this polished. Boz grew up knocking around Texas and Oklahoma with his family—his father was a traveling salesman—and spent his teenage years living in a little town north of Dallas and playing rock 'n' roll with his chum Steve Miller. After a few years' vagabonding in Europe and Asia, he joined the Steve Miller Band in San Francisco. He cut his first solo album in Muscle Shoals, Ala., in 1969 with Duane Allman, who was then assembling the Allman Brothers Band, on lead guitar; the record is out of print, but it's still widely considered a blues-rock masterpiece.

Scaggs's albums and live shows grew more and more urbane throughout the seventies, and at this point it's not surprising to encounter him in an elegant mid-Manhattan hotel suite,



dressed casually in a soft leather jacket and dark slacks, his lanky frame draped across a plush Victorian sofa. The question is, How did he get here? According to Boz, the answer is in the music he's always loved and learned from, black popular music. He says he never followed white rock and pop as avidly as he followed black music, from the southern soul of the sixties through the Philadelphia and Los Angeles sweet soul of the late seventies. "That's where the innovation has been," he explains. "The stuff most rock-'n'-roll bands play sticks pretty much to a fundamental musical level, but black music has tended to be very essential music rhythmically, the instrumentation is intelligently devised, the musicians are of the highest caliber. Just the rhythmic and melodic aspects of that music have always attracted me."

Boz talks the way he sings, in an unhurried and unaffected manner. Despite his fondness for black idioms, he's never sounded like a white singer trying to "sound black"; he sounds natural, and that's probably one of the keys to his success. He sounds just as natural tracing his own musical evolution. "Steve Miller and I played in high school together," he explains, "and he was a year older than me. As soon as I got out of high school, I went up to the University of Wisconsin in Madison, where he was going to school, and we played the resort circuit. We'd been playing mostly our own style of blues and R&B, but on the resort circuit we got into more top-fortyish, teenage kind of stuff. And we sometimes played lounges and steak houses, where we'd get into big-band lounge stuff, which was a little more advanced musically than anything I'd played up to that time—it involved more chords, more theory, a lot more technical prowess. It was a pretty broadening experience."

The next few years were restless ones, and Boz ended up living in Stockholm. It was there that he received a postcard from Miller, offering him a plane ticket to come to San Francisco. "I got to San Francisco in September 1967," he says, "and in a way it was like getting back to my musical beginnings, except that the music was much more intense. People were using bigger amplifiers, and all of a sudden my friends were getting recording contracts and starting national tours. It was a real awakening for me. Up to that point I hadn't thought of myself as having a musical career, but in San Francisco I found out it was going to be a long-term thing."

After recording two albums and touring America and Europe with the Miller band, Scaggs and another member left. The parting was amicable, he says, necessitated by differences over how to proceed musically. At the time, Boz was living near Jann Wenner, who'd recently founded a new rock newspaper, *Rolling Stone*. It was Wenner who convinced him to jump into a solo career and landed him a deal with Atlantic Records, then the leading label for black popular music. With the help of Atlantic's Jerry Wexler, who was producing Aretha Franklin and other soul greats for the label, Scaggs and Wenner picked material and musicians and decided to record in Muscle Shoals, where Aretha had made some of her most enduring and commercially successful discs. One of the musicians they picked was Duane Allman. "Atlantic was one label that always printed the names of musicians on the backs of their R&B albums," Boz says, "and Duane's name came up time and time again. Unlike most people who were being studio players, he seemed to have this persona. He had a nickname, Skydog, and he got special credits for solos on albums by people like Wilson Pickett and Clarence Carter, people I'd been listening to a lot. He was considered a pretty wild character around the South at that time, because most of the other studio players were good old country boys, and here was Duane, with his hair down to his shoulders. But he could play real forceful electric music, crank a little amplifier up loud, and sustain notes, things that nobody on the southern studio scene was doing at that time. He was real important on that first album; I really credit him with being responsible for a lot of what came out of those sessions." One selection from the album, Boz's version of the Fenton Robinson blues "Somebody Loan Me a Dime," still receives extensive FM airplay.

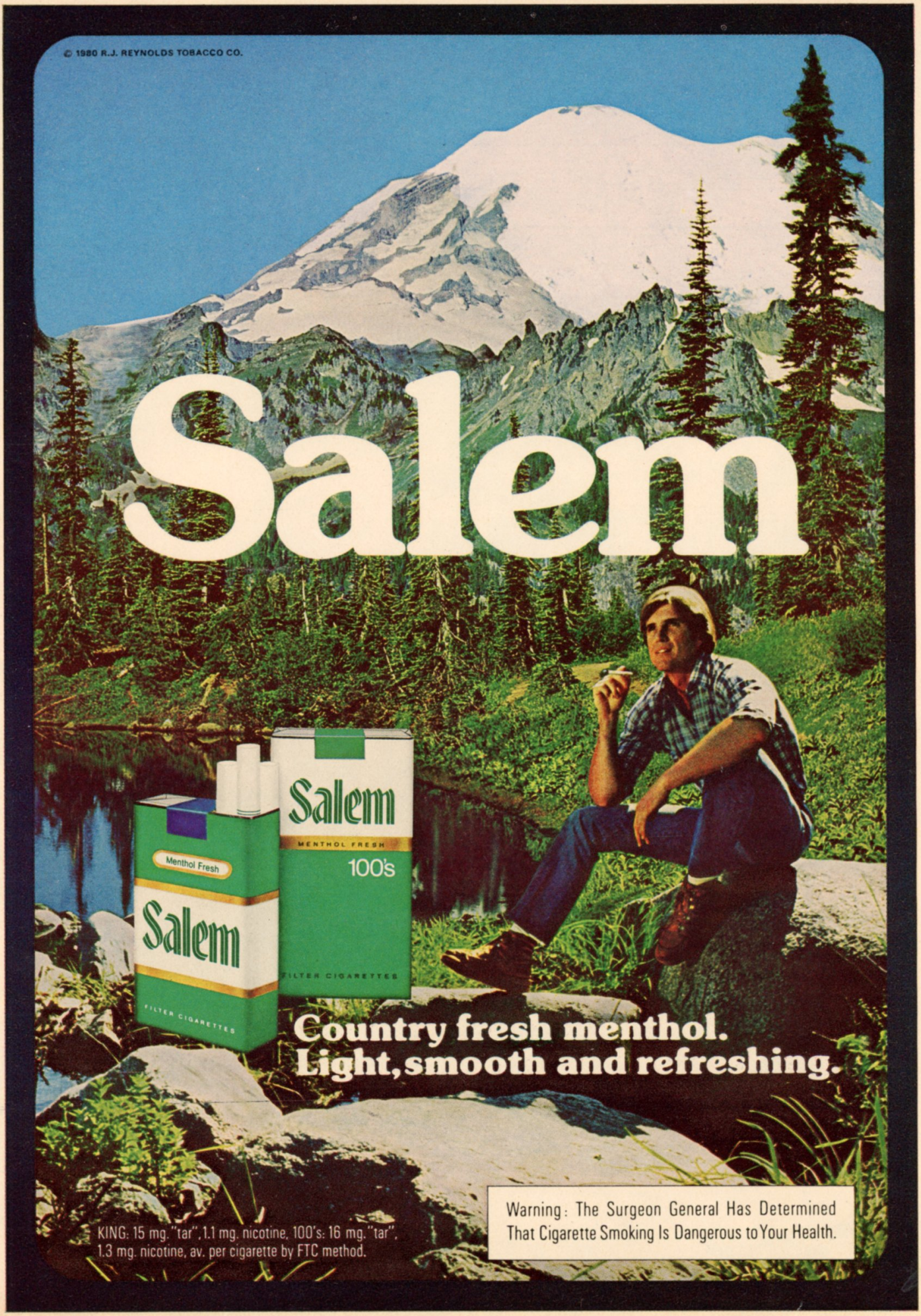
Paul Cox, Retna

Scaggs: pop intelligence.

Scaggs's first album had a southern soul feel, but the mainstream of black music was moving in a different direction, and Boz followed it. "Back then I was listening to Pickett, Clarence Carter, and so on," he says, "but people like Curtis Mayfield, with the Impressions, and Jerry Butler were doing very innovative things, too. Curtis introduced more progressive chords, and the next major step was taken by Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff (founders of Philadelphia International Records) and Thom Bell (another successful Philadelphia producer). I've talked to Kenny Gamble and Thom Bell about what their influences were at the time, and they mentioned Burt Bacharach and Hal David, who were producing Dionne Warwick. Also Henry Mancini, who was writing stuff like 'Breakfast at Tiffany's' and 'Mr. Lucky.' At that point, R&B became very heavily influenced by the elaborate arrangements and more lyrical quality of show music. The chords and musical structures became more complex, and I was following these things, learning a lot more about music, more about my voice."

On his first four or five albums, Scaggs worked with his touring band, a seven-to-nine-piece unit that included a horn section. The format allowed him to explore a broad range of styles, from city soul to blues shuffles, but by the mid-seventies he'd developed the desire to work with studio musicians and accomplished producers. He got together with Johnny Bristol, producer of a number of Motown hits, and a group of crack Los Angeles session players, and out came *Slow Dancer*, the first album by the new, sleeker Boz Scaggs. The follow-up, *Silk Degrees*, went platinum, and finally Boz was big-time. The next LP faltered, but *Middle Man* is repeating *Silk Degrees'* success, with the critics as well as with the general public. *Rolling Stone*'s review suggested that it's the best album of Scaggs's career.

Middle Man is an intelligent synthesis of several trends that have been shaping America's pop mainstream. Working with the keyboard player and arranger David Foster, Scaggs has fashioned a music that's anchored to black funk rhythms and boasts the orchestral richness of the most advanced productions by Gamble and Huff but retains something of the cutting edge of guitar rock as well. A year ago some of the music might have been referred to as rock-disco, but Scaggs resists that kind of labeling. "When everything became discoized, a lot of the talent and energy in R&B just went into making commercial disco records," he says. "The innovation sort of stopped. I don't really know what to call the music I like, the kind of music I'm making." At this point, it could be considered the very definition of contemporary American popular music. But Scaggs is extra special; he's managed to forge a distinctive new sound that's broadly appealing while retaining the personality and guts that attracted people to his music in the first place.—*Robert Palmer*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One of the many hidden frauds of our government is the presidential Secret Fund—hundreds of millions of dollars used secretly over the past 20 years by five presidents to enrich themselves and their families at our expense. The officer in charge of the fund under Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter has decided to tell all.

PRESIDENTIAL THEFT

BY BILL GULLEY
with Mary Ellen Reese

When I saw Carter in Plains, shortly before his inauguration, I told him about the Secret Fund of the Military Office. I described what it was designed for, that it was secret, and alluded to the fact that in previous administrations it had been used for things other than what it was meant for. The first question he asked me was who controlled the fund, and when I told him that he and I did, Carter said, 'In other words, you on your own, or you with my approval, can use this fund for just about anything?' and I told him that was true.

"He asked me for some specifics about how the fund had been spent in other administrations. I told him about expenditures at the LBJ Ranch, rebuilding and redecorating Camp David in Nixon's time, renting houses for the staff at Vail during Ford's day, and so on. When I finished, he asked me who audited the fund, and when I told him there was no audit and never had been, he asked me, 'Could you withstand an audit?'

"I said, 'No, I couldn't. For one thing, there were no records kept of a lot of what was spent.'

"Then Carter said, 'That could be an advantage, couldn't it?' I answered, 'It could be an advantage to you, yes.'

"I know what I meant in that exchange. I meant that the fund, the secrecy of it, could be an advantage to him because he could spend it any way he wanted and no one would know. What Carter meant when he said, 'That could be an advantage, couldn't it?' I don't know. All I know is what he said; only he knows what he meant."

Bill Gulley was in the White House 11 years, which made

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him an old hand. He went there in 1966, when Lyndon Johnson was in office, remained during the Nixon and Ford administrations, and left in 1977 while Jimmy Carter was president. Gulley spent those years at the strategic center of the White House, the Military Office, and served in three capacities: as administrator and then as the director of the Military Office, as the emergency actions officer, and as the presidential liaison.

That most people are unaware that there is a Military Office at the White House is not an accident. Since Lyndon Johnson's time, there has been an almost universal unwillingness on the part of those connected with the Military Office to discuss what it does. Yet its operations reach into almost every presidential activity, public and private, and without it the presidency literally could not function.

One of the reasons for this pervasive secrecy is the desire of every president since Kennedy to put distance between the executive branch and the military; another is that while some of the activities of the Military Office involve matters of national security, others simply could not bear public scrutiny.

"Basically the Military Office makes it possible for the president to do the things he needs or wants to do," Gulley says, "whether they're covert or for all the world to see. It's no exaggeration to say it's the president's Aladdin's lamp: there's nothing that can't be done, and there's a bottomless pit of money, ingenuity, and resources to do it with."

Some of the things the presidents have asked the Military Office to do have been questionable, and one reason questions weren't asked was that all the resources needed to carry out the president's wishes were shrouded in secrecy. Men, equipment, and money could be and were called on without fear of exposure.

"The Department of Defense budget is huge and largely classified," Gulley says. "The White House budget is small and open for examination by the citizens and the politicians. Since the White House couldn't begin to support even one of the functions the military performs for it, we were the rich uncle over the East Wing, doing anything the president wanted, discreetly."

This "discreet" aspect of what Gulley did explains the often shocking nature of what he reveals below of life at the White House. "People," he says, "have a way of behaving differently, living by different standards, when they think nobody's looking."

Only a handful of people in each administration knew of the existence of the multi-million-dollar Secret Fund held by the Military Office, which only the president and the director of the Military Office were authorized to spend. In the following article, Bill Gulley exposes the Secret Fund to public scrutiny. Until now the American people have known nothing about this fund: why and how it was established, how it was administered, how it was kept secret, and, above all, how it was used and abused.

•

In the 11 years I was in the White House, money from the Secret Fund, whose *only* legitimate purpose was to construct and maintain Presidential Emergency Sites, was secretly used for a variety of purposes in no way connected with deep holes in the ground, except the well we had dug on the LBJ Ranch.

Other ways the fund was used to improve Lyndon Johnson's house and grounds included installing a shower and a sprinkler system, repairing roads, and converting a hangar and then air-conditioning it for use as a movie theater. (See the chart at left) Under Nixon it paid for

SPECIAL PROGRAMS FUNDS

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER

No indication

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

March 1961	Snow removal & guard booths, Glen Ora	$ 1,549.25
April 1961	Contract "Tally Ho"	6,854.00
April 1961	Contract, electrical work, Glen Ora	1,973.00
April 1961	"Tally Ho"	2,473.82
October 1961	Presidential logistical support, Boston	55,000.00
March 1962	"Bunker Hill"	40,000.00
October 1962	Contract, floodlights, "Tally Ho"	1,131.00
November 1962	Contract, repair, and replace power lines	618.00
April 1963	General construction (Nelson Construction Co.)	69,235.98
April 1963	Modify electric service, "Tally Ho"	472.43
May 1963	Fire protection and alarm system, Chateau	10,505.01
June 1963	Security screens, Chateau	12,194.02
June 1963	Presidential logistical support, Boston	13,048.54
June 1963	Presidential logistical support, San Francisco	178.00
July 1963	Presidential logistical support, Charleston, S.C. (Lakeworth Shelter)	96,995.70
April 1964	Move guard booths	996.60
	TOTAL	$313,225.35

(Because of inadequate documentation the following is presumed: built by Atlantic Fleet Seabees on land of Coast Guard next to Ambassador Kennedy residences.)

1962–67	Fallout shelter, Peanut Island	$ 96,996.00

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Location	*Description*	*Date*	*Cost*	*Fund*
LBJ Ranch	Communications equipment,* construction and improvements to communications area	1964–69	$1,306,202	Classified (DCA)
LBJ Ranch	Recurring communications costs	1964–69	2,266,800 ($453,360 per year for 5 yrs.)	Classified (DCA)
LBJ Ranch	Road repairs	1963–69	27,458	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Gasoline	1963–69	4,000	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Trailer	1963–64	7,565	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Correct electrical hazards	1967	15,434	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Sprinklers	1966	6,000	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Correct emergency generator	1967	11,629	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Landscaping	1967	3,830	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Water supply system repairs	1967	1,112	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Power supply	1967	8,779	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Hangar work	1968	21,500	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Irrigation (airfield)	1968	24,000	Classified (Navy)
LBJ Ranch	Well drilling	1968	3,000	Classified (Navy)
		TOTAL:	$3,707,309	

*Maintenance of grounds assumed by the U.S. Park Service.

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the massive reconstruction and decoration of Camp David, including building a half-million-dollar swimming pool outside Aspen, the president's cabin. (See chart below.)

In Ford's time the fund was used to rent villas in Vail and hotel rooms at the Waldorf in New York and the Crown Center in Kansas City so that staff members could be near the president. In my time with Carter it was used to pay for plans for a presidential support compound on Billy Carter's land; for renting trailers for the president's doctor and the military aides to live in, and then for moving them from Albany to Plains for each visit; and for paying the president's friend Tom Peterson for parking our helicopters on his grass landing strip. This last cost escalated with each visit.

Secret Fund money was also laundered through Camp David and then used to subsidize the White House Staff Mess—which is closer to a dining room in an exclusive men's club than anything called a mess; was filtered through the Coast Guard and built helicopter pads at San Clemente and Key Biscayne; helped support the presidential yacht, *Sequoia*; paid for landscaping at San Clemente; and installed a huge generator on Johnson's ranch.

THE KENNEDY YEARS

The bookkeeping for the fund, the fact that there was never an audit, and the secrecy around it meant that almost every trace of it could be made to disappear by the two or three people who controlled it. There is a total amount spent from the fund, in the years 1961–1963, of $5,566,323.00, but virtually no indication of where the money went. There's no clear picture of what amount went into sites in Kennedy's time and what didn't, but there are individual items totaling $313,225.35 that apparently didn't go into deep holes in the ground. (See chart on page 58.)

The Kennedy figures aren't consistent, and because of the code words, they need some explaining. "Tally Ho" and "Bunker Hill" were in-house Secret Service code names for Glen Ora, the place rented by the Kennedys in Middleburg, Va., and the Kennedy Compound in Hyannisport, Mass. "Tally Ho" and "Glen Ora" are used interchangeably, and so are "Bunker Hill" and "Boston." "Chateau" refers to the house the Kennedys built at Rattlesnake Canyon, Va.

Lakeworth Shelter was a Presidential Emergency Site, which it no longer is, but I've been told that the money spent there was for alterations to the property that would make it a comfortable fishing camp. Peanut Island, Palm Beach, Fla., was a small island belonging to the Coast Guard, immediately adjacent to property owned by Joseph Kennedy, the president's father. Money for the work done there was transferred from the Secret Fund and used for landscaping and general beautification; why it should have continued until 1967 is unexplained.

SUMMARY OF UTILIZATION OF FUNDS SINCE JANUARY 1, 1969

CONSTRUCTION	
PRESIDENTIAL MILITARY SUPPORT	
Transfer to U.S. Coast Guard for construction of foundations, utilities, helicopter pad, earthwork, landscaping, paving, and erection of structure, Western White House complex	$423,000
Support of military labor at Western White House office complex	5,600
Revert funds to U.S. Army Corps of Engineers for construction of helicopter landing structure, Biscayne Bay, Key Biscayne	418,000
Security improvements dredging, electrical improvements, building improvements, presidential yacht support, Washington Navy Yard	151,931
CAMP DAVID	
Aspen improvements, including construction of pool	238,583
Engineering	9,400
Construction of replacement guest cottages, Phase I	159,623
Construction of replacement guest cottages, Phase II	188,588
Design, engineering	24,980
Construction of conference center	703,098
Engineering	43,500
Sentry buildings, related paving, electrical	51,321
Air conditioning, BEQ	12,170
Modernization of electrical generation and distribution system	36,039
Design	9,005
Heating/air-conditioning modernization, Aspen	1,261
Heating system expansion	9,838
Fire alarm system improvements	4,583
EQUIPMENT	
Initial outfitting, Camp David	
Guest cottages, Phase I	18,500
Guest cottages, Phase II	22,064
Conference facility	75,000
Smoke detection devices	5,701
Procure office trailer, Camp David	4,000
MAINTENANCE	
Roof repairs, Camp David	20,501
Air-conditioning and humidity control repairs	64,245
Steam repairs, Camp David	31,110
Replace trees for screening, Camp David	10,000
Electrical distribution system, Camp David	7,951
TOTAL:	$2,749,592

THE JOHNSON YEARS

Johnson got a grip on the fund immediately on assuming the presidency and left no one in any doubt that not one penny of it was to be spent without direct authorization from him. How Kennedy made his wishes known no one knows, but Johnson had a style all his own. As soon as he decided what he wanted done at the ranch—an irrigation system installed or roads resurfaced, for instance—he'd call Jim Cross, then director of the Military Office, and bitch about what the military had done to his property, how we had damaged it and had to put it right.

One time he called his aide at dawn, complaining; "Your president is going blind!" and hung up—which put the poor guy into a panic until he got a follow-up call saying: "You know *why* your president is going blind? It's because of all your goddamn military vehicles; they're tearing up my roads, and the dust is getting in my eyes." It turned out he wanted some army water trucks put on the ranch to sprinkle his dusty Texas roads.

Once he'd made it clear the military was responsible for whatever it was he wanted, he'd either tell Cross to get a contractor and have it done or tell him which contractor to use, and then he'd wind up: "And since it's military, you bastards can pay for it."

Obviously, since the only money the Military Office had was the Secret Fund, the bills had to be paid from that; so when they came in, Cross would send them over to the commander at the Chesapeake Division and tell him to withdraw the necessary amount.

These were the things that made LBJ

"Alive, dammit, come alive."

a legend around the White House. Even when they happened to you, you couldn't believe them; so when somebody else told you stories, you were sure they were exaggerating. But they weren't. It was Lyndon Johnson himself who was an exaggeration.

Everybody knows he had a thing about showers, for example. He had to have tremendous water pressure, and the water had to come at him from all different angles. One day the president said to Cross, "Goddamn it, Cross, I want a shower here at the ranch just like the one I have at the White House. Why can't I have that?" Cross told him there was a problem with water pressure at the ranch and the only way to get enough would be to lay new pipes and install a booster pump.

The president said, "Then do it. Do whatever it is to install that pump." And he added: "And remember, I don't want a lot of strangers roaming all over my ranch. I only want people who can be trusted. I want the military to handle this. And since this is a military operation, you can pay for it." Then he walked off.

Cross sent an army engineer down to the ranch to supervise the job. The engineer called Cross at the end of two weeks and told him the job was done and everything worked fine, which Cross reported to the president.

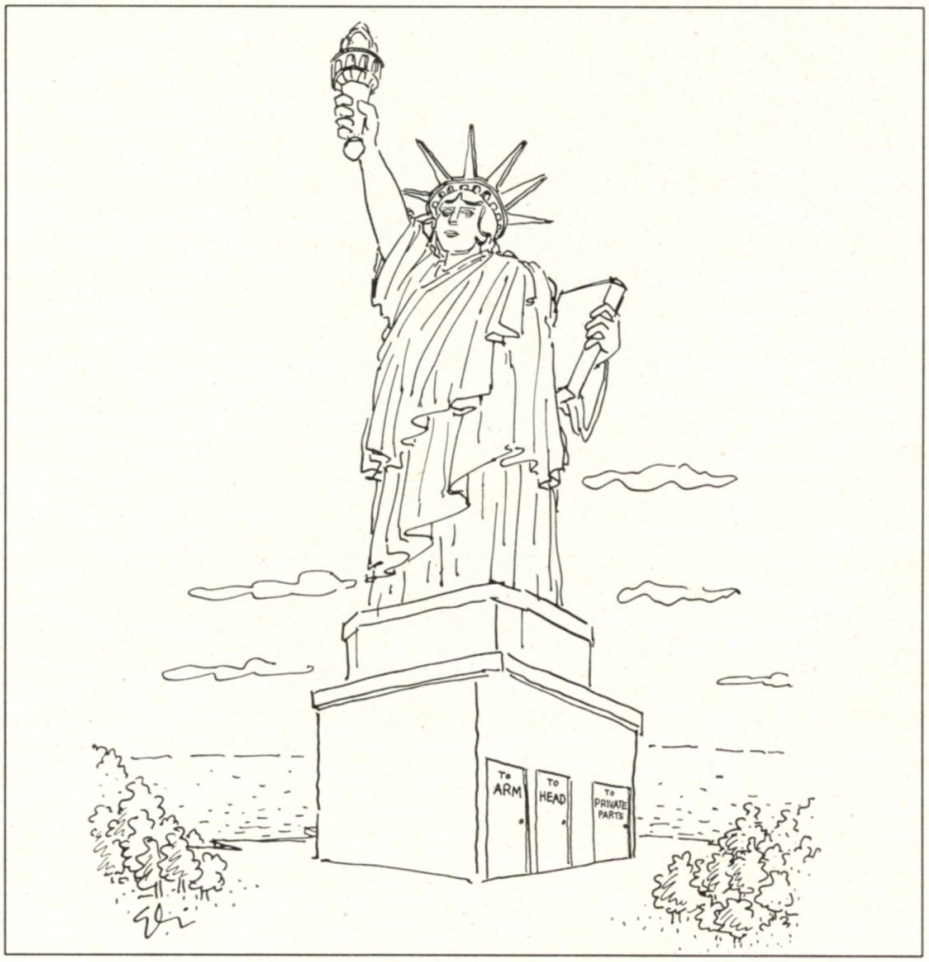
The next time Johnson went to the ranch, Cross went as his aide, and since he was pilot of *Air Force One* as well, he was dressed in full military regalia. It was hotter than hell, but before Cross could change his clothes, the president spotted him, opened his window, and hollered, "Cross, you son of a bitch, get up here!"

Cross went running into the house and up the stairs, and there was the president standing in the middle of his bedroom without a stitch on. The minute Cross walked in, Johnson yelled at him, "You lying bastard. You told me that shower was fixed. That shower doesn't work."

Cross said, "Well, the engineer said—" but the president roared, "I don't care what anybody *said*—the goddamn thing won't work!"

So Cross went into the bathroom, into the shower stall, turned the handle, and got hit with about a thousand pounds of water banging at him from all sides. When he finally found the handle again and turned it off, he was standing there in his dress uniform, as soaked as if he'd been underwater for a week. The president was outside the shower stall, still stark naked, looking at him, and he didn't even crack a smile. He just said, "Well, the son of a bitch didn't work for me."

Getting what he wanted while not treating people as people applied equally to Johnson's dealings with women. There was a secretary assigned to the Military Office when I got there. She was a divorcée, and every now and then she'd be detached from our office for a few weeks and go to work for LBJ.



When I was new, I wasn't aware of a lot of things and what was going on with this girl was one of them; so when Johnson went down to the ranch one weekend and asked to take her with him, it didn't mean anything to me but that he was taking another secretary.

They were gone four days, and when she came back, she put in for 55 hours' overtime. Since I was the administrator of the Military Office, it was up to me to sign everybody's time card, but when I saw that, I said no. It didn't make any sense to me. Even if she'd been working eight hours a day overtime all four days, which I knew she hadn't, it *still* wouldn't add up to 55 hours.

I began getting a lot of pressure to let her have the "overtime"; so I went to see Juanita Roberts, LBJ's number-one secretary, who had been with him for years. She said, "Sign her card. If you don't, this girl is going to go to the president, and we'll all be in trouble." So I signed.

Coming back from Texas one time, Johnson brought three beautiful women with him, all young beauty queens. He had promised them jobs and got the State Department to enroll them—at State Department expense—in a private secretarial school, where they learned to type and take shorthand.

When they'd graduated and were working in the White House, he decided to take the prettiest of them on a trip with him as a "supplemental secretary." When he sent for her the first night, she picked up her notebook and pencil and went to his bedroom, but when she realized she was expected to take more than dictation from the president, she ran out of the room in a flood of tears.

Later that same night I sent an unmarked plane out to get her and bring her back to Washington. She was transferred to the Executive Office Building, and she never set foot in the White House again.

It was after Johnson's announcement that he would not seek reelection, when he started preparing for his retirement, that he really got into abusing military assets—wholesale, you might say. He started moving people and equipment around so that by the time he got to Texas he would be very comfortable. It was all kept very quiet, and only a few people knew anything about it.

We began by sending the big stuff down to Texas. Two planes were assigned from Andrews to Bergstrom—a Convair that seated 32, which Johnson wanted specially configured, and a T-39, a small jet, which we also modified to suit him. And we sent down the air crews to go with the planes.

We put two boats on Lake LBJ, ostensibly so the Secret Service could follow him on the water, and we put a naval officer down there with them, full-time. He operated whichever boat Johnson was using, and he stayed at the ranch, at government expense, until LBJ died.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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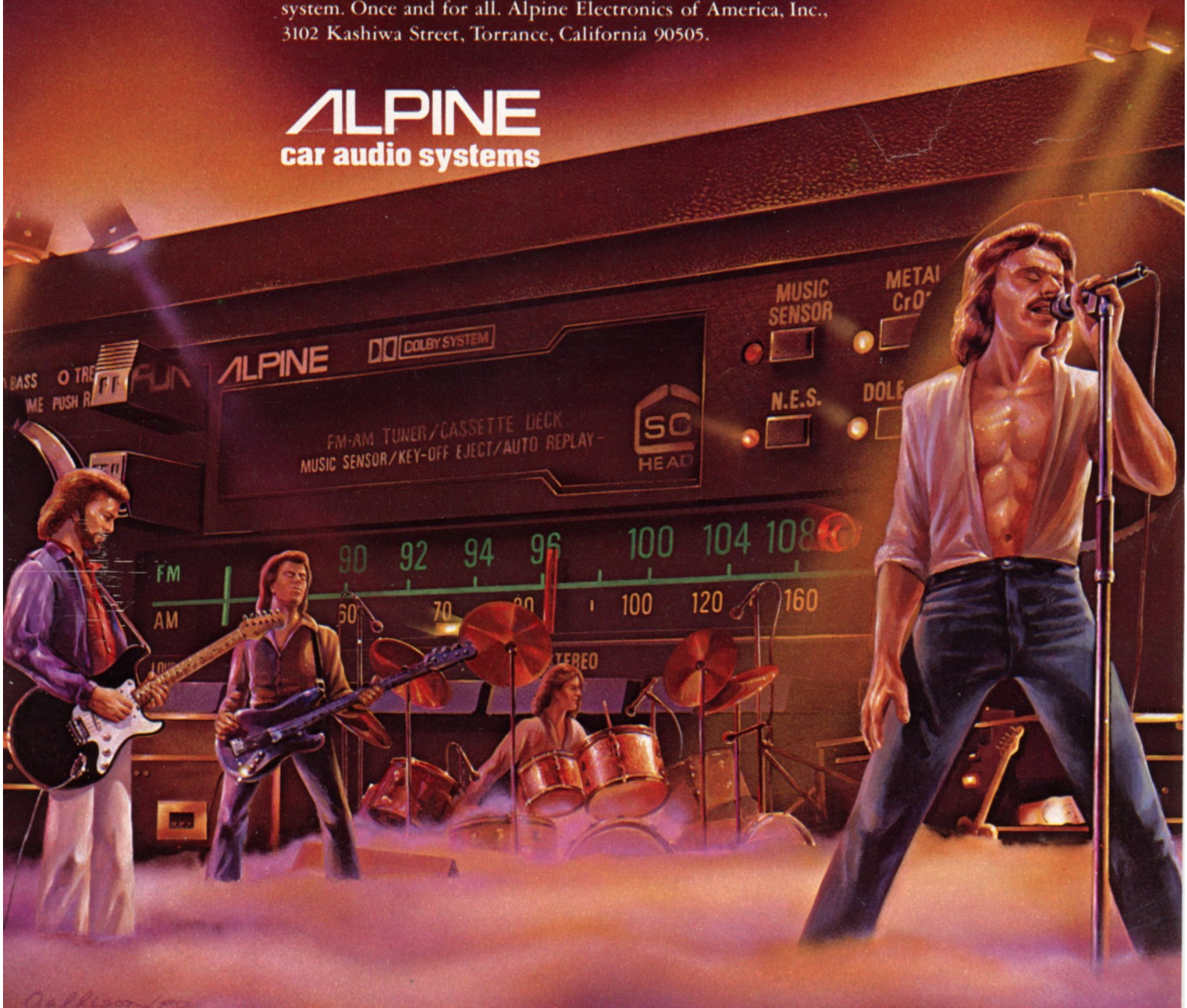
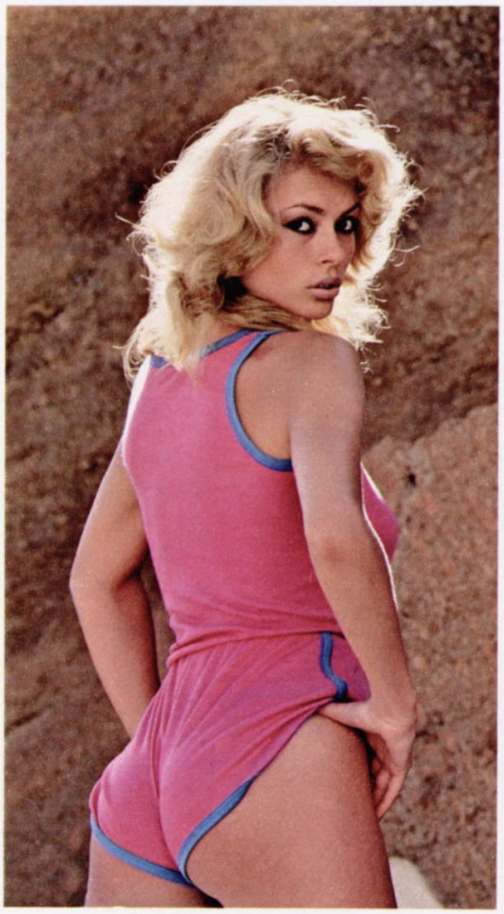
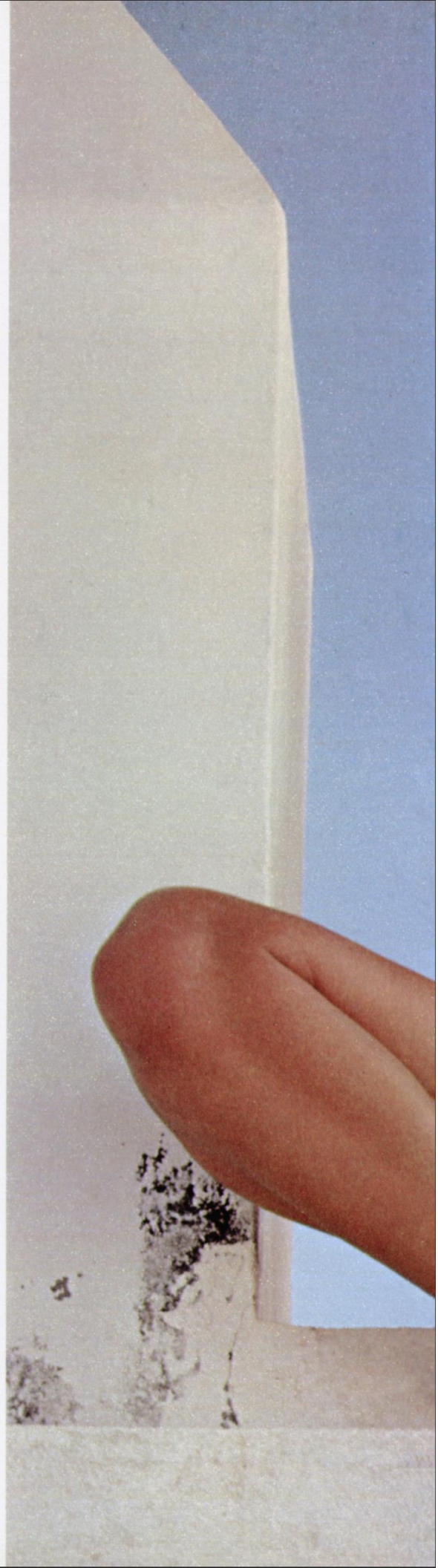




"Any man who wants
to chase me had better be in top-notch
condition," warns
marvelously well muscled Sondra
Lambrey. "I jog at least
an hour a day, and I can easily run rings
around most men!"
No idle boast this, insists our French
Canadian import,
merely a statement of fact: she's made
spectacular showings in
more than one marathon race this year,
sprinting gamely
across the finish line while throngs of
competing admirers
brought up the well-articulated rear.
"There's something
about a woman's body when it's
flushed and taut
and coated with perspiration that makes
men crazy," she admits,
with an encouraging twinkle in her eyes.
"Do you think I'd do
all this hard work for *nothing*?"

MARATHON MA'AM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTER FLODQUIST



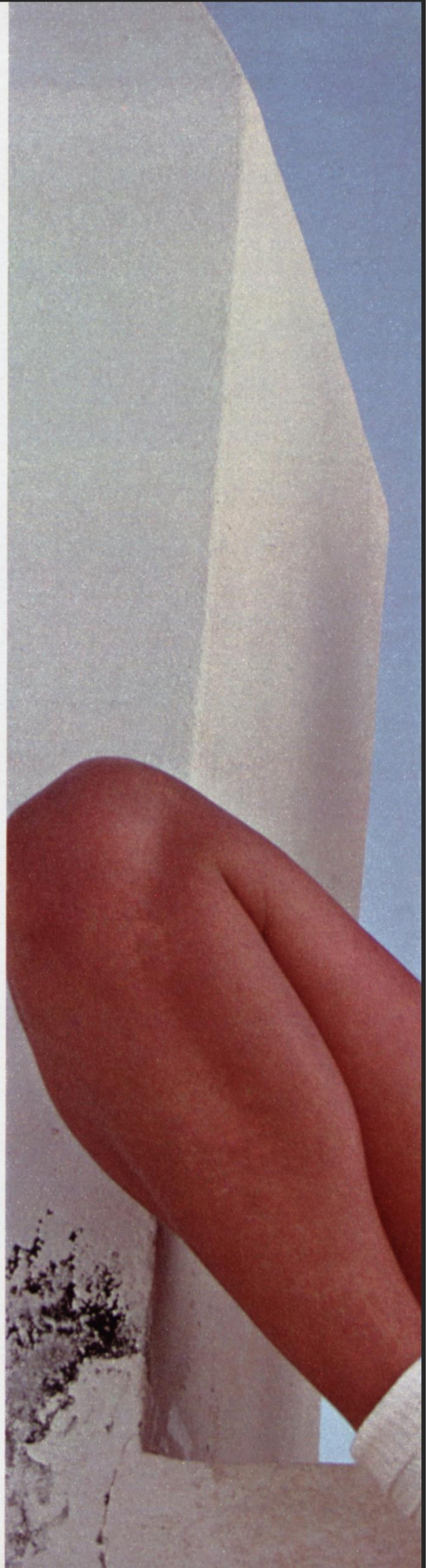
Sondra, a radiant 22, finds shedding her warm-up togs for our appreciative eyes nearly as big a rush as winning a race. "Any beauty I may possess," she reasons, "is

a gift of nature; and being a generous person, I feel obligated to share my bounty with others—as long as the photographs are flattering, of course."

One of Sondra's pet peeves is "women who don't live up to their potential or who let themselves go the minute they get married.

I *always* intend to stay in shape," she promises. "If I ever jiggle when I walk (or run!), I want to be sure it's only from the waist up!"

DANCE
CENTRE



Sondra's favorite fantasy?
"Spending a long weekend at a very
exclusive nudist camp, sunning
in the great outdoors, and—every now
and then—disappearing into
the bushes to play Adam and Eve with
a stranger!" If such a place exists,
Sondra, we promise to run, not walk, to
the nearest entrance!

If you think the people who run the television, movie, and record business are any different from you or me, you're right—they're worse.

SOME TRUE SWEETHEARTS OF THE INDUSTRY

BY BEN STEIN

Most of the folks in Hollywood are fine people. They are generous and concerned, just as fine people anywhere are. But there are a fair share of people here who, by dint of superior meanness, hardness, and cunning, have risen to positions of great influence in the land of fantasies. If these people were in Des Moines, they would have little meaning for the rest of America. But because they are in Hollywood, they have their hands on the powerful levers that run the national media machinery.

Outward from Hollywood run the cords of media empire—on television, in movies, on records and tapes. The lines tell America all about itself as reflected in the minds of the media barons. Just so you might know how some of those minds operate, here are a few glimpses of some of the powerhouses of Hollywood, an inside look, based on my own experience, of some true sweethearts of the industry.

Monday—A visit to my friend M. He has had some good luck. For the last few years he has been a film production executive. Every week he says he's about to lose his job. So far he still has it, with the corner office, the playing-field carpet, the tall blonde secretary, the works. He sat hunched over his desk and talked with me about an idea.

"It's a great idea," he said, "but I'm not the one to pitch it to. I probably won't be here in a week."

"Oh, Christ," I said. "Not that crap again."

"Listen," he said. "You want some toot?"

Without waiting for an answer from me, M. opened his briefcase, which sat next to his desk. He took an envelope that said "Merrill Lynch" on the side. From the envelope he took a plastic bag with about $2,000 worth of cocaine. He spread it on the cover of an issue of *Forbes*. He played with it for a moment while he talked about what creeps everybody in town was. "They just never stop lying to me. That's the thing. Never. Not ever."

Then he shoved almost all of the coke back into the bag.

He made about ten lines. He took a plastic, red-and-white-striped straw from his desk and sniffed up six of the lines in a few seconds.

"You want any?" he asked, looking up at me with watery hazel eyes. His face looked even more pudgy than usual. M. has a weak face. He's always fighting it.

"No thanks," I said.

He sniffed up the rest of the lines and then lifted up his face and looked like he had just taken 5,000 volts of electroshock.

"Wow," he said. "Wow."

He banged a finger down on his comm line. "Amy," he said, "get me Allan S. on the phone. Right away."

M. smiled at me. "Check this out," he said.

Amy signaled that Allan S., a scriptwriter, was on the line. M. put him on the Speakerphone.

"Allan, was that your script that came in here yesterday?" M. asked, a leering edge in his voice.

"Sure was, pal," Allan said. "You like it?"

"You sure somebody else didn't turn in a forgery?" M. asked, grinning savagely. He sniffed vigorously in each nostril in sequence.

"Listen, if you liked it, tell me, and if you didn't like it, tell me," Allan said. There was a slight catch in his voice.

"Allan," M. said. "You're supposed to be a professional. What is this shit? We paid you real money and you turn in this garbage?"

"Well, maybe we can take a meeting to talk about this next week," Allan said, sounding a little worried. "Have you talked to Murray about this?"

"I like you, Allan," M. said. "I wouldn't want to embarrass you in front of your agent."

I could hear Allan gulp. "I'm sure we can work this out," he said. "How about lunch Tuesday at Lucy's?"

"I'm not sure there's anything to talk about, Allan," M. said with a sad voice and a gleeful look. "I'll show it to Michael, but I feel like maybe it's too late. Didn't you care at all about this assignment?"

I knew it was a matter of Hollywood life or death for Allan. He had worked on that script for a year. Every day.

"Of course I did," Allan said. "Look, can I come in and talk to you about it?"

"I'll have my girl call you next week," M. said. Then he hung up without saying good-bye. He grinned at me across the room. "It really wasn't that bad a script," M. said.

He fished out more cocaine and formed it into lines. The lines disappeared up his nose. He looked wired like an electric blackbird. His eyes glittered.

"Now, who else can I kill this afternoon?" he asked.

As I went out the door, Amy looked at me dourly. "He does this every afternoon," she said. Then she sighed.

Wednesday—Lunch at Chadney's, in the valley, with my pal C. We sat at a booth as the network honchos sauntered in and out. The restaurant was dim and dark for mid-afternoon lunch. Across the room from us sat a distinguished-looking man in a gray wash-and-wear suit. He looked sad.

"See that guy over there?" asked my friend C., with whom I shared barley soup. "He was with the network from when it started before the Korean War."

"Wow," I said. "What's his job?"

"He was head of operations or something like that. He's looking for a job now."

"What happened?" I asked. "Did he fuck up?"

"Well, when our new leader, the programming genius, came into office, he set up this table at a cabana at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool," she said. "And he invited all these executives over to review their performance."

"The coke lines disappeared up the film executive's nose. He looked wired like an electric blackbird. "Now, who else can I kill this afternoon?" he asked.

"I can cop to that," I said.

"So, it's this burning-hot day. And this poor guy comes over, all dressed in his wool suit, to see the programming genius for breakfast. Only the genius won't see him for breakfast, but he won't send him away either. Instead, he just keeps him sitting dressed in his suit, all through the morning. Every so often he sends out little messages that the meeting's about to happen. So the poor schmuck's sitting there until lunchtime, still in the sun, and the genius orders a big lunch brought by, and who doesn't get any? Guess."

"The fellow who's been with the network since it was founded," I said.

"Right," C. said. "The genius sends out a message that he'll see him any minute. So the guy can't get lunch or leave or anything. By this time the guy is really sweating. It's hot, and he's hungry, and it's a mess."

I watched the man. He ate barley soup, too. He looked like a nice guy.

"Then the genius calls him in about four in the afternoon. He asks him, 'Do you like working here?' and the old man says, 'Sure. It's my whole life.' So the genius says, 'You're fired. I want your desk cleaned out by five this afternoon.' "

"Jesus," I said.

"The whole time the genius is getting his nails manicured," C. added.

Saturday—"I wish I'd get paid for that treatment," J. told me when I met him for a drink at Le Dôme.

"Everybody likes to get paid," I agreed.

We stared across the dimly lit circular bar at three girls studying each other's fingernails. The nails were far more beautiful than the girls.

"The thing is, the producer told me he used the treatment for a script and he got paid for it by Universal," J. said, sniffling slightly as he drank his Coca-Cola. "So he's not out of pocket at all. He's getting his money straight from Lew Wasserman. I'm the only one who's out some dough."

"Big problem," I said. "It happens all the time here, though."

"I wouldn't mind so much," J. said, "if the producer weren't my dad."

Monday morning—A "breakfast meeting" at H.'s "beach house." H. is a young hotshot in the movie business. With the profits from his first picture, he bought a huge condo in Marina del Rey. It overlooks hundreds of acres of sailboats. This morning the sky is rainy and gray. The marina is depressing beyond words on days like today. But H. is not concerned. An elderly retainer from the studio has come over with rolls and coffee. The wrong kind of rolls have been presented. Rolls with a sugary topping. Processed sugar.

"Dammit," says H. "I've told everybody that I just will not let processed foods into my bloodstream."

"I'm really sorry," says the elderly studio vice-president, who has brought the rolls over in his Mercedes convertible. "I'll go out and get you some others."

"No, now it's too late," the studio exec says, looking wounded. "But, you know, I have a lot of things on my mind. I don't want to have to think about the goddamned processed sugar in my foods. The thing is, I don't have time to do every little thing now, do I?"

"Sorry," the elderly VP says, looking as if he has heard it all before but it still hurts.

We eat the offending rolls and then sit in a huge living room overlooking the sand. No one is on the beach except for an occasional jogger, always in a neat jogging suit. This is Marina del Rey.

The topic of conversation is a script for a young girl star, age 13, who H. believes has enormous box office potential.

"I think you can see," he says, "that the kid has really started to bloom."

"Definitely," I said.

"I want you to find out about her. Find out whether she believes in God. Find out

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whether she's a Republican or a Democrat. Find out what she thinks about nuclear power." H. looks pleased with himself. He rubs his hands together. "Then make up a script about what she tells you."

"Do you have any particular story line in mind?" I ask.

"Her life story," says H. "That's what we want. A typical little blonde girl's life story."

"Great," I say. "I'll do it."

"The most important thing in the whole picture will be when she has her first period," H. says. "So find out all about that," he says.

"Possible problem area," says the elderly retainer.

"What's that?" H. asks irritably.

"Maybe she hasn't had her first period," the old gent suggests.

"What?" H. asks incredulously. "What are you talking about?"

"It's possible," the elderly man suggests again.

H. picks up his telephone and jabs a button. It is his direct line with the studio. His secretary picks it up. "Terry," H. says, "find out right now whether the kid has had her first period. Call her at home on the other line. And make it quick. We're all waiting for an answer."

Wednesday afternoon—A big day. It is the birthday of my friend E., a middle-aged film producer who could buy half of Century City with his earnings from his last picture alone.

He has asked me to come to lunch with him at a modest restaurant in West L.A. It is a little Japanese place. No one recognizes him.

"I asked you to come here because I have very special feelings for you," he says, his eyes looking blue and mournful. He wears a suit that I could just barely afford if I mortgaged my entire life.

"Thank you," I answer.

"You know," he says, "life has been kind to me. Fortune has smiled on me, if you will."

"Well," I answer, "you earned it."

He puts up a pink hand self-deprecatingly. "I know I did," he says. "But the question now is, What next?"

"Umm, good point."

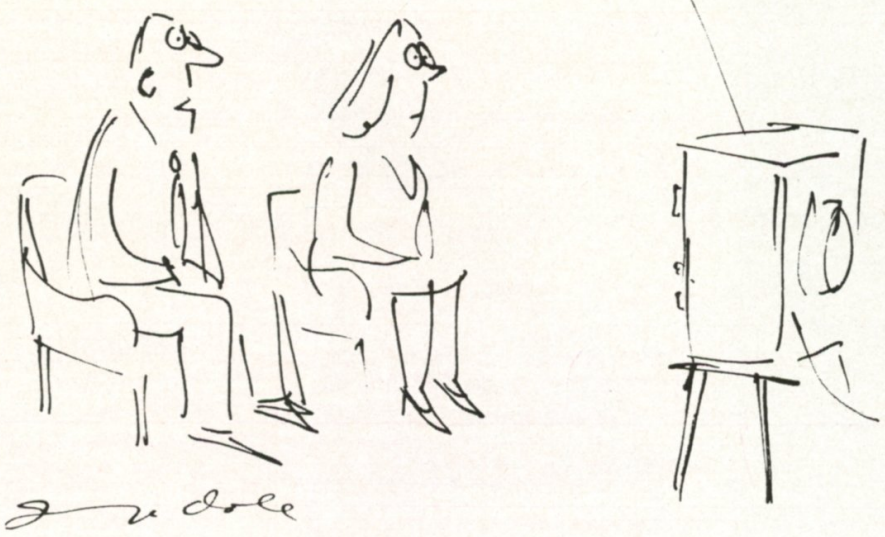
"I could produce more pictures," he says, as if that would be beneath him. "Or I could write a picture."

"Yes," I say agreeably.

"But is that big enough for a man who has seen as much of life as I've seen?" he asks rhetorically, just as the Miso-Shiru soup arrives.

"I doubt it," I say. "What else did you have in mind?"

"Well," he said dreamily, toying with a shrimp tempura, dripping tensui sauce, "I've recently been reading over the New Testament . . ."



"There's a thin, fine line between charisma and bullshit."

Monday morning—Just by chance I happened to be in the office of G., a very major television producer this morning when J., the head of a network, appeared. J. is a woman, a tough woman, and a well-dressed woman. She is in middle age but looks healthy indeed. She wore a tailored suit and a big bow on the front of her blouse. The conversation turned to a certain successful series about a single-parent family on her network.

"What's coming up on that one?" she asked pleasantly.

"Well," G. said, looking unusually serious, "we're doing one about how the parents got divorced in the first place. It'll be pretty strong stuff. It's a new departure for the show. A lot of people are gonna be surprised as hell."

"More serious?" J. asked, looking a little perturbed.

"Well, a little more serious," G. said, without missing a beat.

J. stood up and smoothed the front of her skirt. Her face was flushed. "I don't see why you people have to assume that every show is a soapbox for what you have on your minds. Maybe this network would be doing a little better if we just showed people a good time instead of trying to preach to them all the time."

"It's still a very funny episode," G. said.

"Goddamn it," J. said, warming to her subject. "I just wish you'd play it for laughs. This isn't group therapy. I don't know if you know the difference any more. Just look at what Gary Marshall is doing and try to do the same thing."

G. looked as if he might kill her, but he did not say a word.

About an hour later J. gave a news conference to a group of television writers and critics (than which there is hardly any lower animal). She appeared before a dais at the Century Plaza Hotel.

"I am really proud of our network," she began. "On the X show, which a lot of people think is just pure amusement, we're planning to take a no-holds-barred look at divorce. Some people might be afraid of that kind of programming, but here at the X network, we're willing to take a chance on the maturity of the American audience." She was talking about G.'s show.

She smoothed her skirt and asked for questions.

Thursday lunch—I was supposed to meet a producer for lunch over at Twentieth Century-Fox, which some people refer to as "Fox" but more knowledgeable people refer to as "Twentieth." Either I was early or he was late, because I waited for him outside a projection room for ten minutes and he never showed up. I heard some stirring in the projection room; so I walked in.

The room was dimmed. At the front of the room, seated at a desk, was my friend A. Above him were various titles

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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It was Tate vs. Coetzee in Johannesburg, vying for the world heavyweight championship, and everyone but the people of Soweto came out a winner.

BOXING AS POLITICAL THEATER

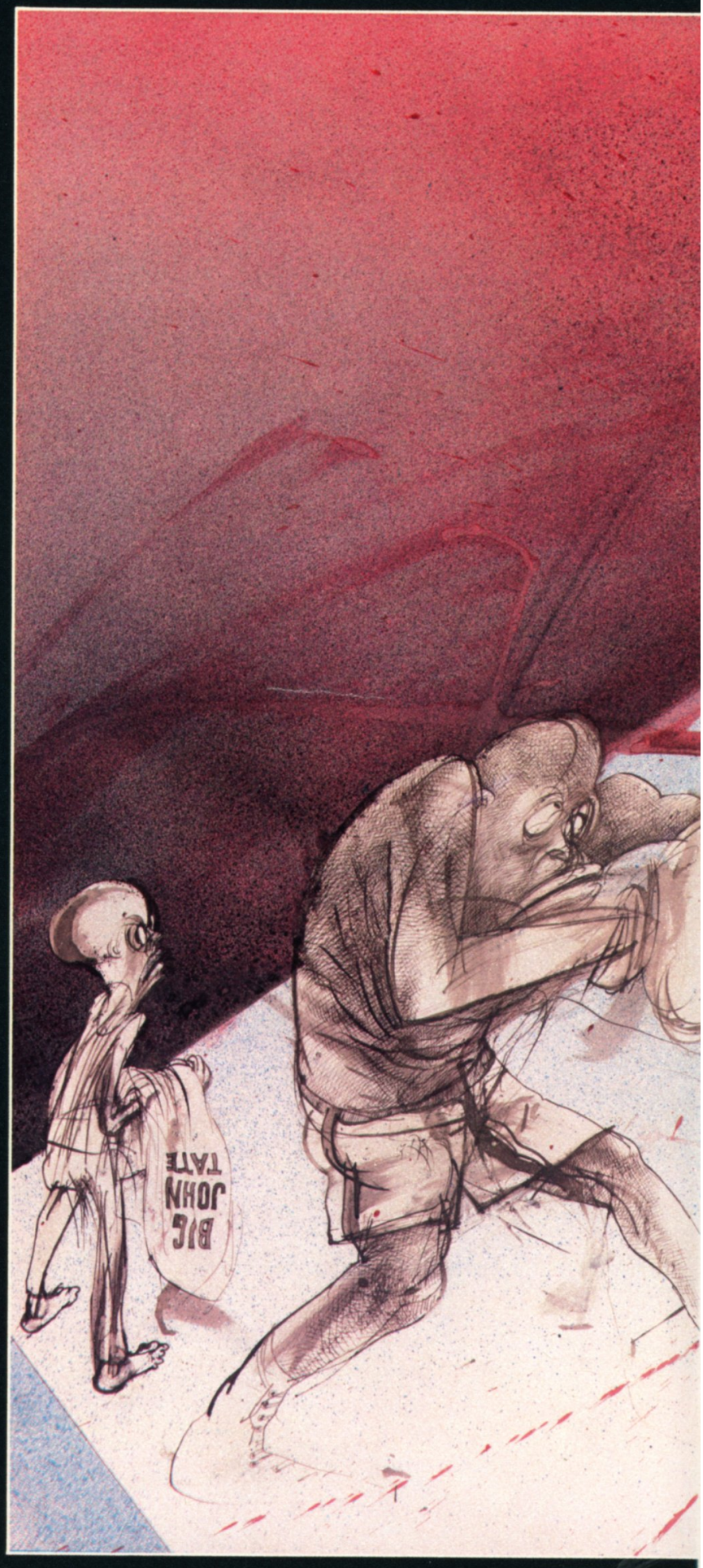
When Noah's youngest son Ham looked upon his naked, drunken father, Noah cursed Ham's son, Canaan: "A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."—Gen. 9:25. Some Biblical scholars believe Ham, in shame, subsequently traveled to Africa, where he became the progenitor of the black race.

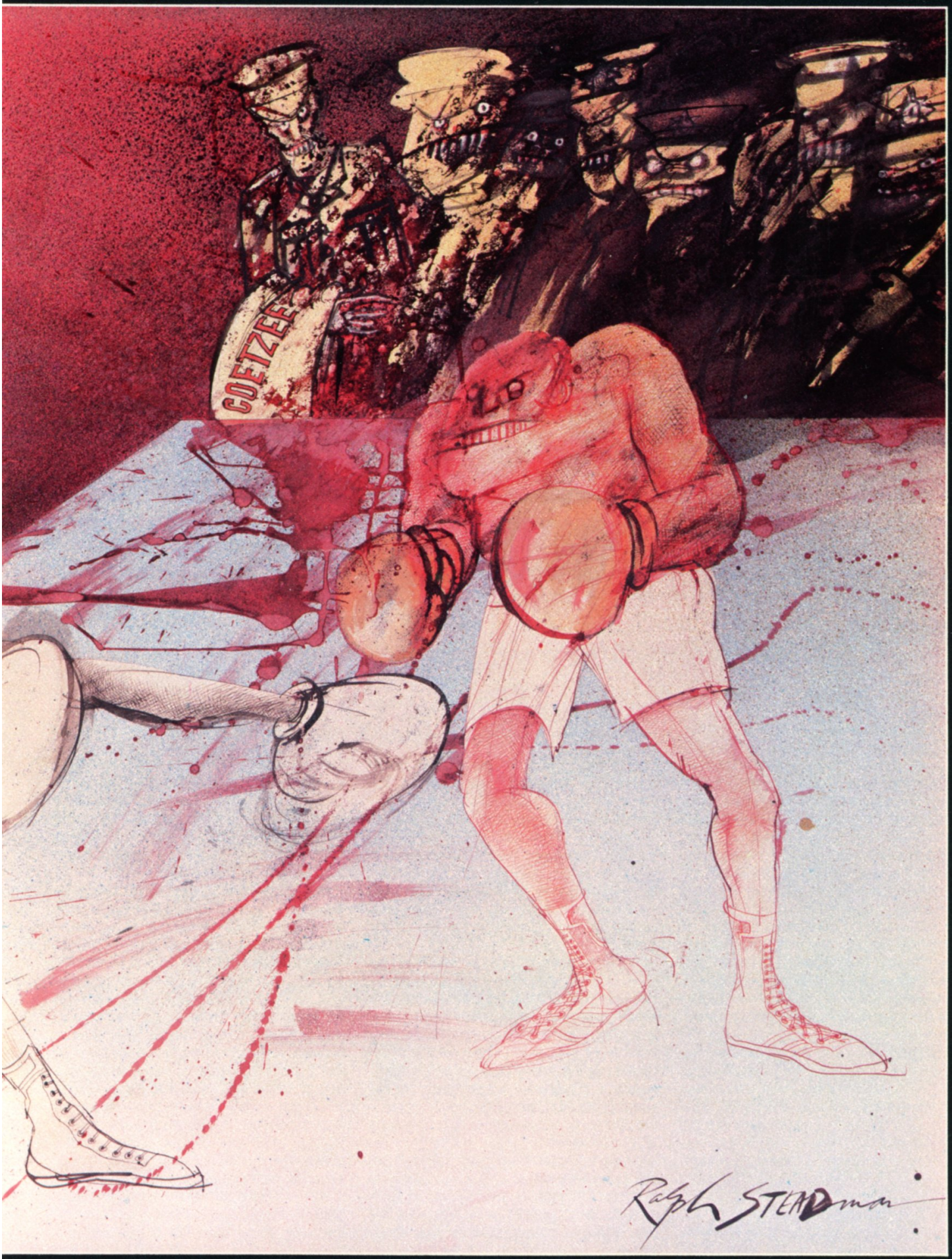
Once upon an innocence, when our sinning was as sinister as our indulgence in cotton candy, the promoting of prizefights lacked scope. When the need to create a gate arose, the Strombolis of the sport who pulled the strings simply created a challenger, some awesome unknown who took his tune-ups on grizzlies in the wilds.

Who this challenger was to be was dictated by the champion or, to be more precise, the ethnic or racial makeup of the champion. If the champion was white, promoters had many options. The gambit was to play off the natural ethnic rivalries and to stage the fight in a city where the challenger's heritage had numerical strength. That's why, in canvas chronology, one can find obscure ex-altar boys who wore shamrock trunks, numerous curly-haired kids instantly baptized "Rocky," and legions of street punks of Eastern European extraction who were dubbed "another Zale" or "another Stanley Ketchel."

Of course, if the champion was black,

BY JOE FLAHERTY




COETZEE
LB
Ralph STEADman

promoters had a one-way street to work. The fight mob logic went that if you wanted to see two spades beat the shit out of each other, you could take a cab to Harlem on Friday night; so "white hopes" were essential. There was a slight bonus in this maneuvering. Not only the whiteness but also the ethnic side of the challenger could be shilled. But the whiteness was the heart of the matter, and the whiter the better.

The public knew they were being stroked, too. Short of some sheet wearers, no one seriously believed the parade of white turkeys marched before them was going to beat the Louises of the world.

But this type of promotion has been relegated to our nostalgic attic. With the advent of Muhammad Ali and the emergence of the Third World, the possibility for manipulating the heavyweight championship became global.

Today promoters have become the real stars of the heavyweight division. These pugilistic Pizarros are the new explorers, beating the bushes for gold and thinking up title defenses in Jakarta, Kuala Lumpur, Manila, Zaire, and Bophuthatswana. The challengers encountered in these places are so bad that even the exotic locale can't perfume them; yet, amazingly, everybody concerned is delighted that these fiascos take place.

Obviously, it's to be expected that the fighters and the promoters will be pleased with the loot they cull. But what of the local citizens? Well, the new wrinkle in worldwide promotions is that the citizens are not ranked. The public is no longer stroked. Today the ruling orders must be pleased, since they usually are the guarantors of the financial windfall. Their reason is onefold: public relations. By hosting the most glamorous event in sport, totalitarian governments try to seduce the world into thinking their societies are open. After all, sport has always been associated with openness, frolic, and robust fair play, and the thought follows that those who are affiliated with the jewel of sport must be likewise in nature and law.

Such thinking brought promoters to Zaire and Manila. When Ali and George Foreman met in Kinshasa, Zaire, for $12 million, news stories filed by visiting writers were scrutinized and sanitized before they reached the world's readers. Newsmen were threatened when they dared suggest anything that the government interpreted as negative. Any mention that there was an impoverished class was treated as sheer, malicious slander. What Zaire was hoping for (and, with the aid of the censors, partially achieved) was the type of sports coverage Leni Riefenstahl gave to the Third Reich in the 1936 Olympics in Berlin.

Manila played the same despot's game when it hosted Ali-Frazier III. President Marcos had the country under martial law, replete with gun-toting troops and enforced curfews. But this was not the story that emerged from Manila. Indeed, the biggest scandal reported was Ali's harboring a mistress and his wife in the same hotel.

The charm for those who stage these bashes is, naturally, loot. Because these countries are blessed with mineral wealth or peasant sweat, or both, they offer sums of money that Western countries wouldn't think of matching for momentary limelight.

But after Ali retired, it seemed that the barnstorming for bucks would come to an end. No one realized that the allure of Ali was only part of the equation. The stronger element was the desire of governments for self-promotion. Thus entered South Africa and Southern Sun Hotels.

The Southern Sun Hotel chain first surfaced in American sports pages in February 1978, when managing director Sol Kerzner sent his general manager, Peter Venison, to New York with a blank check for boxing promoter Bob Arum of Top Rank, Inc., if Arum would stage the Ali-Spinks rematch in the newly minted South African homeland of Bophuthatswana. Southern Suns had more than a casual interest in the site, since it houses their Sun City, a $30 million hotel, recreational, and gambling complex known locally as the "Caesar's Palace of the Bush."

> The poor blacks saw the professional blacks as being in league with the white man, and it was true. The black professionals did not want to be associated with the poor.

Though investigation shows that the hotel chain is independent of government ownership (it is a public company), the ruling powers of South Africa had to have a soft spot for the Ali project, since their homeland program (which isolated the blacks) is the future hope of white domination in South Africa; and with careful staging for the network boys, Bophuthatswana could come across the tube as Eden reborn.

Arum and Southern Sun couldn't put the pieces together. In unison black American spokesmen proclaimed Bophuthatswana a puppet state (as did the rest of the world), a geographical flunky to white South Africa, not an emerging black nation, as publicized. When Ali declared he wouldn't flick a glove at the proffered swag, the attempt at remaking *Birth of a Nation* died.

But there was still all that untapped loot out there, and Kerzner still had his $30 million crap game to promote. Muhammad Ali went on to defeat Spinks in New Orleans to win the heavyweight crown for an unprecedented third time, and this seemed finally to quench his thirst. After a series of well-paid exhibition bouts, promoter Arum engineered plans for Ali's retirement.

Arum's problem was that when Ali beat Spinks to regain his crown, the crown was cleaved in half by the ruling bodies of boxing. The World Boxing Association (WBA) had sanctioned the Ali-Spinks fight, but the World Boxing Council (WBC) refused to do so, ruling that Spinks should have fought Ken Norton, whom they ranked number-one contender, in his first title defense. When Spinks gave Ali a return go for the loftiest of reasons—money—the WBC stripped Spinks of his crown. Thus, in the eyes of that august body (and no one else), Ali fought for naught.

The WBC then conducted a series of bouts, and when Larry Holmes defeated Ken Norton, Holmes was decreed the heavyweight champion of the world by the WBC. This, of course, was laughable as long as there was an—even marginally—active Ali on the scene. But after Spinks the only thing Ali was fighting was calories, and Holmes began to receive public credence and, more important, television bucks.

Worse yet, the public became cynical about the possibility of an Ali-Holmes fight, because in heretical logic they knew Holmes would win. So Ali could no longer barnstorm about, peppering gym fighters with outsized gloves, if he was to maintain the crown. All this was most disconcerting to Arum and the WBA. The WBC was now recognized as the home of the heavyweight champion, and the promoter of the moment was Don King, who controlled Holmes.

Indeed, when you say WBC, many insiders will tell you you're using a synonym for Don King—and that the WBA is synonymous with Arum and Top Rank. A more measured view is that neither institution represents a profile in courage and that the only reason the WBC and WBA are not in their respective promoter's pockets is that King's and Arum's bloated self-importance won't let them fit. But they do provide an invaluable economic service to both King and Arum, since out of 12 divisions, from flyweight to heavyweight, they agree on the champion of only one division. This creates double the number of champions to peddle around, not to mention the equal time. If ABC is showing a welterweight fight, CBS, if it is so inclined, can buy one on the very same date. To both King and Arum, the impeccable charm of the two bodies rests with their opinions, which

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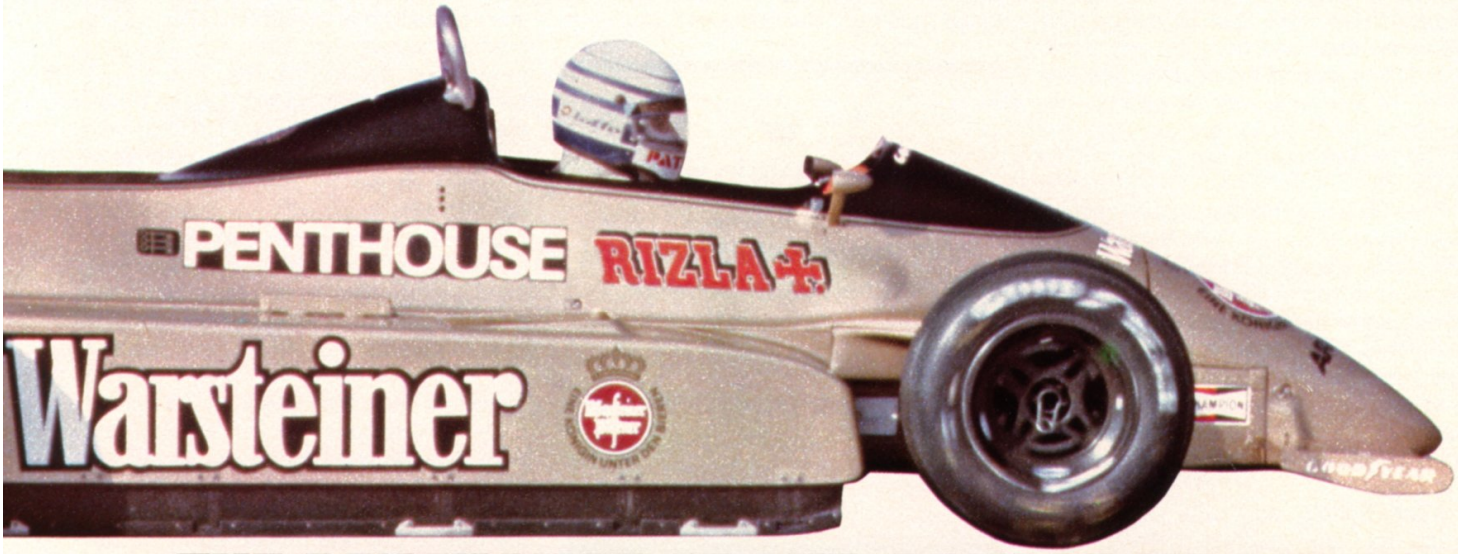

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PENTHOUSE

More than just a pretty face.

are pliable to their masters' wills.

King's style is as flamboyant as his name suggests. He is a retired numbers racketeer from Cleveland who did a gig for manslaughter, a wearer and bearer of outsized jewelry, cigars, peacockish threads, an electrified bouffant, and a vocabulary that would make a pimp's wardrobe blush. Everything about him is outsized, and the total effect is so bizarre that the only other human he would be analogous to is Phyllis Diller in blackface and drag.

On the other side, Arum is a Harvard-educated tax lawyer who served in JFK's Justice Department. Indeed, Arum learned about the promoting business while he was the chief of the Tax Division of the U.S. Attorney's Office in the Southern District of New York. Patterson and Liston were fighting for the championship in Chicago in 1961, and the government wanted to be sure it got its tax cut; so it confiscated more than $6 million from the arena itself and from the pay television outlets around the country. The promoter of the fight was Roy Cohn, the former mouthpiece for the late Sen. Joe McCarthy and most recently counsel for Studio 54.

Cohn claims Arum was an overzealous prosecutor. "I couldn't understand it. He had all the money, and he kept quizzing me about the operational side of the fight. I didn't know what the hell he was up to until years later, when he went into the fight business. I was his primer—he went to school on me and my money." Cohn laughed, an appreciative homage to Arum's opportunism under the guise of duty.

When Cohn's story was repeated to Arum, he, too, laughed. "Yeah, I did question him a lot. He's right about that. Then I left the U.S. Attorney's Office in 1964 and promoted my first fight in 1965."

It's Arum's smoothness that probably rankles King the most. The white man's ability to wield the law while the black man feels it. In evangelical fervor King refers to Arum as "the Devil."

On the other hand, Arum hints King is still somewhat contaminated. There is the rumor that he skims percentages from his fighters (Arum "legally" ties up fighters for future dates), and there are questions concerning King's role in ABC's American Championship series, which was canceled because of alleged kickbacks and ratings fixes. Then again, the mutual hatred might come from the fact that both men are dominant in like positions. So the question they must ask themselves is, If I'm doing so well, how come he's my equal?

So, for an interlude, Arum was stuck with a reclining tiger. Arum and Ali were being dwarfed by King and his champ, Larry Holmes. Of course, Arum had Spinks to retool and campaign, but dealing with Spinks after years of sharing Ali's company was too much for Arum to handle. Spinks's social graces are known to fall short of the Hapsburgs'.

Though Spinks was now the reputed star heavyweight in Arum's stable, it was no secret that Arum's choice for coronation was Big John Tate, the Knoxville heavyweight. Tate possessed the country-boy dignity of Louis, and unlike Spinks, he wasn't given to mercurial moods, mysterious disappearances, and guest appearances at police stations across the country. Spinks, unfortunately, is a memo to our neglect of the blacks. His legions can be found on any big-city street corner, and paying customers do not need reminders of America's social sorrows.

Tate, on the other hand, gave the illusion of domestic tranquillity. He was properly respectful of adults, gracious to sportswriters (currently a perversion), and a proud exhibitor of the American flag on his ring paraphernalia. Besides all these cosmetic advantages, Tate outclassed Spinks where it mattered—down in the marrow. Spinks was a mere light-heavyweight who could fight more comfortably at 175 pounds than at his current, inflated 190. Tate was not only a bona fide heavyweight at 240 but also one of the biggest heavyweights in history. So, all in all, the ledger was out of whack, and no one had ever accused Arum, the tax expert, of being unable to add.

> When you talk to whites, they see their plight in the most moral terms. They see themselves as a small, courageous country ringed by Marxist-controlled black states and shunned by cowardly Western outsiders.

Tate, who lost in the 1976 Olympic semifinals to Cuba's Teo Stevenson, had signed a three-year contract with Arum and Top Rank in 1976. Losing to Stevenson wasn't a knock, since many believe the Cuban is and was the best heavyweight in the world, including Ali. One major stipulation in Tate's contract was Arum's promise of a title fight by the end of 1980. With tactical genius worthy of Rommel, Arum would beat his own timetable by a year.

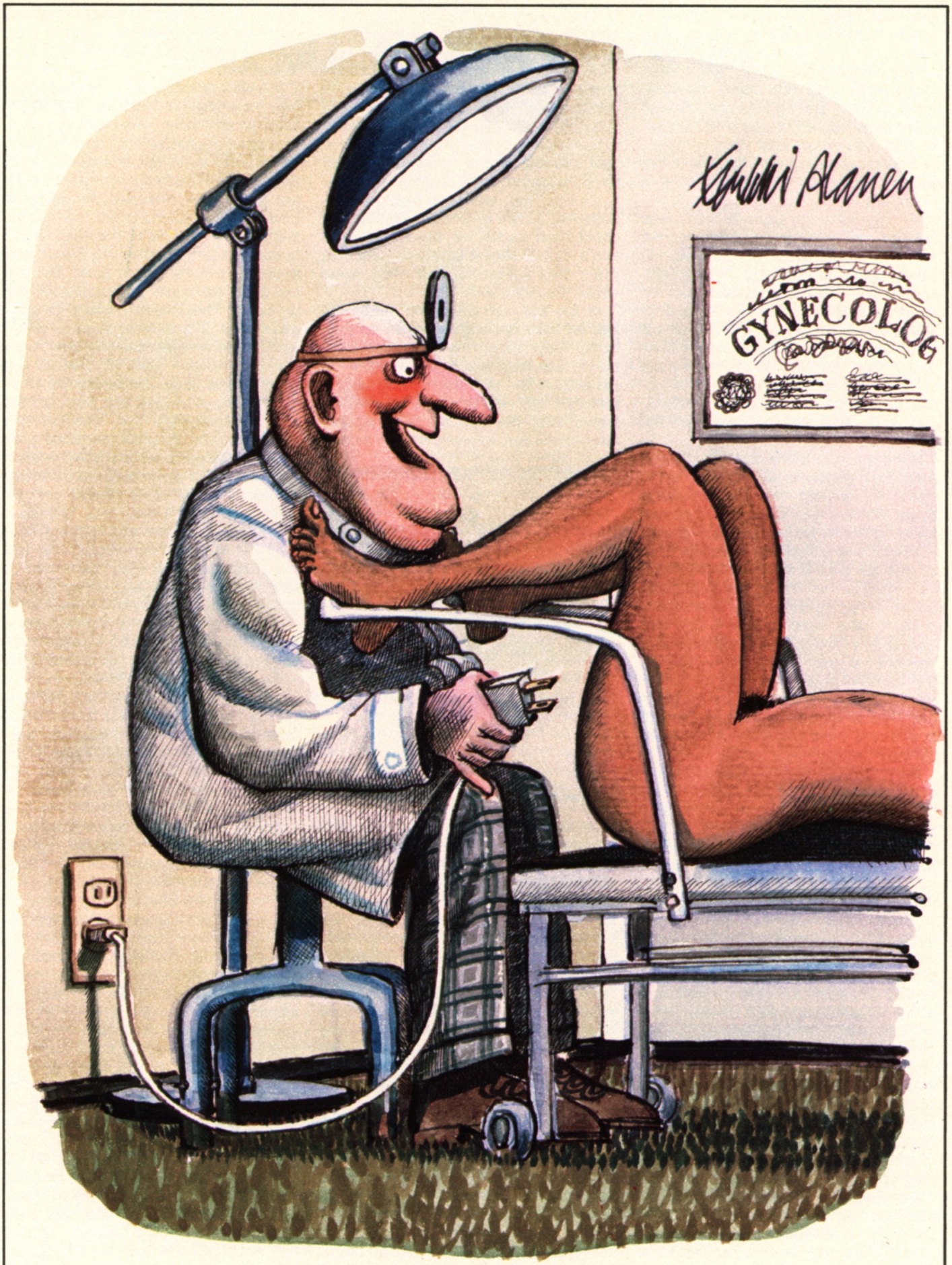
The first step was in 1978, when Arum traveled to South America ostensibly to watch some WBA bouts, which, on the face of it, seemed an innocuous act. But what it was was the opening feint in a series of maneuvers so Byzantine as to prove that those who know how to finesse the law can achieve gains that those who break it are incapable of conceiving. Arum's real purpose was to move up John Tate in the WBA ratings to the point where Tate would have contender status.

"At that time," he later proudly recalled, "Ali was still champ, Norton was rated number one, Kallie Knoetze two, Gerrie Coetzee five, Spinks three, and Tate number nine. All that was all right, except for Tate's ranking. Ali wanted to retire. Norton [King's man] was eventually removed from consideration when he lost the WBC bout to Holmes. So that left me with numbers two, three, and five for a WBA tournament [a tournament no one but Arum had in mind]. The nine had to be changed. So, when I met with the WBA officials, I threw out all sorts of recommendations for rule changes and a load of Mickey Mouse shit, and along the line I casually mentioned that after his impressive victory over Bernardo Mercado in Madison Square Garden, Tate should be upgraded. Nothing big. I wasn't adamant about it. It was just tossed in with a load of other proposals. I was campaigning harder for the other changes, but they had to do with procedures, and I knew they would be more difficult to change. That would take executive meetings. So, to placate me, they threw me a bone—Tate was moved from number nine to number four. It wouldn't cause a stir. Everyone knew Tate was a coming fighter. In fact, there was no flap about it when it was done. But they thought Tate was a throwaway, something to get me off their case. They didn't know the only purpose I had in traveling to South America was to get Tate moved up in the ratings. Now I had numbers two, three, four, and five, and, as I said, number one—Norton—would remove himself. Of all the things I put together in this promotion, elevating Tate is what I was most proud of. That was essential to the whole tournament."

What was equally essential was to get the champ, Ali, to abdicate formally. That was accomplished in the most civilized way—with money. Ali was offered $400,000 to step down, $150,000 upfront, and a quarter of a mil after the tournament's conclusion. It did the trick.

Now, Southern Suns was still out there with all that money, and South Africa was lusting to fob itself off as the Athens of the Dark Continent. Arum struck the deal: for providing the combatants for a heavyweight championship in South Africa, he was to receive 40 percent of the live gate after the break-even point, all television rights, and a piece of the souvenir sales, plus future promotions in South Africa, if he was so inclined.

That was it, pure and simple. Southern Suns would pick up all promotional expenses for the championship in South Africa, and a local promotion outfit, Square Ring, would stage the fight in Pretoria.



"And now, Miss Simmons, let's check the old reflexes."

Arum had only to deliver the bodies. He was to learn that peddling flesh is never easy.

With Ali giving his blessing to the WBA tournament (after the check cleared), Arum paired the fighters off: Spinks would meet Gerrie Coetzee in Monte Carlo, and Tate would fight Kallie Knoetze in Bophuthatswana, with the respective winners fighting for the championship in Pretoria.

On the initial go-around, Arum was forced to put some money in the pot, but the first results were encouraging. In Tate's victory over Knoetze, Arum's fighter not only looked impressive, but he made an estimated $80,000 as well. In Monte Carlo, however, the locals all but ignored the fight, and Arum lost a quarter of a million. Add that to the money put out for travel and expenses since negotiations had begun with Southern Suns, and Arum estimated he was stuck for $400,000.

But it was only to the novice's eye that Arum had gone into the tank in Monte Carlo. In the bout the white underdog South African, Gerrie Coetzee, demolished Spinks in the first round. Thereby, Arum not only unloaded the troublesome Spinks but also landed a dream match for Pretoria: a Western-world black against a homegrown honky. This wasn't going to be a mere fight for a gold belt and canonization by *Ring* magazine. This was to be a clash of cultures, a redemption of history, a genetic Armageddon under controlled conditions. Best of all, if one was a privileged white in sundry businesses, there was a shit pot of money to be made.

But, if this was to happen, Jesse Jackson and his Chicago-based PUSH organization, along with a black umbrella group known as ACCESS (American Coordinating Committee for Equality in Sports and Society) had to be knocked out. What they had in common, besides their anguish over the treatment of blacks in South Africa, was their awe for the heavyweight crown. And boxing, more than any other sport in South Africa, approached fair play. Integrated bouts were staged, and there were black champions at the head of integrated divisions. For the proposed fight there was to be integrated seating in Loftus Versfeld Stadium. The protesters, however, fell into the trap of stating that they were not only against a fight in South Africa but also against a fight with a *South African*, anywhere. This raised the specter of reverse discrimination and disregard for an individual's philosophy. Advantage: Mr. Arum.

Any hopes the protesters had were incinerated by the mercurial Reverend Jackson. He decided to take a trip to South Africa and check it out first-hand to see whether Arum's claims of an integrated stadium were true. Jackson was not smitten with the scene and laid out his plan to the local press: he would pressure Tate not to go and appeal to the United Nations to intervene. This was in early August, two and a half months before the scheduled fight.

On reading this, Arum decided Tate needed early high-altitude training in South Africa, and *while* Jackson was speaking Arum and his party headed to the airport in secrecy. "I knew once I had Tate in South Africa, it was over. What were they going to do—come down there to picket? Tate wasn't a problem. Nobody had gotten to him yet. Maybe they could have turned his head, but Jackson's mouth blew that. Look, Tate, like every other fighter, black or white, wanted the championship."

At the last moment, when it was too late for the opposing forces to do anything, Arum tipped the New York *Daily News*, and they sent a photographer to the airport. The next day's photo of Tate removed the stigma of a clandestine move. John Tate and his party, against the national law, stayed in a white suburb of Johannesburg. Under law, Tate should have been staying in the black ghetto of Soweto. But one could hardly ask the perhaps future heavyweight champ to reside in desolation under police mandate. Tate was not a local *kaffir* (black), and it is the locals who worry the government. Black visitors from outside the borders of South Africa find lodging in an integrated "international" hotel. If Tate's stay in the exclusive suburb were to be questioned (it wasn't), the government could have designated him an "honorary white." The word was that Tate and his black sparring partners did receive this baptism of bleach.

> On fight night the great experiment in stadium integration failed. Some blacks arrived, but they were seated at the top of the stadium, which is traditionally known as "nigger heaven."

But flippancy about color is reserved for the interloper. To those involved internally, it is an obsessive matter. The distinctions don't stop at black and white. There are also distinctions and laws for coloreds (those of mixed blood) and Asians. The estimated population of 28 million breaks down to 70 percent black, 17 percent white, 9 percent colored, and 3 percent Asian.

The black numerical superiority and the white supremacy stagger a Westerner when he thinks of the leverage that the blacks in America, who constitute but ten percent of the population, bring to bear. In South Africa the blacks hold a four-to-one ratio.

A local black attorney explained to me how the whites get away with it. Keith (an alias, as all names herein will be, for fear of political repercussions) said that what the outsider can't see or know is the insidious, sophisticated machinations of racial domination. "You see, we started to lose our professional class, our leadership, before 1948, when the National party came to power, when the British were in control with the United party. The British gave the black professionals small gratuities. They weren't asked to show passbooks (IDs) in white areas, and they were given an exemption to buy "white man's whiskey," that is, Scotch and brandy. The black professionals cherished these privileges and tried to keep their distance from their less fortunate black brothers. A great animosity grew between the professionals and the laboring blacks. The poor blacks saw the professionals as being in league with the white man, and it was true. The black professionals did not want to be associated with the poor. In a way, it's so sad, but understandable—any gain here is rare. But the British were clever enough to see an avenue to isolate the leaders."

According to Keith, the Boers adopted the British finesse to blend with *their* muscle, the Security Police. "Of course, there is the window dressing. Relatively speaking, in the last ten years the housing is slightly better, you're able to buy liquor instead of just beer, and you can listen to Zulu spoken on your radio. Little things, just like your prizefight—all window dressing. There have been no changes in vital things, no voice in government. If you are a black millionaire, you still must live in Soweto—try and imagine Ali or Sammy Davis, Jr., forced to live in a police-controlled ghetto.

"The window dressing you get is the changes in petty apartheid—now we can sit in parks once reserved for whites. But you can't vote, you can't own property, you can't move freely without carrying a passbook, and you need permission to attend school and get a passport. But you can sit in parks and—now they say—in a stadium to watch a fight. Don't you Americans know they're using you? All this is child's play. Your fight is child's play. I wish it never came here. It's another distraction. I wish everything would remain harsh, and then maybe the people would move. I don't mean to be impolite, but I don't give a goddamn about your Mister John Tate. I have many friends who do, though. They see a win by him as a symbolic victory. That's all I've ever known—symbolic change and victory."

Arnold, a black businessman, told me of other measures taken to ensure estrangement. "There are no town meetings in Soweto, not even on a social

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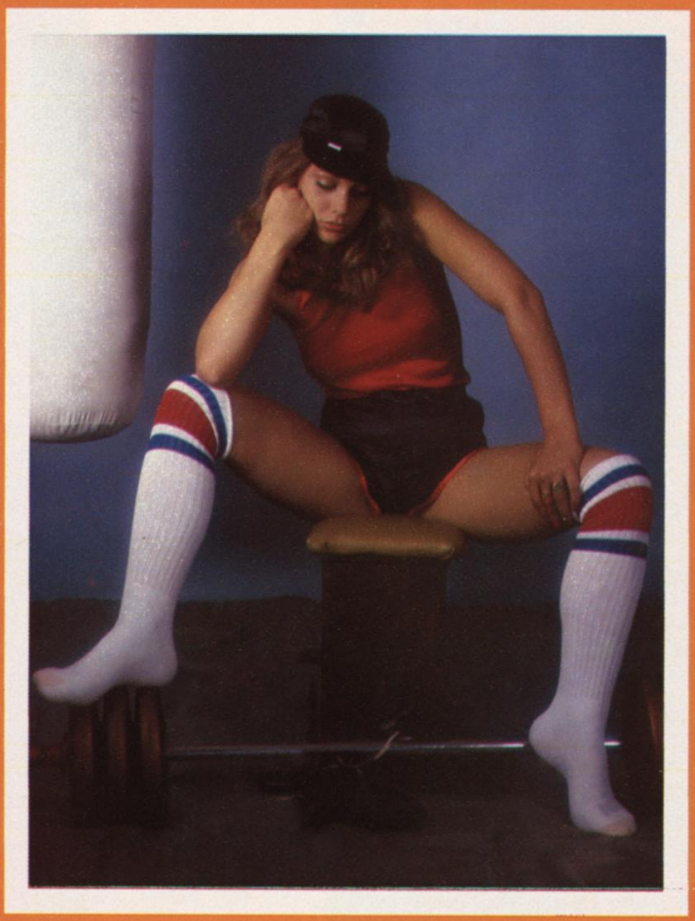


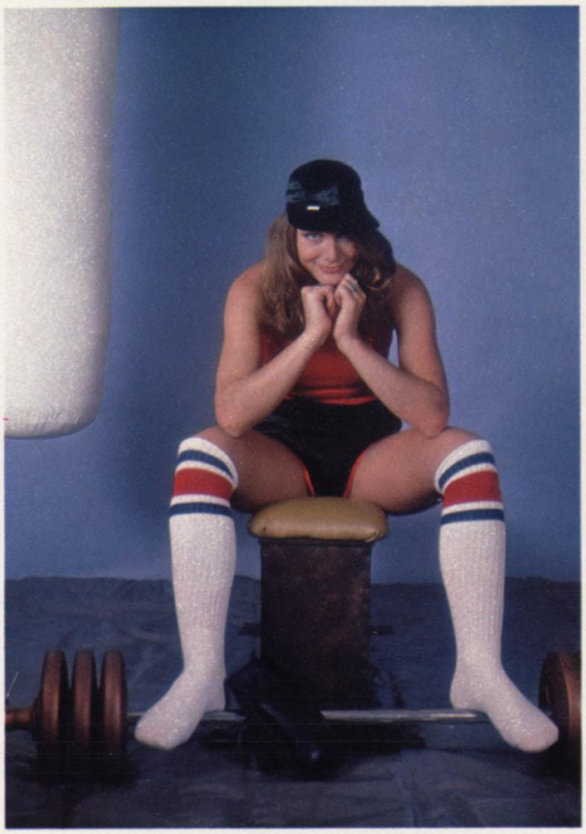
DELSA

"I box, take vitamins,
get lots of fresh air, and never,
ever sleep alone!"

"I can't imagine myself failing at anything. All I need is a good, strong man to nurse me along."

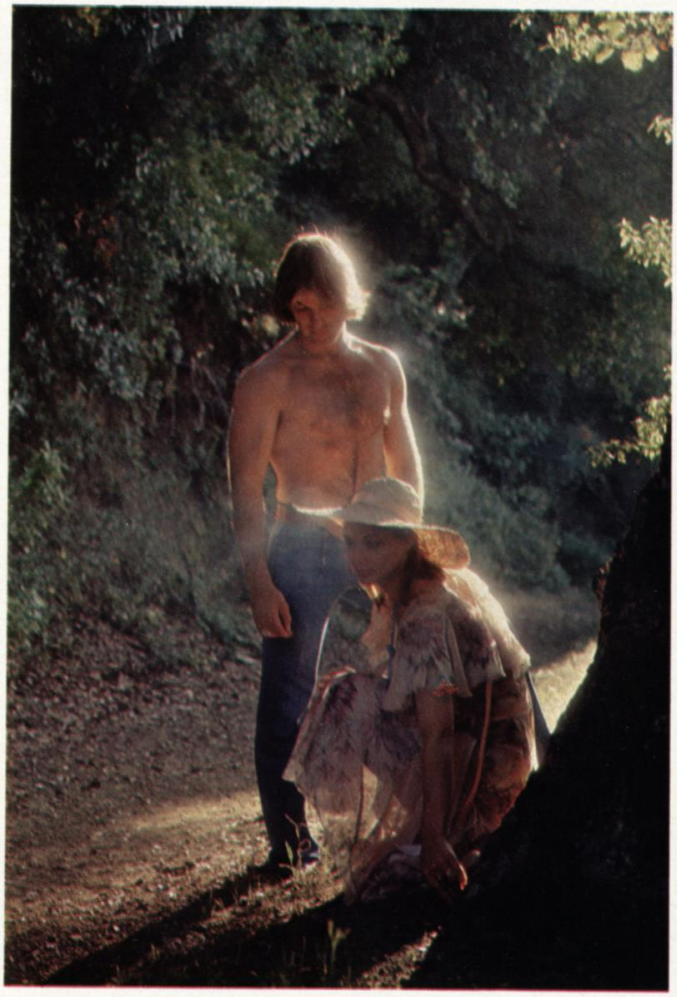
"I'm not sure I want to be a Rocky or a Rockette," teases Delia Cosner, our pixie-faced Pet of the Month, "but whatever I do, I intend to be the champ!" Delia's 120-pound show girl figure, rounded off to 36-24-36 inches, would pack a sizable wallop in either arena, as she well knows. "I joined a gym to get in shape and learn how to defend myself," she says. "That way, if some improper stranger makes a pass at me I'll be prepared. But when a man who appeals to me catches me with my guard down," she says, feinting foxily, "I never raise a glove to stop him."

THE CHAMP

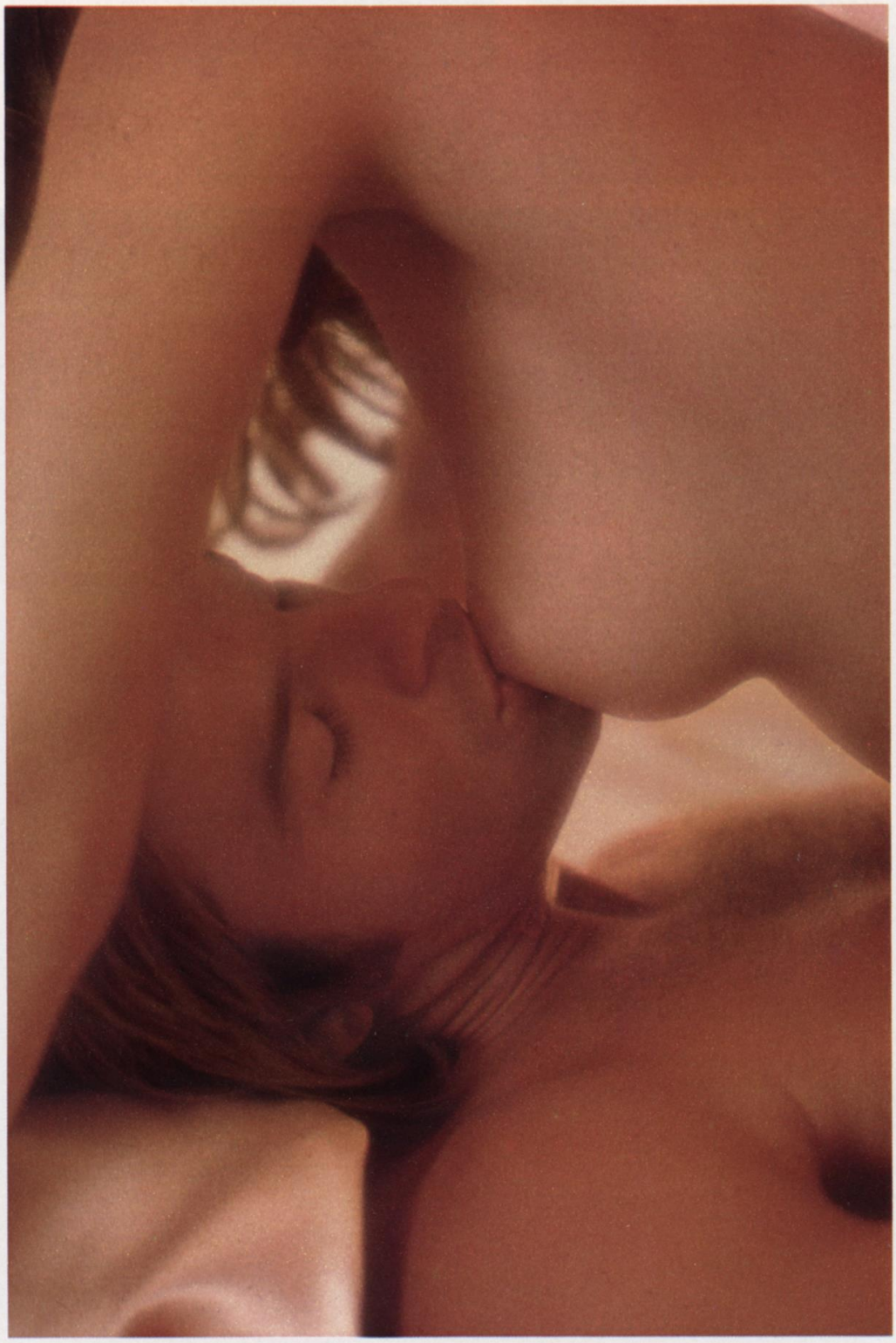


PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

The lucky man pictured with Delia here is officially her exercise instructor, she tells us. "He's also my number-one fan and promoter, but he's learned not to push me too hard. Though I'm open to most suggestions, I refuse any and all direct orders."



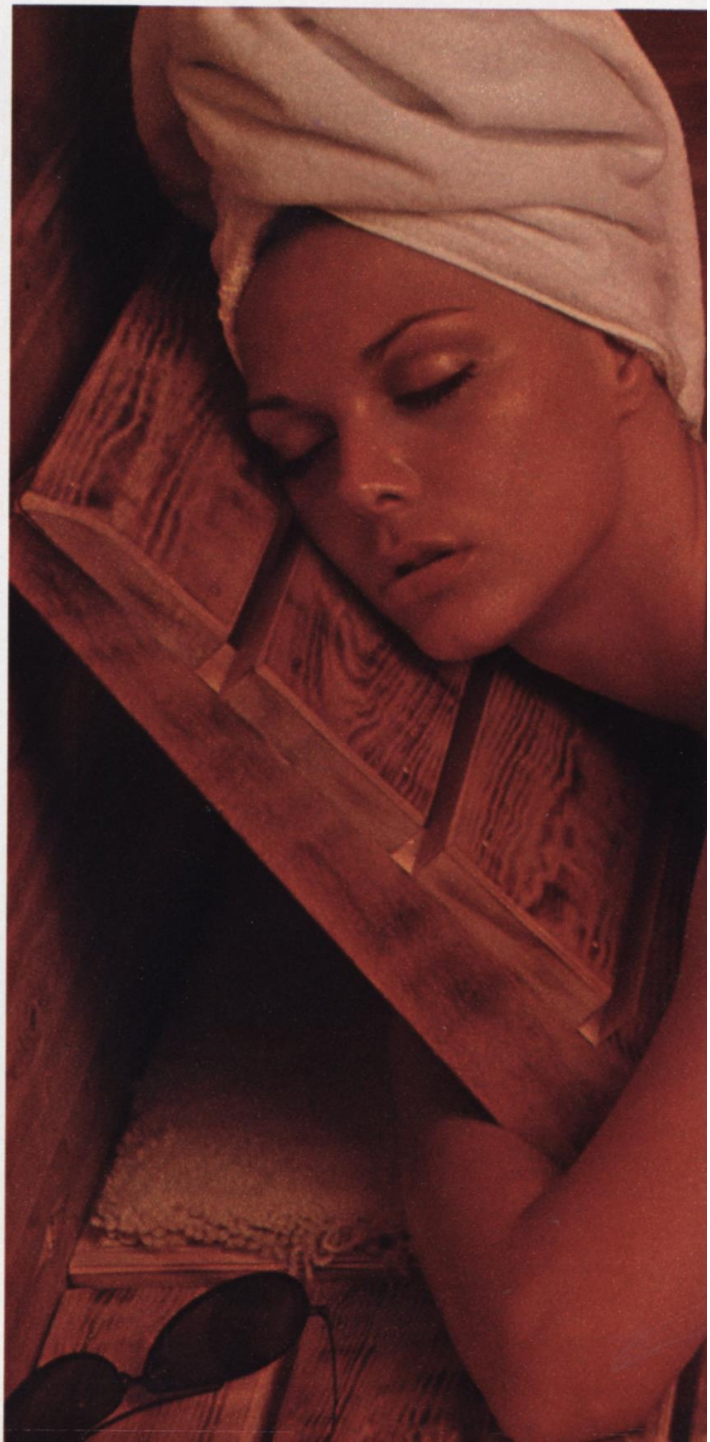
"Luckily for me," she says, smiling, "he's a much more permissive coach than most. A lot of them tell their protégées that sex is bad for them, but John claims just the opposite...as long as the sex is with *him*!" Her present health regimen is fairly simple: "I dance, box, or lift weights for an hour a day, take plenty of vitamins, get lots of fresh air (as you see here!) and never, *ever* sleep alone."



Delia contends, with her usual appealing pugnacity, that she is a typical headstrong Leo. "I can't imagine myself failing at anything, whether in my work life or my love life. All I need behind me is a good, strong man to nurse me along."

Sometimes even workouts at the gym don't exhaust her natural feistiness. "I think all men and women have a little bit of a love-hate thing going, and I think it's perfectly natural to express that in bed. Wrestling around, pinching, biting, and generally cutting up can be a very sexy form of foreplay," she maintains. "Blond, fair-skinned men turn me on the most, but when there's real chemistry between two people, differences such as color, creed, or political preferences don't mean a thing!"

"After all," she concludes, "lust is a universal language." Delia presently lives in rural Montana, a place she loves for its wide, breathtaking views and genuine frontier atmosphere, including a sizable Indian population. "Every time I frolic up here, naked on this butte," she says, laughing, "some admiring young brave sends me smoke signals!"



Making herself at home on the range, Delia recently took a job at a large steak house restaurant with an old-time saloon motif. "I wear a sexy dance-hall-girl outfit (like Kitty in *Gunsmoke*) and sail across the bar on a swing, like they did in the Old West. If my customers' reactions are any indication, I may someday stop the show at Radio City Music Hall!" Regardless, we're certain of one thing: wherever Delia goes, she'll be a knockout.

MISS DELIA COSNER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS DELIA COSNER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

of films, which, I gathered, were forthcoming up on the screen. A. gave a little sales pitch before each film. Apparently he was selling his studio backers on each project in a fancy way, with slides, music, and everything. There was even a table with smoked salmon on porcelain plates.

The first project that the producer offered was "Slave of Desire." He described it as ". . . the last word in feminine emotional entertainment." The second film was a comedy called "Sex Therapy." A. called it "a breakthrough in belly laughs on the order of *Animal House*, only more gross." The third one was called "The Fourth Dog." As A. described it, it was about a small town where someone was pulling dogs inside out by reaching inside their throats with a pliers. "The whole town is terrified, see," G. said, "because no one knows who's doing it, and no one knows who might be next."

The meeting ended a few minutes later. A. and I went to the commissary for a miserable lunch. I pitched him on a project about Hollywood. "Umm," he said, "sounds too commercial. Not enough meat to it."

"It's a lot like Joan Didion's work," I said hopefully.

"Joan Didion?" he said querulously.

"She's a great writer," I said.

"Ben," A. said confidentially, "she's not a great writer. There are no great writers any more. The last great writer was Jane Austen. Her books are the only thing I'll read."

Jane Austen and "The Fourth Dog."

Saturday lunch—A meeting with a powerful television producer. He is important in this town. But really important. He is creatively in charge of nine shows on the air right now. He supervises the development of ten more that may go on the air this year. He is a major wheel. He sits behind a table at the Polo Lounge, wearing a sweater and a wool leisure suit on an 85-degree day. There is not a drop of moisture on his face.

"I have this idea," I told him. "This idea for a TV show about what happens to young people after they get out of school. It's set in a big department store in Minneapolis, and there are six people, just out of school, three men and three women, and they're trying to cope with paying their own bills and taking care of themselves without the school or the parents to carry the weight," I said.

"What kind of people are these people?" the producer asked.

"They're warm, lovable people," I answered. "The kind of people you'd want to have in your living room."

"Great," he said. "Is it at all like *Candide*?"

"It's like *Candide*, with a mixture of 'Little House on the Prairie' thrown in," I said.

"Sounds good so far," he said. "And the kids would pretend to be mannequins and like that, and just go crazy in the department store, right?"

"Right," I said. "Plus, they would have a lot of psychological problems of adjustment because they had gotten so weak and dependent while they were in school."

My friend frowned. "That's a problem," he said. "That sounds a little too deep for television."

I leaned across the table to him. "Actually," I said, "if you look at it superficially, it seems a little deep, I agree. But if you look at it deeply, it's really quite superficial."

My friend brightened. "In that case," he said, "let's get it on the air."

Tuesday morning—My agent friend, a world-class wheeler-dealer, has problems. He talked to me through the paneled door to his private bathroom while I sat on his white-linen couch. The sun tried to get through the smog, but it was a losing battle. Above the sound of moving water, I could hear him speak.

> Our new leader, the programming genius, calls the old man in. "Do you like working here?" "Yes, it's my whole life." So the genius says, "You're fired. I want your desk cleaned out by five."

"You could do me a big favor," he said, "and you'd be doing yourself a favor, too."

"That sounds right," I said.

He did not answer for a minute. I glanced down at his smoked-glass coffee table. It had chrome legs. The same copy of *Obedience and Dominance* was there that had been there six months earlier. On the cover a laughing man in Batman mask and cape with leather trousers was tightly bound with gleaming stainless-steel links. A young girl with a Brownie uniform menaced him with a mace. She had adorable freckles.

Outside the door I could hear the secretaries inhaling cocaine furiously.

Pinned to the wall next to the door was an eight-by-ten of a young man being burned at a stake. Under it was a caption: "Father Swears Revenge for Fraternity Initiation Thrill Death by Torture."

"My problem," my friend said as he emerged from the bathroom, wiping his hands on his shirt, "is that I have two Gentile partners, and all they like to do is get drunk and get fucked up the ass."

"I don't see how I can help you there," I said.

"It's not my only problem," he said. "Also, I have this very, ultrahot new producer who has a project that he needs a writer for."

At that moment he punched his comm line viciously. "Want a Perrier water?" he asked.

"Sure," I said.

Janet, who worked as a secretary when she wasn't too wasted to walk, strolled in the door. Her jeans were tight enough to take her blood pressure.

"Janet," my friend said, "bring me a Perrier water and get me a fresh lime."

Janet looked at me. "Anything for you, Ben?" she asked.

"Same thing," I said.

"Make sure it's fresh lime," my friend said. "That frozen stuff makes me want to puke."

A moment later he took a telephone call. Then he looked at me. "I'd like you to think about doing a script on commission."

"What's it about?" I asked.

"It's called 'The Fourth Dog,'" he said.

"Oh, Christ," I said. "You're kidding."

At that moment Janet walked in with our drinks. The glasses were on a lacquered tray. It had swans on the surface. "Is it fresh enough for you?" Janet asked the agent.

"What?" he asked sharply.

"The goddamn lime," she said.

"Oh, Christ," my friend said. "I'm telling a story. Just get out of here, okay?"

Janet left, and I said, "That story is just nonsense. I can't believe it's getting done."

"Ben," my friend said, "how much money have you made in the last ten years?"

"Not much," I said.

"The guy who wants to produce this has made two million dollars a year, personally, in each of the last ten years. And you're telling me it's nonsense? How come you're not hiring him if you're so smart?" He shook his head. "What makes you think that nonsense doesn't sell, bubby?" he asked. Then, in a stage whisper, "Jesus. Writers are so dumb."

"Is your wife still with that musician up in Mendocino?" I asked.

Thursday lunch—Across from me at The Palm sits S., a titan of the disco music world. S. started out writing disco songs about two years ago. When disco became a craze, S. became the Jerry Giesler of the form. Whenever a producer was stuck for lyrics, he would automatically cry out, "Get me S.!" Before long S. was a producer, and not long after that S. was the proud owner of a successful

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disco label. Now, even though disco is fading, S. is still doing well. He branched out into New Wave and owns a hot act.

As we talk about the days when we were both lawyers and how glad we are to be out of that line, a steady stream of black men and women slowly pass by our table.

Each one gives S. either a "soul handshake" or a kiss. Each one says something like "Fantastic side on that X album," or "You laid down some fine tracks on the new Y & Z album." S. looks sincerely at each of them and stands up. He hugs each one and says a variant of "You're beautiful. I write these songs because that's the way I feel about you."

The black men and women beam and walk on.

As the fifth one leaves our table, S. gives him an actual kiss on the cheek. ". . . because I love you people."

S. sits down and looks at me sincerely. "I'm the Toscanini of the jungle bunnies," he says, helping himself to a plate of fried onions. "If they could only read and write, I could become a great author."

Friday morning—About two years ago I sat in on a meeting between an old comedy writer and a certain man reputed to be the most successful producer of all time. The producer sat at a huge Plexiglas table in his office in Century City while the old gent pitched a story for a situation comedy to him.

When the old guy had finished, stammering and coughing the whole time from nervousness, the producer leaned back in his chair. He broke a pencil in two. "Is that your story?" he asked.

"That's it," the old writer said.

"Jesus," the producer said. "I hate it. It's terrible. It's one of the most hackneyed ideas I've ever heard."

I have never seen a man's whole countenance collapse as completely as the elderly comedy writer's face did. He looked like he had built a house of cards to give him the strength for the meeting. The producer had just pulled out the bottom card. He sat in his chair, paralyzed with disappointment. I thought he had suffered a heart attack. The producer said, "Come back when you have something new," and left the room.

This morning, I had a long talk with the producer about affairs of state. He is eager to become a political mover and shaker. God knows he has the money, brains, connections, and personality.

Just on a whim, I asked him how the elderly comedy writer was getting along.

"Who do you mean?" he asked.

"S.A.," I said.

"Oh, he killed himself about two years ago," the producer said.

"What!" I said. "Why did he do that? Cancer?"

"No," the producer said. "This is a tough town. His career wasn't going anywhere. People here were cruel to him."

"Jesus," I said.

"I tried to give him a break, but he wouldn't let me help him," the producer said. "He came to me with a lousy idea, and I told him I loved it. But he was too far gone by then, I guess."

"But I was at that meeting," I said. "You told him his idea was terrible. You told him you hated it."

The producer looked at me with kindly eyes. "You don't know this town yet," he said. "I might have said I hated it, but he knew that meant there was room for negotiation. Believe me, compared to what other people told him, I was kind to him."

Now I know what Hollywood kindness means.

Monday—Lunch with a director who has made it in this town. After five years of sitting at home by his television, blowing coke, he finally struck it rich. Here's how it happened. H., the director, was at home, blowing coke one night, when he ran out of the drug. In a panic he went to his connection. By chance there was another customer. That other customer was a funnel for large-scale independent financing. The two customers fell into a conversation about coke, about smack, and then about movies. From there on it was a straight shot to get the deal to direct a picture at $225,000 for principal photography and additional amounts down the road.

"I guess this is the American dream for you," I told him while we waited for our fried dumplings.

"Yeah," he said. "All those nights watching 'Starsky and Hutch,' blowing coke, really paid off."

"What's the picture about?" I asked him.

He stared at himself in the mirror behind us. "It's about these four dogs," he said. "Somebody's tearing them inside out. No one knows who."

"You think that's what the average American wants to see?" I asked.

"The average American just wants to go around with his head under a white sheet," the director said, sniffling heavily. "This is a sick country."

"By the way," I said, "I ran into your daughter the other day. She asked my wife to help her get a summer job. So my wife is going to talk to a few friends about it. Your daughter's a nice kid."

"My daughter," said the director, "is a manipulative little bitch."

As I said at the beginning, most of the people in Hollywood are fine people. But you also meet some others. That is no more than one expects from life. The next time you see the honchos of Hollywood handing each other industry awards, though, you might remember that at the center of the webs of media power there are also a few spiders.

"You're welcome to try to get into my pants. I haven't been able to get them off for two weeks!"

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH
OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?"

BOB GUCCIONE AND PENTHOUSE FILMS INTERNATIONAL
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MALCOLM McDOWELL
TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA

WITH
JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO

FEATURING
ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL
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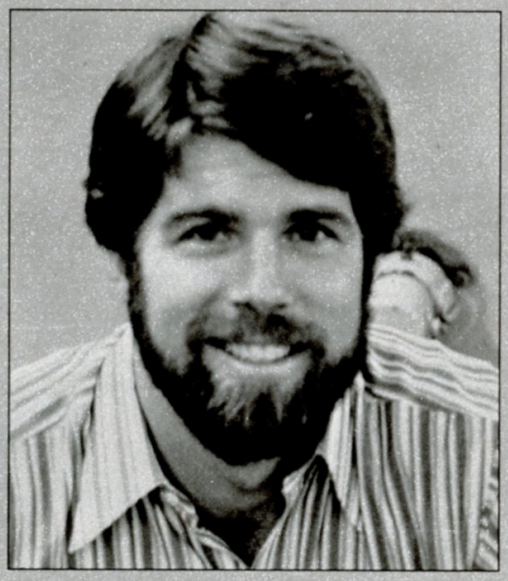
ANALYSIS FILM RELEASING CORPORATION
A NEW FILM DISTRIBUTION COMPANY

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY PETER SCHNUGG

The author is a member of the 1980 U.S. Olympic Water Polo Team. A graduate of the Stanford University Graduate School of Business, Schnugg is 29 years old and has been voted one of the 14 top players in the world. But the U.S. boycott this year prevents him from ever competing in the Olympic Games.

CARTER'S OLYMPIC BLACKMAIL

Early this year President Carter introduced the possibility of a U.S. boycott of the 1980 Summer Olympics in Moscow. At the time the boycott was first discussed, it was just one of many possible reactions to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. But within days it became obvious that President Carter intended that the boycott be a major component of our immediate foreign-policy strategy.

This turn of events stunned amateur athletes throughout the country. The men's national water polo team met soon after for its first training camp of the season. The discussion of Carter's announcement centered around two topics: first, how could a boycott of the Olympics have anything to do with the invasion of Afghanistan? The Olympics were simply an athletic event. The president seemed to be concerned about what the Russian press might tell its people about our Olympic team. But, with or without the Olympic boycott, the Russian press would tell its people whatever it wanted.

Second, why were the Olympics being singled out? This question provoked two emotions—bitterness and concern. Bitterness arose as a result of the feeling that the Olympics had been singled out because of its visibility in an election year and the lack of political power from its constituency. We were concerned because the use of an Olympic boycott as a major foreign-policy tool made our country look impotent.

In the spirit of our constitution, we (the athletes) made our concerns and objections known through every possible medium. We questioned the sagacity of the boycott and suggested alternative solutions. At once and nearly unanimously, the media and the public labeled us as spoiled, selfish brats who would sell their souls to compete in the Olympics, to win a gold medal, and to reap all the financial rewards that are attendant on winning a gold medal. We were called traitors and were billed as the villains in the government's latest attempt to build unity among the populace.

Needless to say, that response came as quite a shock to a group of people that includes, traditionally, some of the most competent, productive, and patriotic individuals that this country produces. Few people outside amateur sports at the Olympic level understand the dedication and emotional and physical sacrifices that one must make in order to compete. U.S. industry would be wallowing in prosperity if just 25 percent of its workers were as productive as Olympic athletes. Nobody can understand the patriotism it took for Olympic athletes to be booed by New Zealanders when the United States met Russia there, or to be spat upon in Mexico City when the United States beat Cuba. Yet we instantly became traitors, because we chose to exercise the fundamental right upon which America was built.

We were also shocked by the accusations that we were all in it for the money. Few people even know what water polo or team handball or canoeing and kayaking entail. Few-

"Earlier this year President Carter's credibility and effectiveness were at a low ebb. He needed a victory, and he decided to unleash an unwarranted barrage of threats and dirty tricks aimed at the U.S. Olympic Committee and American athletes."

er people have seen these games on television. And virtually nobody makes a living by competing or coaching in sports such as these. Yet these sports and others equally unnoticed make up 85 percent of our Olympic team. Ask anyone to name three people who made money as a result of the 1976 Olympics. They'll know one—Bruce Jenner.

All this activity momentarily affected our training. We all took time to think the problem through and ask questions. Even though we couldn't find the answers, we resumed training, because we knew that the first priority had always been, and still was, to make the U.S. Olympic team. Then we could worry about an Olympic medal. And we knew that it was better to be prepared and not be able to go than to be able to go and be unprepared.

The Winter Olympics gave us some hope. The nationalism, the pride, and the enthusiasm that resulted from the performance of the hockey team and the other winter athletes gave us renewed hope. We sensed that the country felt the need for the Olympics. Indeed, polls showed that public support of a boycott was diminishing. The chances of competing in Moscow seemed to be improving.

Then the Iran situation worsened, the Russians continued to ignore our chastisement, our allies were reluctant to endorse economic sanctions against Russia or Iran, Israel and Egypt were at an impasse, and few allies were willing to accept an Olympic boycott. In short, Carter's credibility and effectiveness were at a low ebb. He needed a victory, and he decided to achieve it at the least political expense. He unleashed an unwarranted barrage of threats and dirty tricks aimed at the U.S. Olympic Committee and U.S. athletes.

On March 21, 1980, 150 athletes were invited to the White House for "a meeting on the Afghanistan crisis and its relation to the Summer Olympic Games." At the meeting the president told us that American athletes "will not go"—the decision had been made, and it was final. Carter said, in essence, that we could think and say what we pleased about his position but that that meant nothing and would have no effect on the final outcome. He would not let us travel freely. He would not let us pursue our chosen livelihoods. At this point we all thought, "This is wrong. It is unconstitutional. He can't make that decision for me." So we held out longer, hoping that the system would prevail over the man.

But then Carter pulled out all the stops. He threatened to terminate federal funding if we didn't comply and promised improved funding if we did. He threatened to revoke the federal tax exemption of the U.S.O.C. He claimed that the participation of American athletes in the Moscow Olympics threatened national security, while he allowed many business transactions to go on as usual. He threatened corporations that were donating cash to the Olympic effort. To many of us, this seemed like blackmail.

By this time, few of the athletes believed much of what Carter said. He had threatened us too many times. But when it came time to vote on the boycott at the U.S.O.C. House of Delegates meeting, I honestly didn't know which side I would take. On the one hand, it was illegal for the U.S.O.C. not to send a team, and, on the other hand, there was the possibility that national security was at stake. At that meeting it became clear to me that the U.S.O.C. could vote only one way—it was created to select, prepare, and send an Olympic team. It was to resist all political, religious, and economic pressures. Congress recognized and legislated this responsibility in 1978 when it passed the Amateur Sports Act. Now the administration was trying to undermine that position. My vote was not necessarily a vote to go to Moscow, because William Simon's address at the U.S.O.C. meeting convinced me that the Soviet threat was real. But I voted to honor the law so that each athlete could decide for himself whether to go. This would not have been an easy decision for some, but others would have agreed with five-time gold medal winner Eric Heiden, who said: "If given a chance, I would have gone. Sports and politics don't mix. The government does not do all that much for the Olympics; then they come down hard on the Olympics. I don't think it's fair at all."

The Amateur Sports Act of 1978 guarantees athletes the right to compete in the Olympics. President Carter signed the act into law. Now, as a result of the president's coercion and pressure, the U.S.O.C. has been influenced by political forces. If such political interference is allowed, then in the future the U.S.O.C. will find it difficult to raise money and to encourage athletes to train. What can we tell Terry Schroeder, the finest water polo player the United States has ever produced, perhaps the finest player in the world? Why should he endure four more years of economic and emotional sacrifices if he can't be sure that there will be an Olympic Games, or that there will be any international competition for that matter?

When I met with my team after the U.S.O.C. vote, we were about to depart for a major international tournament. The meeting was traumatic. Many of the players couldn't speak through the tears and broken hearts. We were on the verge of canceling our trip. But throughout the discussion we kept coming back to the basics: we had all become close friends through the four years of training, we all enjoyed the game, we enjoyed the challenge, and we enjoyed the camaraderie. No water polo player ever made a dime by playing in the Olympics. So we went to the tournament. You might say we did it for love—for love of each other and love of the game. We played, not well, but very hard. We placed third, although we might have won but for a few breaks. Our team will eventually win because we are survivors. And the Olympics will be around a lot longer than Jimmy Carter or the current U.S.O.C. membership because athletes love to play and love to win. They will survive.

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Penthouse Humor Editor Bill Lee introduces "Investigative Cartooning"

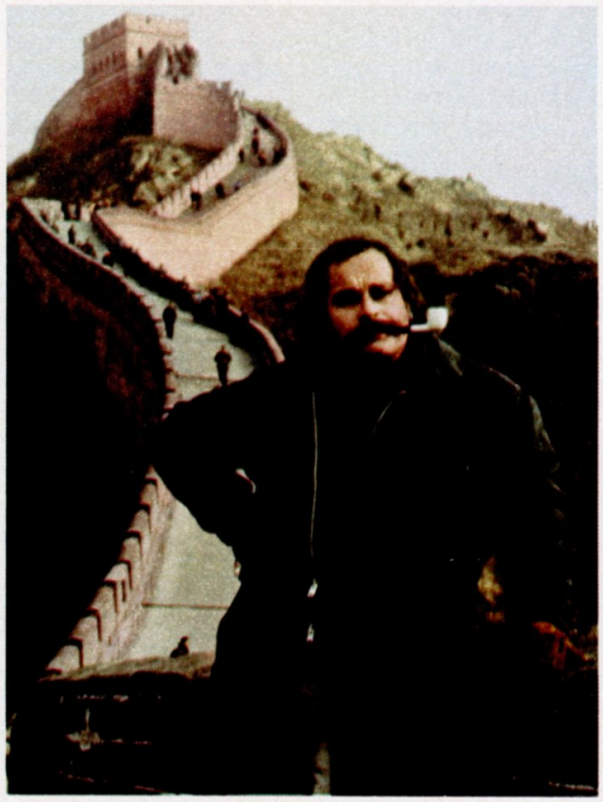
THE CHINA SYNDROME

"I've seen an Orwellian society go crassly commercial; in today's China it's 1984 marked down from 2500 B.C."—Bill Lee in the People's Republic of China

DEDICATION: In August 1967 a Chinese radio comedian named Lam Bun, broadcaster for a local Hong Kong station, was brutally murdered on his way home from work by the Communist Chinese. It was a crime of passion–he was guilty of satire. He dared to poke fun at the inscrutable Chairman Mao and the glorious (again, inscrutable) Cultural Revolution. The program (which he also produced) specialized in zinging one-liners across the airwaves, into that turbulent sea of humanity flowing beyond the New Territories–Mainland China. At the time the Hong Kong borders were battle zones, and a handful of British-trained Gurkha troops stood by helplessly behind flimsy barricades while the "people" went berserk. There were violent eruptions of Red Guards, workers, farmers, nitpickers–any group that could muster a rally would chop away at targets of opportunity, pointed out by moronic interpretations of the new Chinese "bible," also known as the Red Book (a collection of the thoughts of Chairman Mao). And so it came to pass, in the great city of Hong Kong, that a humorist was singled out and punished severely for the high crime of irreverent wit. Media satire is the purest form of public truth. Sometimes the truth can hurt; in this case it killed. I've never forgotten that man. It is to his memory that I dedicate this work.

"BILL, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO CHINA?"–BOB GUCCIONE

She was fully animated like a Disney duck, dancing in wobbly circles around a small coal-burning heater. The "she" was a Chinese salesgirl in a "Friendship Store," one of the government-owned department stores that specialize in fleecing tourists. Her red-and-white knitted muffler, wound tightly around head and neck, afforded visual testimony to the "success" of the heating unit. "*Yongee doo doo wenda down, radin onna boney* ..." she sang over and over again. "I learn it," she said, clapping hands, modestly applauding her own efforts. "Yankee Doodle" was the song, and I alone, an American artist in Xian, China, was the captive audience getting a first-hand look at their great commercial step forward. The People's Republic of China has ordered a political/sociological about-face, reprogramming its great laundered masses from the classic style of the Bolshoi to the "boop-oopa-doop" of "Yankee Doodle", in other words, they've gone from the Russian bear to the Yankee "buck." That's a relatively simple rotation when you consider the *total* control that they exercise over a mindless billion. I've seen an Orwellian society go crassly commercial; in today's China it's *1984*, marked down from 2500 B.C.



The "Yankee Doodle salesgirl" was wonderful, and in point of fact, she *was* my assignment. As a professional satirist (one who makes a fast buck from satire), I crossed through the Lo Mein curtain in order to produce the first humorous look at modern, "pro-American" China since Mao slammed the door back in 1948. It has been my intention to do everything that the *New York Times* and the National Geographic Society would not do, that is, to humorously unearth the goings-on of present-day China. Anyway, the following series of drawings was accumulated through 20,000 miles (or more) of travel by bus, train, plane, scuffed Florsheims, and the casual suggestion of Bob Guccione.

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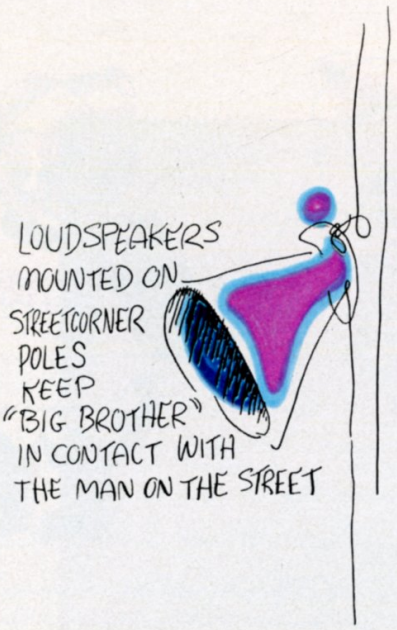

THERE'S A TOURIST BORN EVERY MINUTE

The national chain-store operation called Friendship Stores deals specifically with the tourist trade. (Chinese citizens aren't allowed to enter unless they work there.) Tourists are led from tour to store at prices inflated far above those of local department stores.

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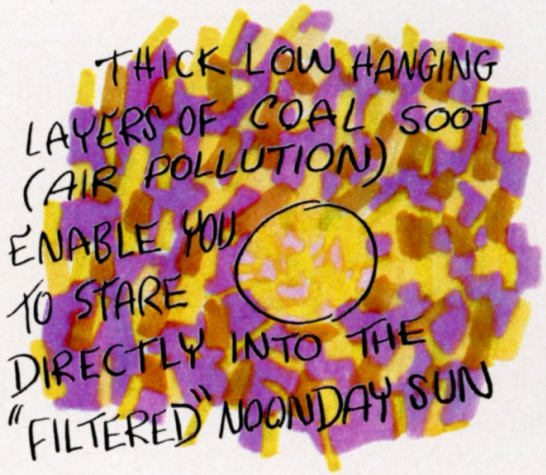
THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF TINY TUSHIES

Kids in "air-conditioned" pants? Why not? You can avoid the wasteful decadence of disposable diapers. The frugal nature of this totalitarian society has literally cut the bottoms out of its infants' seats in an effort to make ends meet (so to speak). Occasionally, you'll see a parent holding a little one aloft at curbside level, "doo-dooing" in public, fannies to the North China wind—they're putting their best bottoms forward in the name of conservation and political propaganda. These cherubic, colorfully dressed little "wind-up toys" are programmed to provide a rhythmic wave of one little mechanical arm while repeating, over and over again, "Bye, bye ... bye, bye." The mini-robots never said, "Hello." Maybe the *L* content of that word ("herro") would've been too difficult to imprint on their circuits, or maybe they just couldn't tell whether they were coming or going. If that's the case, I had the same problem in that country. The government of China uses these kids as props, colorfully dressed decorations, strategically placed on urban street corners as the busloads of Yankees go cruising by. In some instances they'll line the narrow streets of a well-traveled route. "Bye, bye ... bye, bye." Tiny wrists are held loosely by adults (presumably parents), who supply the waving power for this public display of choreographed cuteness. Tiny buns sit firmly on grownup forearms, inspiring an off-key chorus of "ooohs" and "ahhhs" from an audience of Western suckers. Just about all of the Chinese "information" literature is liberally laced with brightly clothed Kewpie dolls. They don't laugh, they don't cry, they don't create the glorious confusion, chatter, or impromptu mischief of early childhood. A woman from Ohio, on tour, who spent the past 20 years working with kindergarten toddlers in the States summed it all up. She said: "It's just not natural; it's...scary." She was right. At that point I thought about my newborn daughter, Jennie Cate, the nine-pound wonder that coughed up on my Pierre Cardin jacket and cries throughout the night. I missed her.



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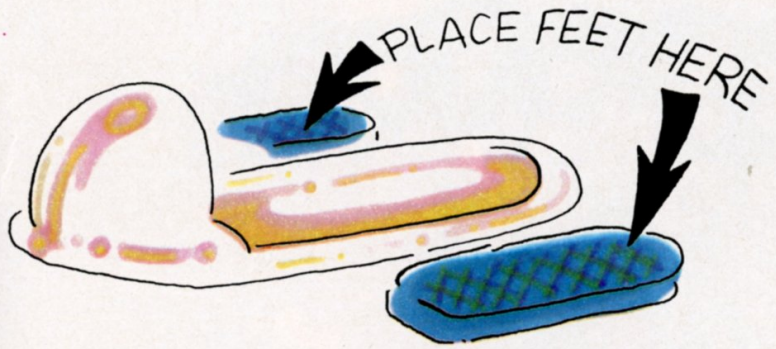

"THEY [CHINESE WOMEN] WOULD GATHER AROUND ME, PEERING UNDER, EXAMINING MY PLUMBING."—AMERICAN WOMAN DESCRIBING HER EXPERIENCE IN A PUBLIC TOILET

I referred to it as "the People's Menthol"; it's that ammonia scent that clears out your sinuses in a public toilet. The john at the Great Wall hadn't been cleaned since Genghis Khan passed there, and a close second would be the facility at the Forbidden City, which was far more forbidding than the city itself.

ME: "WHY ARE THOSE LARGE PILES OF CABBAGE LYING ALL OVER THE STREETS?"
TOUR GUIDE: "CHINESE REFRIGERATION!"

Seated amid piles of cabbage and uncomfortable septic scent, in an amber cloud of coal soot, a group of workers (on a tea break) might be found tuned into the antics of busloads of tourist clowns. The cabbage (piled from three to five feet high) is subject to air pollution, rodents, and insects in their open-air (storage?) facility. Let's hear it for "Chinese refrigeration."

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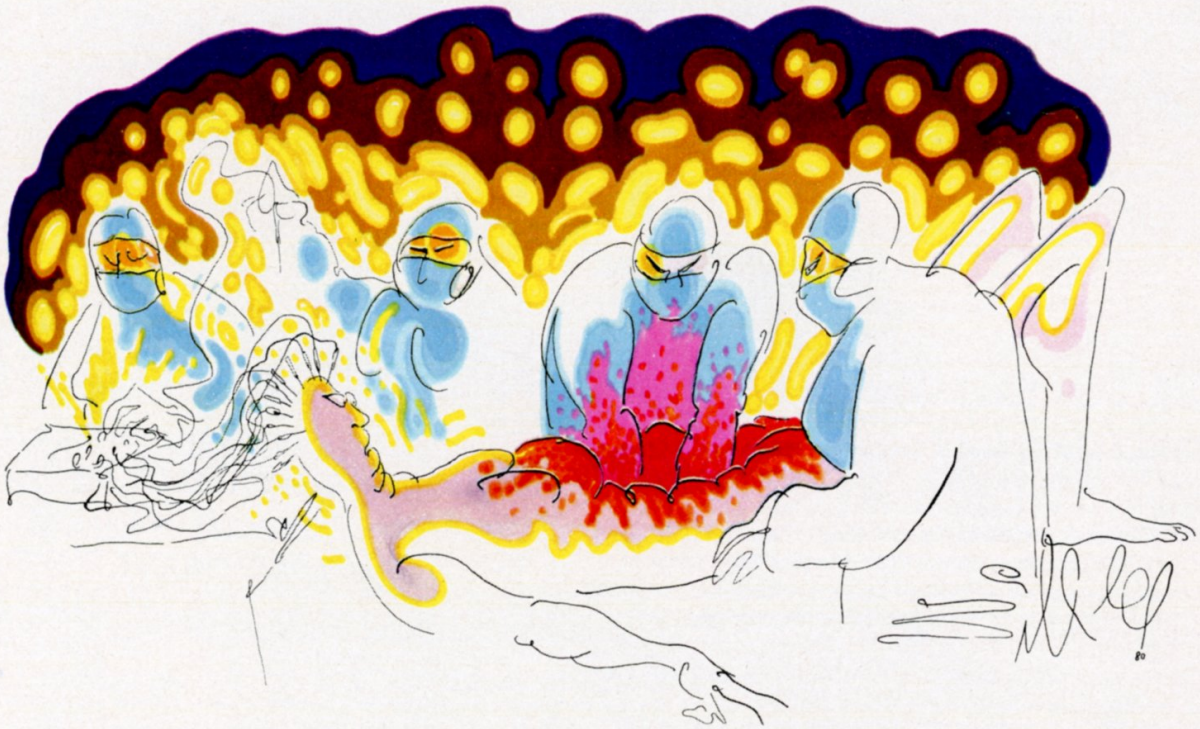

ACUPUNCTURE–YOU, TOO, CAN BE A SPECTATOR AT YOUR OWN OPERATION–YECH!

At a hospital in the city of Cheng-chou, I actually witnessed a thyroid operation performed with an acupuncture anesthetic. The guy was awake and watching–yech. Later on I was led into a large ward area complete with "turned-on" patients and testimonial statements. People were literally *plugged* into electrical boxes, via wired needles, while one poor fool, seated in the center of the room, offered his head as a dart board. Stick–stick–this is how it's done: the translator would point to this hapless character's dome; black hair would be parted as the needles were unceremoniously inserted into "key" areas. An American doctor (in this tour group) leaned over to me, whispering, "The incidence of hepatitis must be enormous." Unsterilized needles were of no concern to the demonstrator and his volunteer skull. The highlight of this show was an old lady who was cured of a stroke (probably the Australian crawl) by these life-saving pinpricks; she would geriatrically kick up an occasional heel to prove her point.

Based on its low cost (involving nothing more than a handful of needles), this 3,000-year-old medical technique is affordable for all classes; *hence* (I love using that word) the official government description–"The people's medicine." Yech!!!

BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS, TOURISTS ARE DYING IN CHINA, OR— HOW THE HELL DO YOU STERILIZE A CHOPSTICK?

Influenza (China's leading export) is clobbering Western tourists. On my very first day, in the first mainland city (Canton), I contracted a severe case of the flu. Within two days, the entire tour group (63 people) was hacking, wheezing, coughing, and hobbling about in a distressful manner.

The unsanitary dining conditions (dirty dishes, knives, and forks, wooden chopsticks that are "rinsed" and reused, dirty tablecloths, etc....) combined with cramped travel facilities caused the infectious disease to spread like wildfire. It should be noted at this point that the average age grouping for tourists in China bears the descriptive title of *elderly*. Statistics prove that mainly old, retired, affluent people have the time and money to undertake such a journey. Unfortunately, they are not informed of the danger involved in their immediate contact with influenza bacteria. Neither the American nor the Chinese governments will ever inform these senior citizens of the flu epidemics that sweep through the tourist hotels,causing, at the very least, a severe "cold" and bronchitis or, at the very worst, death. I could sum it all up with a statement made by an American tour director at a dinner in Peking. "Sometimes they don't make it; some of them go home in a pine box."

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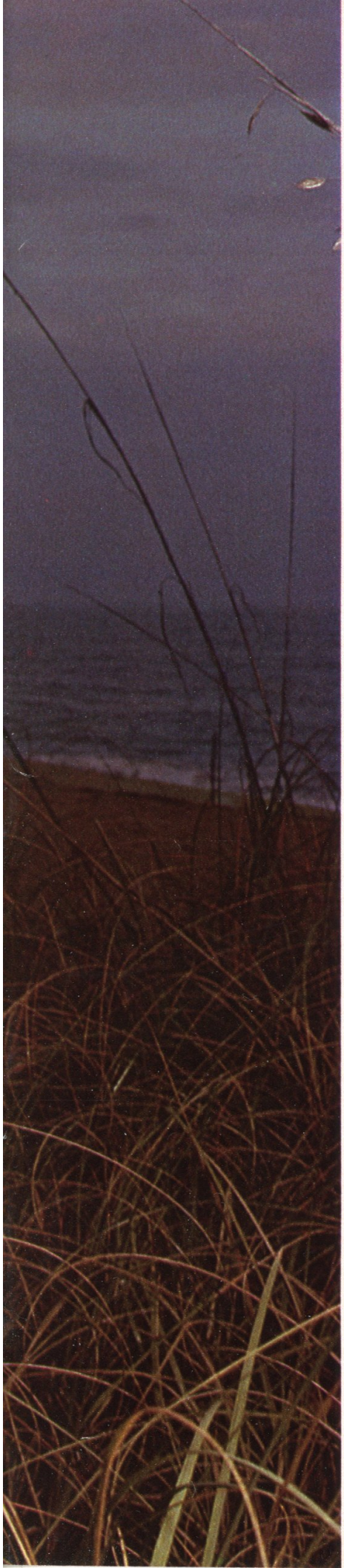
DIVORCE CHINESE STYLE
They never miss a verbal opportunity to degrade their former political ally, Russia, offering walking tours through bomb shelters, described: "for use *when* [not if] the Russians attack." Anyway, it's splitsville for that nice young couple, China and Russia. Thirty years of Ural sex and Peking fuck are out the window as our old Uncle Sammy has been invited to step behind the Lo Mein curtain for an expensive roll in the paddy. My advice to him–"Don't sleep on your stomach."

THE PICKLED CHAIRMAN
The Mao Tse-tung Memorial, located in the great paved plains of Tein Am Mein Square, houses the petrified remains of Red China's founding father. An enormous building (20,000 square meters of floor space), it contains–in addition to his body in a crystal-enclosed coffin– a series of large halls and lounges, lorded over by a hand-carved white-marble statue of Mao, seated on a lounge chair. The posed style is far too reminiscent of our own Lincoln Memorial to have been a creative accident.

TO BE CONTINUED



Photograph by Norman Seeff

TAMMY WYNETTE

"Most people have no idea of what our lives are like—of what we go through. They think it's a constant party and all we have to do is get up there and sing. They don't know that we beat our brains out gettin' there."

Tammy Wynette, at age 38, has had it all, good and bad. She is the Queen of Country Music, with 35 number-one songs, two Grammys, and three awards as the Country Music Association's Top Female Vocalist of the Year.

She has a huge home on a nine-and-one-half-acre estate in Nashville, a ten-room French Regency house in Jupiter, Fla., and every other material advantage she has ever dreamed about. Her present marriage to George Richey, her manager and musical director, is, she says, the ideal relationship.

On the other hand, for the first 24 years of her life she was dirt poor. One of her four daughters was born with spinal meningitis. Another has diabetes. She has had four broken marriages and nine major operations for stomach problems as well as electroshock therapy. Her father died when she was nine months old. On October 5, 1978, she was abducted from a Nashville parking lot by a man who drove her 90 miles into the country and left her with a fractured jaw that required surgery. The kidnapper has never been found, but Tammy believes the violence was connected to break-ins at her home, an arson attempt, and various threats against her life and those of her children. Her telephone lines have been tapped. Tammy's best guess is that her enemies are people outside the music business who were turned down when they approached her with various business propositions.

She was born Virginia Wynette Pugh on a farm in Itawamba County, Miss. She picked cotton on weekdays, received very little education, and sang in the church on Sundays. Religion was the center and certainly the cultural hub of her early life.

She dreamed about marriage as early as the age of 14, when she and a high-school sweetheart saved up money to buy mail-order wedding rings. At 17 she got married and promptly had the first of three daughters

by that marriage. She lived in a log cabin with no indoor plumbing. When the marriage ended, she took the kids and moved to Nashville, where she made five attempts to persuade someone to let her record. A producer named Billy Sherrill finally gave her a break in 1966, and she made "Apartment Number 9" that year.

Her songs are in the traditional country style and deal with heartache, sorrow, loneliness, betrayal, being poor, and succumbing to the temptations of drink and adultery. There is no really controversial subject matter. The songs, as she describes them, are "just slow, sad-slobbing tearjerkers" to which anyone can relate.

One of her husbands was her childhood idol, country music singer George Jones. They were married in 1968 and spent six hectic years together "with him nippin' and me naggin'." They became known as Mr. and Mrs. Country Music, and they sang quite openly of their own stormy life together, even as their marriage was breaking up. They did songs such as "We're Gonna Hold On," "We Don't Know What We Had but It Sure Was Good," and Tammy's "Slightly Used Woman." Tammy writes and speaks quite openly of their troubles, of George's drinking and ultimate hospitalization. When he recovered, they resumed working together. They are still quite close, since her current husband is one of George Jones's best friends.

"Stand By Your Man" is her most famous song and the largest-selling single in the history of country music. It is also the title of her autobiography, published last year by Simon & Schuster, and of a CBS television movie, based on her life, which will be presented this fall.

"Stand by your man" is also her philosophy. She comes from a poor background, will never forget it, and still keeps her beautician's license up to date "just in case." She has been used to supporting herself most of her life. But her five marriages are evidence not so much of independence and willfulness as they are of her tendency to move impulsively and her unwillingness to "be in love and not be married."

"I know," Tammy says, "what it's like to sit home and wait for a man. And I know what it's like not to have any man to wait for. I'd rather wait." She's a romanticist and can't stand the dating game, and though she is fervently in favor of equal pay for equal work, she shudders at the thought of her daughters having to serve in the army. She likes men to light her cigarettes and hold the door for her.

On the other hand, the fact that her oldest daughter, Gwen, once wanted to become the world's first woman forest ranger didn't faze her. Tammy enjoys almost all music except acid rock, and her chief objection to that is "I can't hear the words." She's not shocked that her kids have admitted to trying marijuana, but she says, "I would worry myself to death if I knew they tried LSD or Angel Dust."

She is quick to say self-detracting things. She pretends to be frustrated that her 15-year-old daughter, Tina, can do a song and consciously insert cracks in her voice, while Tammy, who is famous for this "crack" quality, insists that she cannot consciously do it when the producer asks her. She also speaks disparagingly of her own dyed blonde hair and glowingly of her daughter's being a "natural blonde."

She writes many of her own songs and believes the song to be more important than the singer. "Anyone," she says, "could have made a hit with 'Stand By Your Man.' " Few people in the music business believe that. She observes only one rule, which is a general one for country singers: never sing a song that puts down a woman, because women buy about 80 percent of the records.

This exclusive *Penthouse* interview was conducted by Stuart Goldman in Tammy's suite at the Universal Sheraton in Los Angeles.

Penthouse: How does it feel to go onstage with both your current husband and your ex-husband?

Wynette: Just fine. It's still a fantasy for me to be onstage with the great George Jones—I really mean that. Despite all we've been through, I really idolize the man. And I can't wait to get out there with him and do another show. As for Richey, he worships George. He and Jones are like brothers. But it really is a funny situation, in a way. Recently Richey and I were in a dressing room in Glasgow, Scotland, before a show, and he said, "Remember the last time we were here?" And I said, "I sure do. I sat with Jones over here, and you sat with your ex-wife—who was one of my best friends—over there." At that time Richey had been playin' piano for both of us. He'd do a set with Jones, and then he'd come out and do one with me.

But it's really strange how things happen. Seems like some good always comes out of pain. Sometimes a song will come. Like about a year ago I saw Jones—I hadn't seen him in a while—and he said, "You know, I drove by the house today." I asked why, and he said, "Aw, just to see if I was really gone." And I told him, "You know I'm gonna have to write that, don't you?" So I sat down and wrote, "I Just Stopped By to See If I Was Really Gone," which turned out to be a hit for Jones.

Today we're just like old buddies. He's a guy who I can sit down with and say, "Well, why didn't you do that when we were married?" And he'll say, "I dunno. I just didn't think about it." And we'll laugh . . . Just last night he was up here, and we had a picture taken—Jones, Roy Clark, and me. I was in the middle, and I had my arms around both of 'em, and Jones laughed and said, "Hey, kid, you better watch it. It's been a long time since I've had my arms around you." Like I said, we're better friends now than we ever were when we were married. And I still have a very special love for him.

Penthouse: Nevertheless, you didn't pull any punches in writing all about his drinking problems in your book.

Wynette: When I started writing the book, Jones came up to me—kinda like a little kid—and said, "You gonna tell everything?" And I said, "George, I'm tellin' *everything.*" And he said, "Good. I've been wonderin' what you've been doin' for the last two years."

As far as what I put in the book is concerned, all I can say is that it's the truth, and I wouldn't have been able to live with myself if I'd written anything less than the truth. I wrote about the good times *and* the bad times—and there were plenty of those. We had disagreements, fights . . . A lot of times I didn't see him for weeks. And I made it rough on him when he got home. I hounded him. "Where've you been? I'm your wife, and I deserve to know." And I nagged the heck out of him about his drinkin'. The more he nipped, the more I nagged, and finally it was his nippin' and my naggin' that caused the divorce. It's certainly not a happy story, and the people may not want to read it, but I didn't want to live it at the time, either.

Penthouse: How are things different in your present marriage?

Wynette: With Jones I had to be the strong one, and he did the leaning. He was a weaker person than I was. I had to take care of the children, the checkbook—all the responsibilities. Now it's just the opposite. I can do the leaning. And for the first time in my life, I'm being pampered. And that's great! It's totally different from anything I'm used to. Now it's "Tammy, do you want breakfast in bed?" and "No, I can't do this till I ask Tammy. . ." It's encouragement before I go onstage. All that. I'm spoiled silly, and I love every minute of it. Plus it's wonderful bein' in love.

Penthouse: At this point, does "love" have a different meaning than it used to?

Wynette: Not really. I'm a romanticist all the way. It's not me if I'm not in love, 'cause I cannot stand the dating game. I don't care who they are—I don't like goin' out with somebody tonight and then maybe hearin' from 'em a week later. That doesn't appeal to me at all. I want somebody at home with me, somebody on the road with me, somebody that I can go to a movie with. I want somebody *there.*

Penthouse: Is it impossible for you to be in love without being married?

Wynette: Sure it's possible. But if I'm in love, I *want* to be married to that guy. I don't want to be on one side of the world and have him on the other. I want to be with him. I want to know he's gonna be there when I come home.

Penthouse: Yet you said in your book that you know what it's like to wait for a man, and that you know what it's like to be alone—and you'd rather be waiting.

Wynette: I still feel that way. I don't like being alone, and if it's a choice between that and waiting, I'll wait. And believe me, I've done my share.

Penthouse: Tell us about the film that's being made from your book.

Wynette: Well, I don't know much yet, except that Jon Peters has purchased the rights to my story, and right now they mainly want my ideas of who I'd like to play who.

Penthouse: Any thoughts on that?

Wynette: I think for Jones there couldn't be anybody better than Robert Duvall—and he worships Jones. He just thinks Jones hung the moon. For me, I want Faye Dunaway, because I loved her so much in *Bonnie and Clyde,* though Merv Griffin told me that Meryl Streep would be good. But I really want them to choose. All I want is to do my own sound track—the only thing I asked Loretta [Lynn] was how come she didn't do hers in *Coal Miner's Daughter.* Not that I didn't think Sissy Spacek couldn't do it, but I don't think it's really your life, or your movie, unless some sound from *you* comes out of it.

Penthouse: Would you like to act?

Wynette: Lord, no! I'm not qualified, and I know it. If they told me to laugh, I'd probably cry. Besides, I've seen too many actors try singing, and too many singers try acting—and most of the time I think they should have stayed where they were. People should do what they do best, and acting is definitely *not* what I do best.

Penthouse: Aren't you acting every time you go onstage?

Wynette: Maybe, but it's not the same as movie acting. The only acting I do is that if it's a slow, sad song, I'll put myself in the mood for that song, and if it's an up-tempo tune, I'll put myself in the mood for a happy song. But otherwise, no—I'm strictly myself onstage.

Penthouse: How do you think your fans perceive the character they see on that stage?

Wynette: I don't think they perceive it at all. Most people have no idea of what our lives are like, of what we go through. They think it's a constant party and that all we have to do is get up there and sing. They don't know that we beat our brains out gettin' there. They don't see us sleepin' in hair rollers or gettin' out at truck stops with no makeup on, and if they do, the reaction is "*That's* Tammy Wynette?"

Penthouse: Does that bother you?

Wynette: No. I'm glad, because if they really and truly knew everything we went through, they'd lose that thing of "Gee, look at that"—the glamour, the fantasy. And I want 'em to be enthused. A show is a show, and half of it has to do with your wardrobe. I love to go see Liberace because of his outrageous costumes. Half of Cher is what she's wearin'—or what she *isn't* wearin'. So I still like to dress up in fancy outfits, 'cause I think that's important.

Penthouse: You've been described as one of the "old guard" country performers, who are not interested solely in producing crossover hits. Do you think that's accurate?

Wynette: Even though I recorded my last album in Muscle Shoals, I *do* stand for traditional Nashville country. Not that I don't want a crossover record, 'cause the sales are so much better in pop. But I don't cut a record with that intention. I cut a record thinkin': "I hope I get a number-one country hit." And if anything else comes of it, I'm thrilled to death.

Penthouse: Do you think Dolly Parton has sold out country music for the more lucrative crossover hits?

Wynette: Let me say this about Dolly, 'cause she's really been gettin' put down by a lot of the Nashville people. Dolly's always had aspirations to be more than just a country artist. So many people have said she's completely left country music—sold out—but I don't feel that way. 'Course, I love her records from,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

"HE MADE ME A ZOMBIE!"

It started out innocently enough. Frank offered me a glass and said, "Try this, Margie."

I took a tentative sip. I found the taste dangerously exciting – a captivating blend of apricots and rum.

I knew I'd never be quite the same.

I beseeched Frank to tell me how he created this compelling concoction. That's when I saw the exotic-looking bottle with a label that read: HEUBLEIN ZOMBIE.

I knew that it was destined to become one of my favorite drinks.

And I'll always be grateful to Frank for giving me my first taste of how truly delightful a Zombie can be.

Zombie – made with Rum, Natural Flavor and Caramel Color
35 Proof © Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

CATTLE MUTILATIONS: THE TRUTH AT LAST

Despite the combined efforts of the media, conspiracy freaks, cultists, and UFO fans, investigators have found the real answer to the greatest nonmystery of our time.

BY DAVID RORVIK

After the death, the animal's rectum and sex organs always are removed in a mutilation case with a precision many investigators believe could be accomplished only with a sophisticated instrument, such as a laser beam. . . .

Strong evidence exists that cattle are killed elsewhere, then flown by aircraft to the spot where they are found, and dropped to the ground. . . .

There is much speculation as to why Los Alamos wants less attention paid to mutilations, including the fact that they do know why the mutilations are occurring, but that the reason is classified material.
—Excerpts from a grant application submitted to the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) by the First Judicial District Attorney's Office, Santa Fe, N.M., in 1979.

The same month—April 1979—that the Santa Fe DA's office received a $50,000 government grant to investigate animal mutilations throughout the country, U.S. Sen. Harrison Schmitt of New Mexico convened public hearings on this topic, which terrifies some and, as we shall see, strangely comforts others. Ranchers, law-enforcement officers, Indian chiefs, scientists, veterinarians, and assorted devotees of The Unknown flocked to Albuquerque to enunciate with new force what has become the Holy Writ of cattle mutilations:

- Since 1967, from 8,000 to 10,000 cows and horses have been mutilated with "surgical precision" across more than 20 states ranging from Alabama to Oregon and extending out of the country into Canada, Puerto Rico, and perhaps the entire world.
- The mutilations, accounting for a loss to U. S. ranchers of more than $3 million, occur without witnesses in the dead of night.
- The perpetrators leave no tracks whatsoever.
- The mutilated carcasses are almost always utterly devoid of blood and brain fluid.
- In the "classic" mutilation case, the animal is missing part of its lips, one eye, one ear, its tongue, and its genitals. Its rectum is also absent, expertly "cored" out with great finesse.
- Sometimes various internal organs are missing, even though there are no external incisions.
- "Mystery helicopters," strange lights, and assorted UFOs are frequently reported in association with cattle mutilations.
- "Clamp marks" are found on the legs of some of the mutilated animals, indicating they may have been hoisted into the air.

It all began, according to those who speak with apparent authority on this subject, with Snippy the horse. On September 8, 1967, the hapless gelding failed to show up for his customary daily watering at the corral on the King Ranch near Alamosa, Colo. A search was launched the next day, and the absent Appaloosa was shortly discovered dead in a small meadow north of the ranch house. Missing was all the flesh from the shoulders up; the skull and shoulder bones were entirely exposed. It was a terrifying sight.

A Denver pathologist is often quoted by the media and by those who cite this case; the doctor is said to have examined the shocking remains and ruled out the possibility that the cutting was done with a knife or that predators could have accounted for the bizarre mutilations. News accounts add that internal organs were discovered missing, as was the blood and brain fluid. UFO activity is said to have been intense at the time of the incident.

The *Valley Courier,* a Colorado paper, reports that in the wake of Snippy's sensational demise, "a line of traffic resembling a freeway wound its way to the King Ranch for months. Reporters from major newspapers in the country and television cameras were numerous in the area." Even today, Snippy still finds his way into the lead paragraphs of most accounts of the "cattle mutilation mystery." It was in the wake of the initial wave of publicity surrounding the horse's death that animal mutilations began to be reported with vigor throughout the United States.

Who, or what, is behind this phenomenon? The headline writers have never hesitated to speculate: DID POOR HORSE POKE HIS HEAD INSIDE RADIOACTIVE SAUCER? (*Tucumcari Daily News,* October 1967); UFO'S LINKED TO WEIRD ANIMAL MUTILATIONS (*National Enquirer,* October 1977); IS IT THE WORK OF A WITCHES' CULT, SPACE ALIENS, OR THE CIA? (*Weekly World News,* October 1979). None of these speculations, representative of hundreds of others, comes even remotely close to the truth—which is, in one sense, dull by comparison but, in another sense, for what it tells about human nature, very interesting indeed.

In his opening statement at the public hearings in Albuquerque, Senator Schmitt declared that animals are being "killed and systematically mutilated for no apparent purpose, by persons unknown. One of the most extraordinary facts of this problem is that the group or groups responsible for the mutilation killings have shown almost unprecedented discipline. There have been no leaks or informants."

As the day wore on in Albuquerque, it quickly became evident that most of those testifying had little difficulty comprehending this "unprecedented discipline." They had a pretty good idea of who—or what—was doing it. Predators? The CIA? Fanatically dedicated cultists? Not likely, said Richard Sigismund of Boulder, Colo., who described himself as an investigator of "the UFO phenomenon for over twenty years" and "heavily into psychology." He spoke articulately and at great length about the UFOs and argued that many sightings seemed to be related, in time and place, to cattle mutilations. He dismissed the idea that a secret military or intelligence unit was conducting experiments with cattle, persuasively observing that public clamor would eventually "blow the lid from any secret project" and thus entail far more risk than any post-Watergate government would be willing to assume.

Predators, he added, were out of the question: "The classic cases of mutilation toward which we are directing our attention do not, by any stretch of the imagination, bear the all-too-well-known characteristics of the work of predators."

"Cultists?" he asked. "If so, we are dealing with a large and very well funded nationwide organization of such cultists, whose audacity must indeed be matched by seemingly inexhaustible financial resources and outstanding scientific and technical capabilities. That such an organization exists and would or could continue its depredations over the course of at least a decade, leaving few if any

Photograph by Dan McCoy/Rainbow

clues, also seems hardly likely."

Numerous others, who had similarly devoted significant parts of their lives to UFO investigations, echoed these ideas, obviously finding in the phenomenon of cattle mutilations the comfort of added ammunition in their persistent efforts to pressure Congress and the president to launch a new federal investigation of UFOs. Not everybody in Albuquerque that day, however, was a "UFO freak." Gabe Valdez, of the New Mexico State Police, spoke, too. He has been investigating cattle mutilations in his home state for several years, and because he rejects the predator hypothesis ("It's very hard for me to believe that a predator can take the heart out of an animal through a small wound on the neck"), he is willing to consider other explanations.

Sheriff Harry L. Graves of Logan County, Colo., who investigated dozens of mutilations between 1975 and 1977, reasons similarly. "There's absolutely no evidence that the 'mute' deaths were caused by predatory animals. In fact, the lack of visible footprints or tracks seems to leave us with little or no physical evidence or traces at all. However, there is the surgical removal of the animals' organs, coupled with the appearance of mysterious lights during the time of the mutilations."

Ken Anderson, a toxicologist in Montana, where mutilations have also been numerous, says that "the reason more mutilated cows are found as opposed to bulls is that some lab specimens could be utilized more appropriately from the female than from the male. In the milk-producing system of the cow, the physiological anatomy would give you specific data, such as: what is being concentrated in the milk after it goes through the manufacturing and breakdown processes?"

The idea here is that some secret research group may be exposing cattle to "exotic substances," as Anderson puts it, then killing them, taking their organs and blood for analysis. Howard Burgess, a retired radiation instrumentation scientist, who is assisting the New Mexico State Police in their mutilation investigation, has posited a similar theory.

Blood cults, satanic groups, and the like have not yet been entirely dismissed, however, as a possible explanation. *Newsweek*, in early 1979, declared: "For almost a decade, the gruesome livestock killings have baffled law-enforcement officials. Hundreds of cattle in twenty-seven states have been found dead and mutilated ... with almost surgical precision.... After seven such deaths in central Iowa in the past several months, the state Department of Criminal Investigations says it finally has some suspects—members of certain unnamed 'satanic groups.'"

The impression was thus left, by this naive piece of reporting, that it was the beginning of the end for the quite human—if satanically inclined—perpetrators of these cattle mutilations. All this because investigators in Des Moines "discovered several abandoned Iowa farmhouses with strange writings on the walls and floors indicating satanic worship." The clincher seemed to be that when said officials went to the Des Moines public library to consult books on satanism, "every volume on the subject had been checked out." (They demanded to know by whom; library officials refused to comply.) Very suspicious. Except: why would cultists capable of carving up livestock "with almost surgical precision," a habit of theirs for at least a decade, suddenly need to avail themselves of the satanic knowledge sequestered in the Des Moines public library?

This is a story not of the macabre but of the mendacious. The mendacity has not always been intended, for this is also a story of human nature, and human nature is notorious for self-deception. The *Newsweek* article is reflective of this tendency. Cattle mutilations are a good story—so long as there are sensational hypotheses and ultimately no satisfactory solution.

> The cattle-mutilation hype has cost millions of dollars in anxiety; lost law-enforcement, legislative, veterinary, and medical man-hours; and millions in media hysteria.

A mystery solved is a mystery lost. The media, as much as the conspiracy freaks, cultists, and UFO advocates, all have their own peculiar vested interests in the nonsolution of this story and thus consciously or unconsciously have assiduously ignored and/or beaten back the one solution that is overwhelmingly supported by the best evidence.

Let us return to that melancholy meadow where it all allegedly began—to the carcass of Snippy the horse. What those who continually lament the late Snippy conveniently or ignorantly overlook in their ellipses of the event is the troublesome fact that the pathologist they all like to quote (out of context) found two bullet holes in the horse, indicating the possibility, you might say, of some rather mundane foul play. Whoever shot the horse may have stripped the animal's head and shoulders of its flesh, as well, or that might possibly have been the work of predators, as we shall see.

As for the missing blood, brain fluid, and internal organs, it is of more than casual significance, I believe, to note that this horse was not necropsied until several weeks after its death, at which time it was in an advanced state of decomposition. The pathologist who performed the necropsy was not surprised to discover internal organs missing, noting that it is commonplace for weasels and other small scavengers to tunnel into the carcass through the anus—if no more inviting aperture is available—and enjoy an indoor lunch or dinner. The blood was not missing; it had merely coagulated, as is the case in most of these "mutilations." The brain, in the normal decomposition process, had liquefied and seeped away. As for the UFO sightings which it is now said concurred with Snippy's "slaughter," the local press in Colorado indicates that these sightings actually took place several months *before* the incident. The "relationship" of the two phenomena was conveniently established *ex post facto*.

Accounts of livestock mutilations almost always give the impression, as the *Newsweek* article did, that officials have long been hopelessly "baffled" by the phenomenon. A survey of law-enforcement organizations in several states indicates this simply isn't the case. Carl W. Whiteside, of the Colorado Bureau of Investigation, conducted an inquiry into the 1975 "wave" of mutilations in that state. He quickly discovered that "authoritative" statements made by vets, police officers, and others at the scene could not be relied upon for scientific accuracy. Most vets are familiar with *living* animals but have little knowledge of how an animal will or should look hours, days, or weeks after death. Forensic pathologists, who *do* have the expertise to make authoritative pronouncements about dead animals, have time and again, in state after state, found that "mutilated" animals brought to them for examination died of natural causes and were attacked by scavengers and predators after death. This was true in Colorado, Nebraska, South Dakota, Oregon, and Wyoming.

Arkansas is the site of some of the most widely publicized mutilations, most of which occurred in 1978 in Benton County. A study of all 20 cases in the files of the sheriff's office there was conducted by Dr. Nancy Owen, an anthropologist at the University of Arkansas, working under a grant from the Arkansas Endowment for the Humanities. Dr. Owen's findings explode a number of the myths. She found, first, that the "classic" cattle-mutilation pattern simply doesn't exist. The idea that the same body parts are always missing, excised with surgical precision, isn't true.

"There was really no uniformity at all. In several of the animals one eye, the tongue, and the genitals were missing—but often not entirely missing. And then

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Leonard is the kind of man you'd rather look up to than go down on."

STEELTOWN SLUGGER

Gentle giant Dave Parker
is paid one million dollars a year
as the strongest hitter
in the history of baseball.

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

It is cold in Montreal, and despite the calendar saying that it is late spring, the chill northern wind stiffens the flags flying over Olympic Stadium, visible just down the road. The night before there were snow flurries.

"God, I hate to play in this fucking stadium this time of year," says Dave Parker of the Pittsburgh Pirates. He is sitting jammed into the backseat of a small taxicab, all six feet six inches and 237 pounds of him, staring morosely out the window as the cab moves slowly through the streets of the city's French-speaking community. On the sidewalks people are wearing light winter jackets. It seems more like the football season.

"The summer game," Parker murmurs, smiling at the irony. "Who the hell wants to play baseball in weather like this?" He drums his fingers on the large portable radio he holds on his lap. The radio appears to be the size of a steamer trunk. "That stadium is a pain this time of year," he explains. "Damn winds just come blowing right in there, because they haven't put the dome over it yet. Damn cold, I can tell you."

Well, it is difficult to be sympathetic. After all, Dave Parker, at that moment batting .350 and his team in first place, individually crowned by the media as the world's greatest baseball player, is on his way to Olympic Stadium for the first in a series of three games between his team and the Montreal Expos. For several hours of playing baseball that day, he will earn about $6,000 if you prorate his annual $1 million salary out to a per-game cost. After the series is over, he will return to his hometown of Pittsburgh and he'll spend some time at his magnificent $400,000 bachelor condominium and perhaps drive one of his two Mercedes or perhaps go for a spin in his $70,000 Sparks Turbo. Then again, he might spend some time with one of his girl friends—or generally live the life that God knows how many men dream about, the fantasy life of a millionaire baseball superstar. So what if he has to play in frigid Montreal?

"I live good," concedes Parker, baseball's first million-dollars-a-year player. "Ain't no doubt about it—I live good. Still, you don't think I work my tail off for it? Hey, I've played with a broken jaw, I've played with three broken fingers, I've played with bad knees, I never slouched on the job. I go out there and push myself. Look, I know a lot of people resent my salary, but I'll tell you something: not on the Pittsburgh ball club. When I negotiated with the front office for the salary, I didn't walk in there and hold a pistol to their heads and say, 'Hey, give me the money or I'll kill you.' No, they pay me that salary because they're businessmen; they're not stupid. Obviously, they feel I'm worth that kind of money; otherwise they wouldn't have paid me that salary. No businessman is going to pay anybody in baseball a million dollars unless he can bring people into the ball park. And I bring people into the ball park. It's that simple. Pittsburgh will get a return on its investment."

The subject of his salary—and the question of whether he's really worth it—causes the first in a series of conversations with Parker. Off the field he is normally quiet, almost to the point of

Photograph by Pat Hill

diffidence; he talks quietly, seeming shy and nearly meek. "Invite me to a cocktail party," he likes to say, "and I'll just sit in the corner, observing. I'll hardly say a word; that's me."

But the continuing controversy over his status as the game's best all-around player and the magnitude of his salary are continuing sore points with him. They have been since 1978, when Parker negotiated a five-year contract with the Pirates for $1 million a year, an investment that paid an immediate dividend only a year later, when Parker helped lead the Pirates to the world championship. But the World Series victory and Parker's achievements on the field have still not yet silenced the criticism about "overpaid ballplayers" and "bankrupting the game." Oddly, much of that controversy still rages in Pittsburgh, where some fans vandalized Parker's car and sent him hate mail after his million-dollar contract was announced.

"I got angry about that," Parker says quietly as the cab nears Olympic Stadium, "but I've tried to understand it. I'm confronted with the problem, simply because the title of 'world's greatest ballplayer' was given to me. Now, when did I go out and solicit for it? I didn't. They [the media] gave me the title, 'considered the best all-around player in the game.' That in itself, before the million dollars, was a title that supplied me with pressure and respect.

"I felt like, 'Hey, I've got to go out there and play like the best player in the game.' Okay, now achieving a million-dollar salary, of course, is hard for me to manage, especially when you're dealing with playing out of basically a blue-collar city, where you're dealing with the coal industry and steel, and you got people going in from nine to five, sweating under those furnaces, going into the coal mines, at the risk of getting black lung. Yeah, it's hard for them to identify with what I do and how much I get paid for doing it. But when they regroup and get their faculties together, they realize we're talking about supply and demand. I mean like hey, man, with the revenues in baseball today, and we have only three hundred and some odd players playing at the major-league level, the whole male population out there would love this! Not to knock the entertainment field, but there's entertainers who get as much as I do in a year for just one movie."

This is all said with some heat, a rare ripple of disturbance in Parker's normal placidness. A glint of sunlight catches the gaudy World Series ring Parker wears, and the French-speaking taxi driver suddenly becomes alert, aware that he is carrying an important passenger. He listens carefully but uncomprehendingly as Parker discusses the weather, the city of Montreal, baseball revenues, injuries, and the outlook for the baseball season. The cab, which is now driven with something of a flourish, then heads into a tunnel beneath the Montreal stadium.

"You're about to see Dave Parker number two," Parker says as he slowly unwinds himself from the cab after it stops outside the visitors' clubhouse door.

Indeed, there is no other way to describe the phenomenon. Bursting through the door, Parker is suddenly transformed from a quiet, mild-mannered giant into a raving lunatic. The "box," as he likes to call it, is set up on a table, turned to a deafening volume, and then Parker proceeds to needle or insult every Pirate within earshot in a voice just below the level of a foghorn. "When the hell you gonna learn to play the outfield?" he yells at one player; to another, bored with Parker's musical taste of soul rock and seeking to shut it off, Parker screams, "Hey, get your goddamn hands off my box!"

In a few minutes Parker transforms the Pirate clubhouse into raucous pandemonium. What is at work here is one of the more interesting processes in professional sports, the transformation of 25 players into the famous "Pirate family." Actually, it sounds more like an unruly kindergarten, but whatever it is, let the record show that it works: the Pirates, after all, are World Champions. There are two keys to the process. First, there is the catalyst and team leader, Willie Stargell (known as "Pops"), 38, an awesome home-run hitter who is the team's elder statesman and father confessor. Second is Parker himself, a decade younger than Stargell, the clubhouse needler and screamer, the driving force behind the Pirates.

> If I can hit .390, then I can hit .390. And if I say I'll hit .390 and go out and do it, what's arrogant about that?

"I tell you," Parker yells out to his teammates in a booming voice, "I ought to get two salaries on this damn club—one for playing and the other for babysitting you guys."

The other players hoot in laughter, and Bill Madlock, the Pirate third baseman, saunters over with an exaggerated swish in his walk. "Hey, I'm Dave Parker," he says in a cackling falsetto, "and I'm drinking Seven-Up." With a can of the soft drink in his glove, Madlock does a perfect imitation of the current Seven-Up television commercial that stars Parker.

"Keep laughing, motherfucker," Parker says, "I got twenty thousand dollars for doing that commercial; what commercial you got? None. And when the strike comes, and you're out there begging for food, I'll be living comfortable on that money." (It turned out to be academic; the threatened baseball strike was later settled.)

The rest of the players are now collapsing in hysteria, and Madlock demands, "How come this guy from *Penthouse* is here?"

"Because he's interviewing me," Parker replies.

"Why?" asked Madlock, baiting the trap further.

"Because I'm a star; that's why," Parker says.

"A *what?*" Madlock demands, his eyes opening wide in mock shock. "Who says you're a star?"

"The records do," Parker says. He recites his long list of credits: after only five seasons with the Pirates, a lifetime batting average of .318, two National League batting titles, Most Valuable Player Award in the National League, All-Star Game Most Valuable Player, four Golden Glove awards for fielding, slugging percentage leader, and the unofficial title of greatest all-around player in the game today.

"Oh, bullshit," says Madlock, to the general laughter of Parker's teammates.

"So how come *Penthouse* isn't doing a story about you guys, huh?" Parker notes. "How come *Penthouse* just wants to do a story about me? It's jealousy; that's what it is, the way you guys talk. Jealousy, that's all." Stargell then pounces on Parker, holding him in a bear hug. Parker carries him around like a teddy bear. "I got him! I got him!" Stargell yells as Parker, an astonishingly strong man, simply walks across the room as though Stargell's 200 pounds weren't even there.

It goes on like this for more than a half hour as the Pirates get dressed for pregame batting practice. In baseball slang it is what is known as a "loose" clubhouse, meaning a free-swinging and relaxed atmosphere that is supposedly conducive to championship teams. (It should be noted, however, that the day's local Montreal newspaper had carried a story about the Pirates quoting Stargell as saying, "I've finally figured out the secret of this ball club. All these guys are crazy.")

Parker is later asked about this observation. "He defined it perfectly," Parker says. "Yeah, crazy in the sense that we realize that baseball to us is a business, our welfare; yet, there's got to be some fun in the game. The players we have are intense, and their approach to the game is intense. Same as me. Yet, still, hey, if I boot one, I just smile and say, 'Just call me Pele; I kicked it all over the place.' And we take our losses just like

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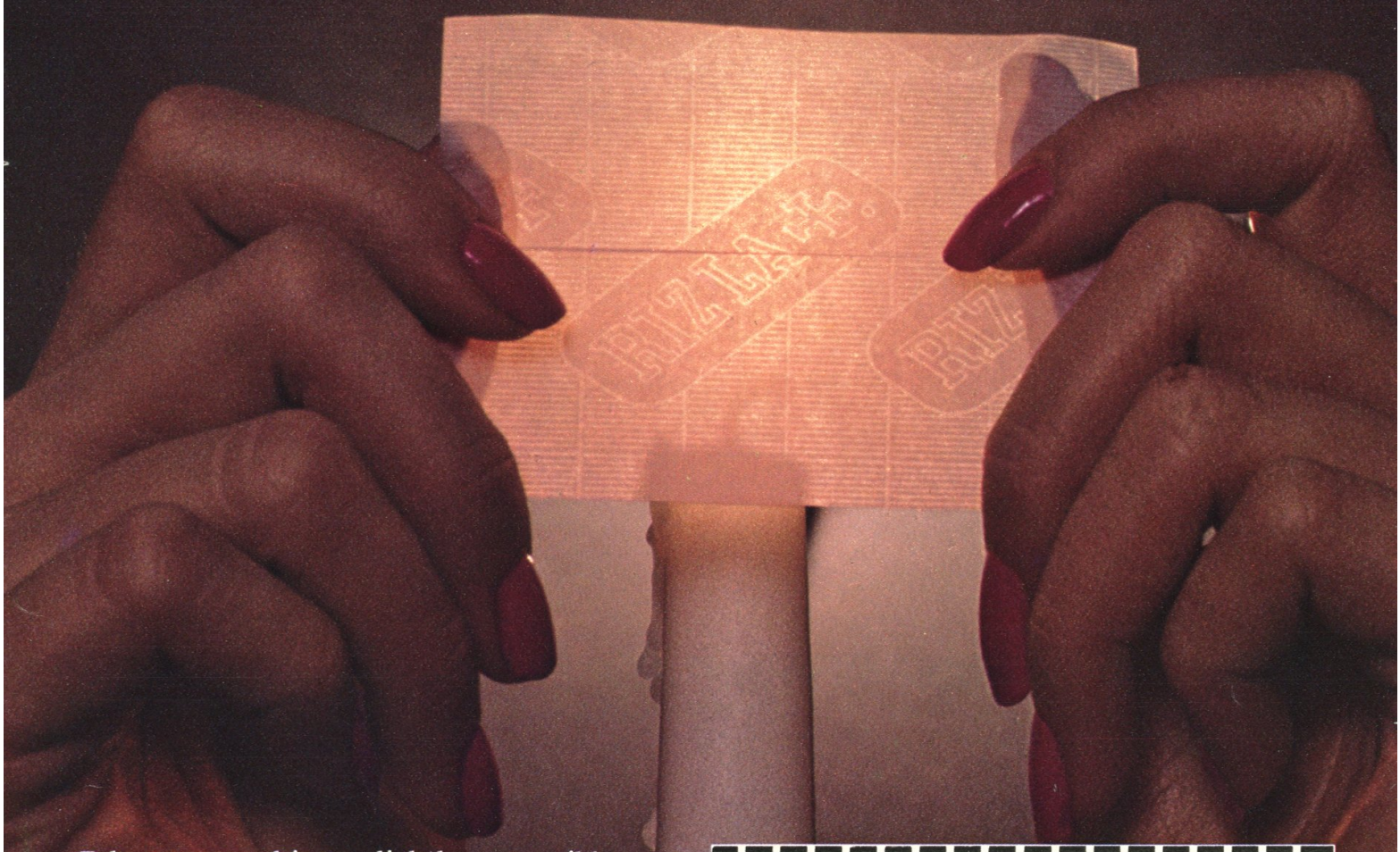

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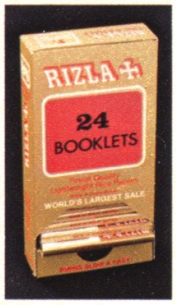

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our wins. I mean, you wouldn't know if the Pirates won or lost."

And what about Parker's role in the general uproar?

"I'm a Gemini, first of all," he says. "Geminis are portrayed as two people. My personality at the ball park is entirely different from my personal attitude and personality. When I get to the ball park, the only way I can get up is by verbalizing, where I put myself out in the center of the floor of the clubhouse and scream at an individual who has some fault or another. That's the Pirate way. I think everybody in the Pirate clubhouse looks for me to come in and be the loudmouth. Some people portray me as the clubhouse clown, but I think what I do is part of my job. I consider myself a good enough ballplayer where I can extend a helping hand to someone else. And for me to come in and verbalize and say various things to arouse a player who could be considered an average player or a borderline player, and get them loose and ready to show Dave Parker that they are effective—that's part of my job. It's even more important to me to be the individual who's loud when I'm going bad, more so than when I'm going good, because they say, 'You can pop off because you're going good.' But when I'm going bad, I'm the same individual, no alterations. They know it's to get them up, because it ain't for me; I'm going bad."

It's a curious sort of system, but it paid off in last year's World Series, when the Pirates, down three games to one against the Baltimore Orioles, faced imminent disaster. "I used a lot of four-letter words," Parker says. "After we lost to Jim Palmer [ace Oriole pitcher], I said to our guys, 'Hey, that just shows you something. This guy is considered the best fucking pitcher in baseball, and we came back from a five-zip deficit to five to four. And that just shows you something—they don't even belong on the field with us.' My team stood and started clapping and yelling, a standing ovation from my team members. It touched me to the point where I had to go to my locker and regroup, because I could feel the tears coming to my eyes. They do appreciate the efforts that I make. I am the team spokesman in the sense that if there's anything wrong, they say, 'Dave, you tell 'em.' In the World Series, after the first game, which we lost, everybody had their heads down, and I came back and did what I had to do. When we were down, three to one, in games, Omar [Moreno, Pirate centerfielder] had had a bad day and he was on the bench with his head down. And I went up to the guys, and I said, 'Hey, get up off the bench. You're embarrassing yourselves, you're embarrassing your team, you're embarrassing me. We've been coming back all year. Get your mother-fucking asses in the clubhouse *now!*' The next day, we knew, if we lost another game, it's over. We won. We went to Baltimore, and we could sense the tension and the fear that was in the Orioles. Really. They displayed fear, even though they were up three to one in games, you know? We won that game, and we just took over."

It is time for batting practice. Outside the field is sitting in the middle of a crossfire of chilly winds. Sensitive to cold, Parker dons a wool cap, which makes him look more like an NFL tight end on the way to practice.

In the stands, there is a rustle of anticipation among early-arriving fans as Parker takes his turn in the batting cage. On the way in he says to a French-speaking sports reporter, "How you doin' today, man?" The reporter looks puzzled and says, "*Pardon?*" Another bystander translates for him, and the reporter replies, "Ah, *bien, merci, M'sieu Park-air.*"

Parker coils himself into his distinctive batting stance, a sinuous maneuver that instantly describes his major-league nickname, "Cobra." The first pitch comes in low, and Parker, swinging like a rusty gate, hits it into the ground. There are hoots of laughter among other Pirates around the cage, and someone calls out, "You get a million a year for *that?*"

"You want to see what I get a million a year for?" Parker asks, then smashes the next pitch on a rising line drive that bounces off the facade in the upper level of seats in deep right field. "Can you dig what these motherfuckers are trying to do to me?" Parker says, turning to direct the question at the French-speaking reporter, who nods politely, having no idea of what was being said to him.

"All right, *here's* what I get paid a million for," Parker says, and belts another pitch on a long arc that drops into the centerfield bleachers. That feat stops the laughter around the batting cage, and in the stands, the fans twitter excitedly. A left-handed batter, Parker now switches to the other side of the plate. "Want to know what I get paid a million for, huh?" he snarls, then rips a screaming line drive down the third-base line. "How about a double to left center?" he says, reveling in the exhibition, as he hits a line drive to just that spot. He follows that with a succession of base hits to various points in the park.

"*C'est formidable,*" says the French-speaking reporter in awe. He seems less impressed when Stargell, taking his turn in the batting cage, hits several shots into the seats. Following practice, the fans cluster around Parker for autographs. Interestingly, even the adults shy back from Parker, as if afraid of his size and fearsome professional reputation.

That reputation was summed up by Enos Cabell of the Houston Astros, who once called Parker "the kind of player who will kill you to win a game." The examples are legion, perhaps the most notorious being Parker's attempt two years

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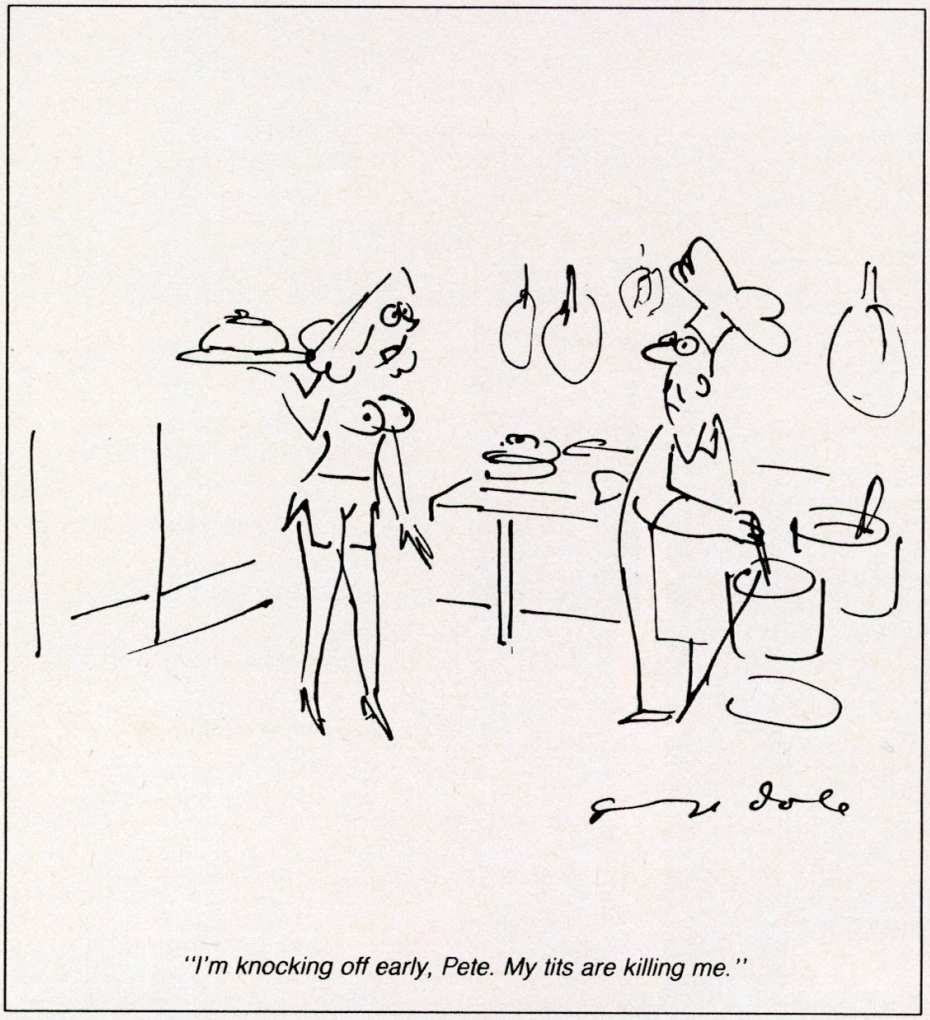

"I'm knocking off early, Pete. My tits are killing me."

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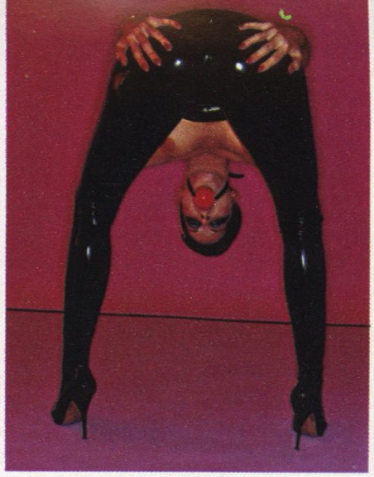
THE SECOND SKIN

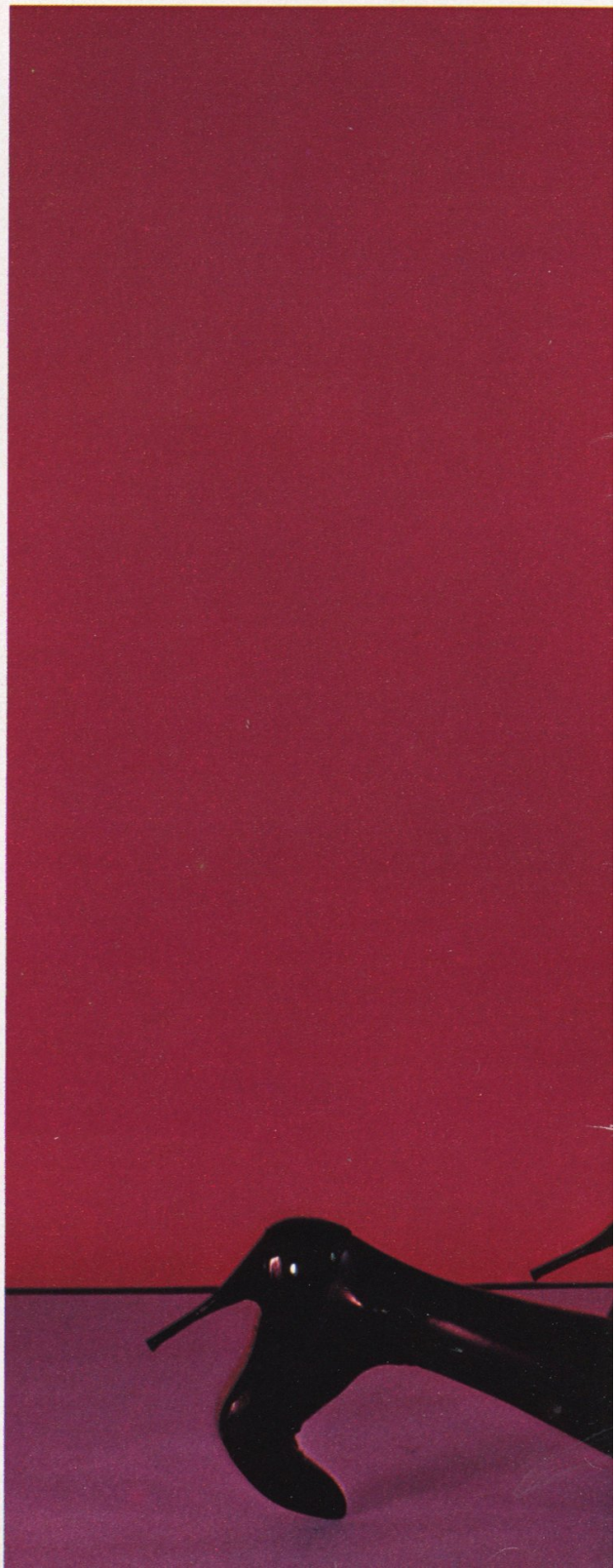
Rubber clothing by Centurion, Garden Grove, Calif.; Gloves by Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., Englewood, N.J.; Makeup and hair by Antonio V.

At his bidding, we slip into the silken rubber suits, sensuous second skins, rubber black as midnight, smooth as the swollen tip of his imperious dagger..."Acolytes dress alike, so why not worshipful love slaves?" reasoned our handsome master. Bowing to his stronger will, we could not help but defer...(Our vocabulary of love owns one forbidden word only, and that, you must guess, is "no.") Love-wenches have no pride–except that of sating the burning lust of their betters. Beauty against his sword...We are groomed and collared, like prized domestic pets, our leashes serving to further unleash his desires, to stir frenzied dreams of pain and pleasure in each other...the thistle beneath the rose...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

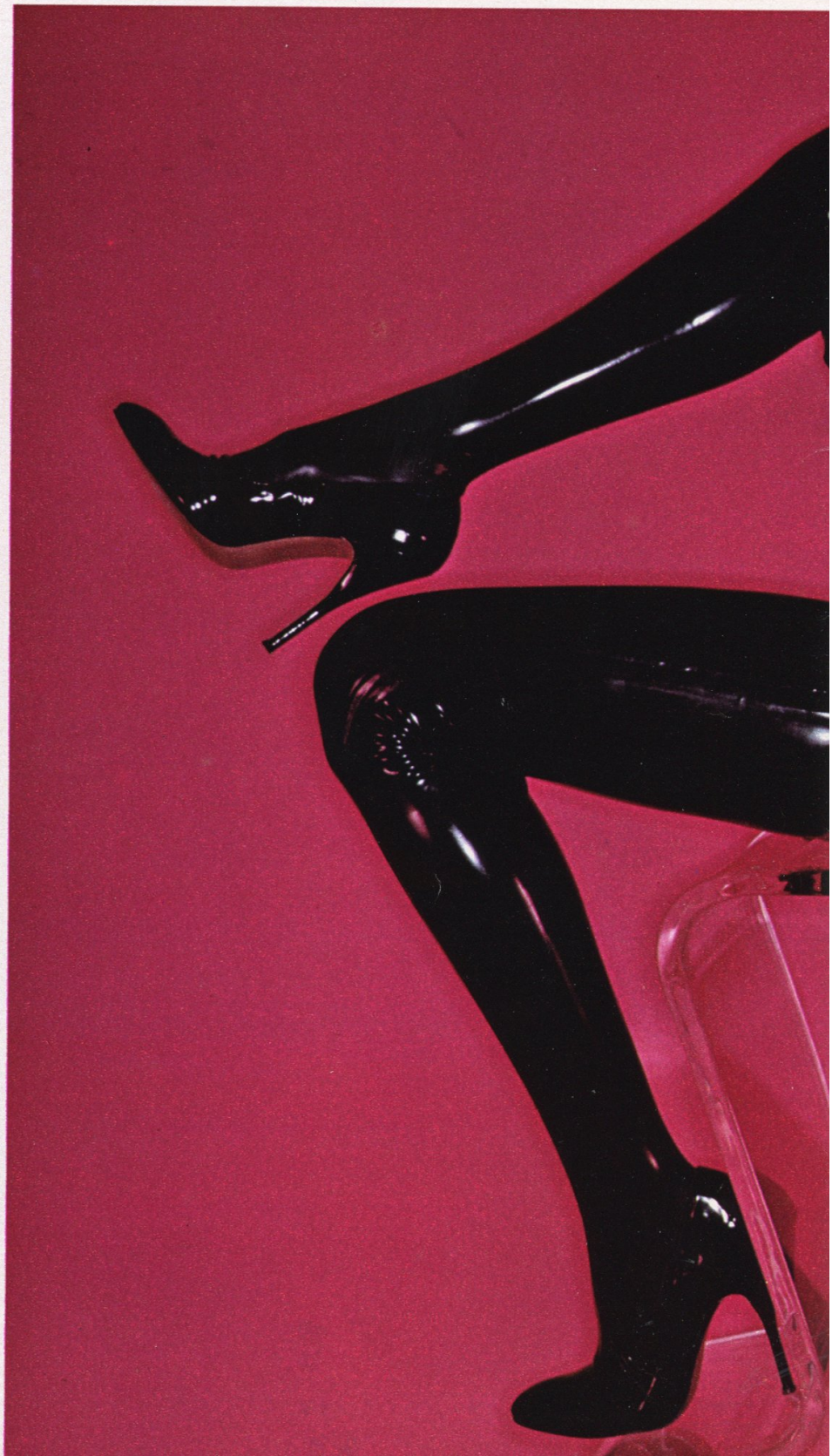
Fierce dart of tongue, mimicking a serpent's deadly speed. Love petals moisten in response, coated with lover's dew. At our master's husky commands, we assume exotic archings, wanton positions, displaying our supple bodies with shameless delight...

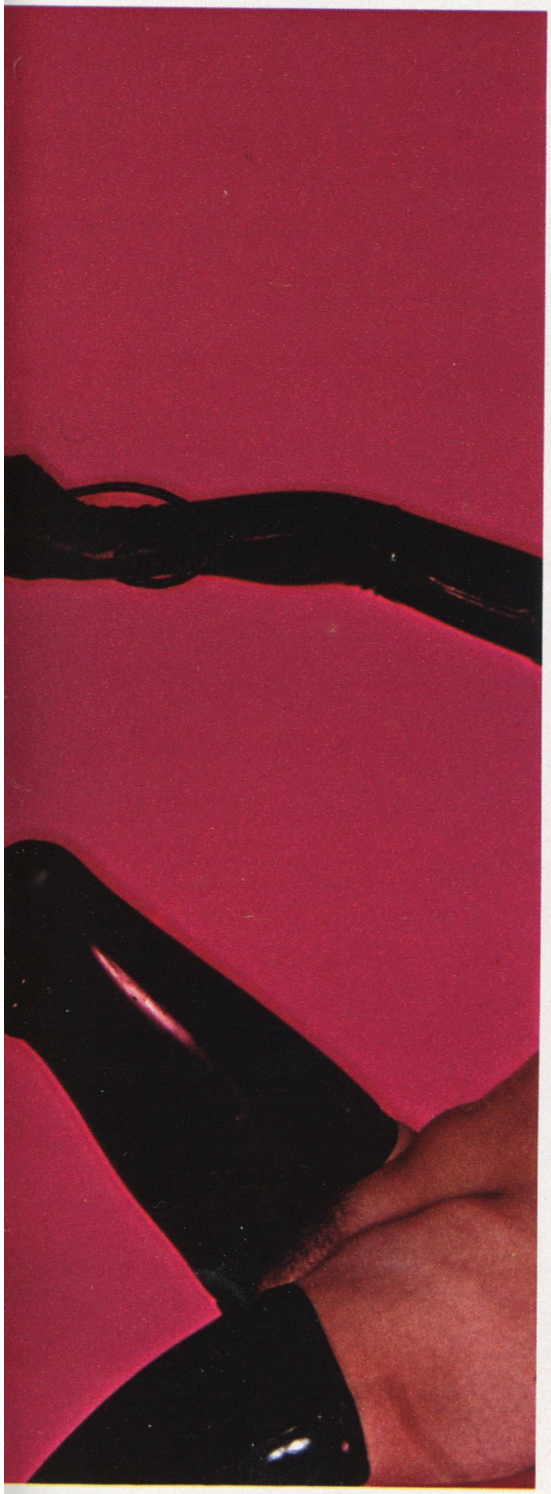




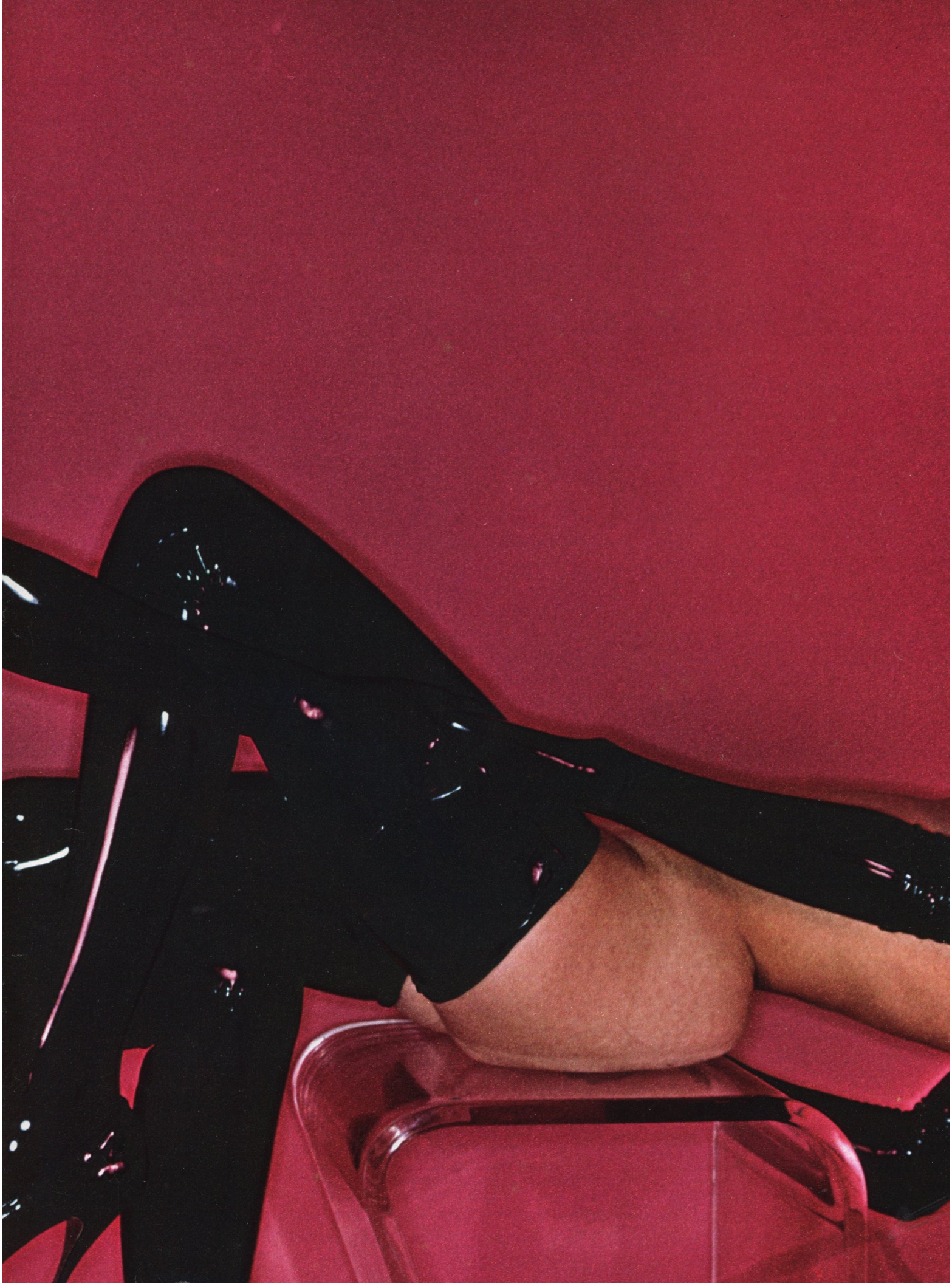
We are doglike in our loyal devotion, yet, when ordered to heel, we do so in womanly ways, our openings suitably receptive. Humiliation is in the eyes of others...those who know nothing of pleasure bonds such as ours...

As sisters in servitude, we feel our silken bellies heave wildly, for we love each other just as we do our master. We tremble at the slightest brush of tongue against flesh; our nipples swell to meet each other's mouth, braving burning lips and tormenting teeth...





Staging a tug-of-war for our master's amusement, we stab each other with piercing stiletto heels, perspire as the chafing rubber forbids our skin to breathe. And yet we are nearly ecstatic with common pleasure, submitting ourselves again to the whim of our unseen ruler. In our quivering throes of surrender, his wish is our command, his command our wish... ○+▭



MUTILATIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

even in these cases there was almost always some other parts missing, which varied from case to case—like the tail had been partly chewed off, or there was a hole in the animal and some internal organs were gone."

The notion that female animals of reproductive age are the primary targets of the mutilators was also shot down by Dr. Owen. She discovered that two-thirds of the Benton County cases involved "young calves, many of them just a few days old—where you have a much higher mortality rate in the natural course of events."

A few of the Arkansas cases, she believes, may have been the work of cultists attracted by all the publicity. And in isolated cases other factors may have been at work. The proponents of UFO and secret-research hypotheses, for example, have found encouragement in the report of a vet in Pea Ridge, Ark., who conducted postmortems on three Benton County "mutes." Two were cows, one a horse. The horse in particular excited attention—and continues to do so—because its castration, according to the vet, was achieved with "much expertise." Moreover, he reported finding traces of "a powerful muscle-relaxant drug" in the dead animal.

At no time during his conversation with me did this vet give any indication that there might be a logical explanation for this death. Instead, without personally subscribing to such a viewpoint outright, he spoke of a writer who advocates a UFO explanation for the mutilations, and said, "Maybe he's got a point." He neglected to tell me what I later learned from a police report of the incident—that the owner of the horse in question castrated the animal. Other people I approached were equally reluctant to mention this. Many farmers and ranchers do some of their own veterinarian work—with mixed results. Unfortunately, succinylcholine, a powerful muscle-relaxant drug used in the castration of horses, is dangerous even in the hands of the experienced. Maladministration can easily kill a horse, resulting not only in loss but embarrassment.

Still, some questions remain about the overall phenomenon. *Some* of the "cutting" does, indeed, look exceptionally clean. Studies have shown that coyotes and other predators possess teeth that can make almost scalpellike cuts, but even this fact wouldn't account for some of those "cored" anuses. And so it was, in search of the "surgeon," that Herb Marshall, the enterprising sheriff of Washington County, Ark., set up an experiment in which two of his men parked themselves in some bushes for 30 hours straight and observed a calf that was known to have died of natural causes. At night the officers observed the carcass through a Starlite scope, a device utilized by military intelligence. They photographed what they saw.

"At the end of those thirty hours," Sheriff Marshall says, "we had us a 'classic' case, a carcass that looked exactly like most of the others that were being reported to us. Its tongue was gone, one of its eyes was missing, its anus had been cored out, the whole thing."

What happened? "First, we observed what any pathologist will tell you happens after an animal dies. The tongue protrudes and lies right out there on the ground; the anus inverts and sticks out three or four inches. Then the predators and scavengers come along and eat the parts that protrude, the soft, easy-to-get-at parts: the tongue, the genitals, the udder if it's a female, and the anus. We saw all of this. Then, as the animal gets colder, the tongue, or what's left of it, retracts back into the mouth so it looks like it was cut off way down deep. The anus retracts, too, and gives the appearance it's been operated on, especially after the blowflies have finished with it."

> The media, as much as the conspiracy freaks, cultists, and UFO advocates, have their own vested interests in the nonsolution of this story and have ignored the best evidence for its solution.

Blowflies. Those are the "surgeons." Swarms of them pick over the wounds made by other scavengers, cleaning off every ragged edge. "When they get done with the exposed eyeball," Sheriff Marshall notes, "it looks like it's been removed by an expert surgeon." Most cattle mutilations are reported in warm months, he adds, "when the blowflies are around." Those that are reported in the cold months, and such reports are few in number, often lack the "surgeon's touch."

Among the "mutilators" observed, in addition to the blowflies, were a skunk, some buzzards, and a stray dog, all of which enjoyed a good meal. After Marshall presented his report and slides to the local cattleman's association, reports of mutilations in Washington County came to a screeching halt.

Meanwhile, back in New Mexico, center of all the current cattle-mutilation activity, Sante Fe District Attorney Eloy Martinez's chief investigator in the government-funded animal-mutilation inquiry, Kenneth Rommel, Jr., states that he won't be asking for an extension or a renewal of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration grant. The mystery, so far as he and his coinvestigators are concerned, is solved. Though he hints there may have been isolated cases of cult involvement—or simply people occasionally hacking up carcasses they come across, as a joke—the "problem" is imaginary. The "culprits" are almost entirely of the four-footed, feathered, and winged variety—coyotes, birds, flies, etc.

Rommel, a colorful, tough investigator who was a special agent with the FBI for 28 years, bristles when he hears the term "surgical precision" used. If it shows up in a police or press report, he wants to know exactly who used the term, how they define it, and by what authority they employ it. He has been at the scene of most of the New Mexico cattle mutilations in the past year and has yet to see anything he or his experts say justifies the use of that term.

Apart from all the other evidence pointing toward predators (tracks, teeth marks, and so on), Rommel finds it of more than passing interest that, in every mutilation case he has investigated where an eye and an ear have been partially or entirely missing, the absent parts have always been taken from the accessible "up" side, never from the down side, where small predators can't get at them. Rommel has done his homework.

He scoffs at those who say that animals could not have stripped Snippy's flesh of all that meat in so little time, noting that eagles, ravens, buzzards, and the like can eat two to three pounds of meat at one sitting. He's also familiar with the biophysics of bloat and the dynamics of gas buildup in the carcasses of horses and cattle. In some cases, he observes, gases build up to the point where internal organs are extruded through the vagina and/or anus, making them easy pickings for predators and scavengers and creating fright and mystery among the misinformed who discover the missing parts later.

Rommel says that he has no doubt that no matter how definitive his findings and those of others are, there will always be people who "believe in" cattle mutilations. "What we're dealing with here," he says, "is something like religion."

"A team of psychiatrists, anthropologists, and sociologists should have a field day with this," Rommel observes, declining to speculate further on why people are so fascinated by cattle mutilations. One sociologist who has made a study of the phenomenon and has labeled it "a classic case of mild mass hysteria" is James R. Stewart of the Department of Social Behavior, University of South Dakota. Stewart has presented a study called "Cattle Mutilations: An Episode of Collective Delusion," based on a wave of alleged mutilations that swept

through Nebraska and South Dakota in late 1974. Because early reports of the mutilations could not immediately be explained, the "wave" grew, Stewart says, and continued to build until pathologists at the two state veterinary-diagnostic laboratories began studying the animals. They issued a report stating that every animal examined had died of natural causes and had then been set upon by predators.

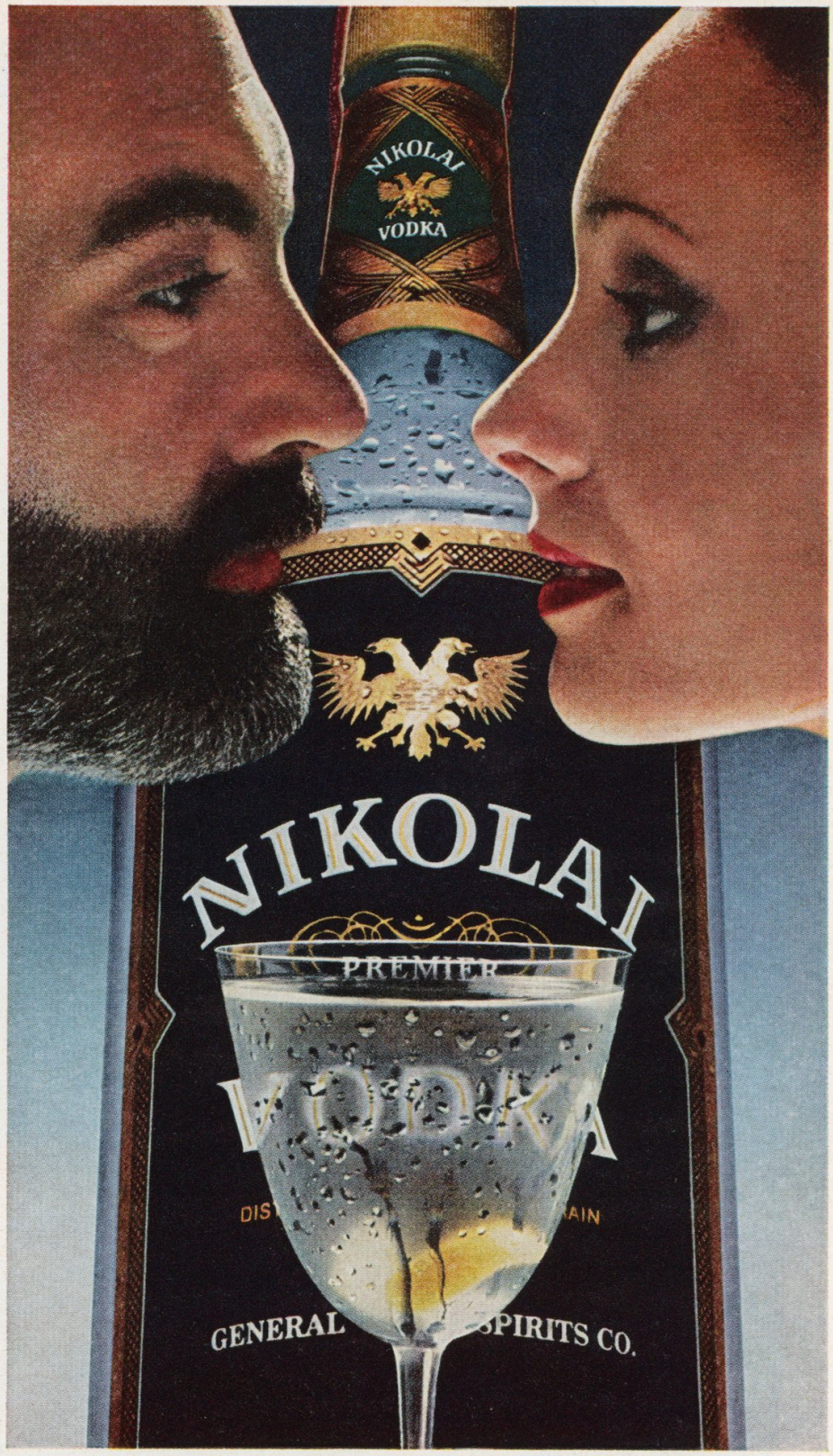
Because of initial confusion and misleading statements made by vets and sheriffs inexperienced in dealing with dead animals and "for reasons associated with strain and anxiety," Stewart continues, "people began to interpret an everyday occurrence in a new, bizarre manner." Cattle deaths, he adds, were occurring at the same rates they had and for all the same reasons, "but the widespread reporting of these incidents gave the appearance that there was a sudden, inexplicable increase in the deaths."

He likens the situation to one that developed in the Seattle area in the mid-1950s, when people suddenly began noticing pits and nicks in the windshields of their cars and trucks and concluded that some invisible devastation was literally raining down upon them from the heavens. The more that was said and written about it, the more people believed something unusual was happening. "In a study of that episode," Stewart observes, "the investigators concluded that it was caused by the fact that people [alerted to the 'phenomenon'] suddenly started looking *at* their windshields rather than *through* them," thus discovering pits that had been there all along.

The pitted-windshield hysteria, however, is small potatoes compared with cattle mutilations, which have cost not millions of dollars in lost livestock, as is claimed, but rather millions of dollars in anxiety and lost sleep; lost law-enforcement, legislative, veterinary, and medical man-hours; and millions in media hysteria (air space and white space that might better have been devoted to something else). As an added tax, we have had to put up with some of the most preposterous and ponderous hypothesizing imaginable. Jacques Vallee, for example, declares:

"The symbols attached to the UFO phenomenon are the primary images of life: blood, death, sex, time, space, and sky. Carl Jung could expand vastly on his archetypal hypothesis about UFOs if he came back today to study the documents that have accumulated on this subject. What are the organs taken by the mutilators? The eyes, the ears, the tongue, and the genitals: that is, the organs concerned with communication and reproduction. The culprits deserve credit not only as good surgeons, but also as good psychologists."

Ah, yes: there is no surgeon like the blowfly, no psychologist like the coyote. You can turn over, Carl, but don't bother to get up.



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THEFT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

We transferred his favorite stewards, who acted as valets, and his favorite chili cooker. We made arrangements so he could use certain military services: he wanted the barber from Bergstrom to continue to come to the ranch; he wanted to use the commissary and the PX; and we stationed a heart specialist at Brooke Army Hospital nearby.

The General Services Administration fixed up several offices for him in Austin; then we put a helicopter at Bergstrom for transportation between Austin and the ranch and provided a crew for that. Tom Mills, the navy chief who gave the president and Mrs. Johnson rubdowns, was promoted to lieutenant and transferred down there, where he doubled as a ranch hand. In 1976, three years after LBJ *died*, Tom was still on the ranch and on the navy payroll. He's a lieutenant commander now.

Johnson wasn't a movie watcher in the Richard Nixon class, but he enjoyed a film from time to time, and Lynda was crazy about them. The trouble was there was no place on the ranch to watch movies except in the airplane hangar, which, like every other place down there, got unpleasantly hot in the summer. To overcome that difficulty, Johnson informed our office that since we had military personnel permanently stationed on the ranch, and it was necessary for them to receive continuing education in the form of training films, we would have to convert part of the hangar into a suitable location for the showing of films.

The "suitable location" ended up being supplied with a 35mm projector and a guy to operate it, a huge screen, rows of comfortable chairs, and central air conditioning. The "military personnel" who had to keep up with their training were two army baggage handlers who were there only when the president was.

As with so much else we did on the ranch, the money to convert the hangar into a movie theater came out of the Military Office Secret Fund.

Another demand Johnson made for the ranch was for communications equipment. Former presidents are allowed switchboards at government expense for six months after they're out of office, but LBJ had a switchboard—and 12 men from the White House Communications Agency—down at the ranch until six months after he *died*. They were at the ranch all that time, four and a half years.

THE NIXON YEARS

Nixon was told about the fund when he took office but apparently turned the whole matter over to Haldeman since, unlike Johnson, Nixon never directly contacted us. Haldeman himself rarely called us; instead we'd hear from his errand runner, Lawrence Higby, who'd say, "Bob said to get this done and to pay for it from your fund."

It was all cut-and-dried. Haldeman said what was wanted; we got it done and told the commander to withdraw the money from the fund to pay the bills—which in the case of Camp David were astronomical. The figures on Camp David are incomplete, as all the figures are for each administration, but the swimming pool, for example, actually cost more than $500,000 because an underground shelter had to be reinforced so that the pool could be dug above it.

Many of the numbers show up as lump sum transfers from the fund to one of the services. The helicopter pad and the office complex at San Clemente, for example, were built on property belonging to the Coast Guard adjacent to the Nixon property, and money for the work was transferred to the Coast Guard from the Secret Fund.

After Nixon's first visit to Camp David, Haldeman told us that the place wasn't "presidential," and something had to be done about it. The buzz word around the Nixon White House for projecting the proper image was "presidential." If a thing or a place wasn't dignified enough or enough in keeping with somebody's, usually Haldeman's, idea of what was proper, then it wasn't "presidential." And that meant money had to be spent on it.

The justification for spending a lot of money was the argument that Camp David is a classified site. The reasoning was supposed to go that money from a classified fund was being used on a classified site; the fact that it was spent above ground, for building and decorating elaborate cabins, and putting in a half-million-dollar swimming pool, wasn't known.

Once we had the money, we went into the details of the work and we immediately hit an engineering problem. The spot the president picked for the pool was right over the bomb shelter—a tremendous hole in the ground the president would go to directly from Aspen in case of nuclear attack. If we dug there, we'd hit the top of the shelter and go through it halfway to China.

Eventually the pool cost $550,000, because instead of saying to the president, "Look, we've got a problem with the exact spot you picked. How about another spot?" they spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to reinforce the top of the bomb shelter.

Once the president said, "That looks like a nice place for a swimming pool," that was it. No matter what the problems. No matter what the cost. No one wanted to be the one to say, "Mr. President, you can't do that."

In addition to financing Camp David and the other facilities run by the military, our office got deeply into the president's houses at Key Biscayne and San Clemente. Key Biscayne was smaller and closer to Washington; so it involved less to adapt it into a Vacation White House than San Clemente did. Flying time from

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Washington was 2 hours and 15 minutes; so appointments could be run in and back by Jet Star in a day. That, and the fact that Nixon rarely spent more than a few days there, meant that less staff and support were needed.

Which is not to say that military money wasn't spent, and misspent, on Key Biscayne. The first thing they did was to build a helicopter pad out on the edge of the water, at a cost of $418,000. As soon as it was built, they realized they couldn't keep a helicopter crew just sitting out on a slab of concrete the whole time the president was there; so it was used only to pick up and deliver Nixon. In the end, the helicopter was kept at Homestead Air Force Base, 20 minutes away.

Among the other things the military spent money on down there was a shark net at $20,000; major communications equipment for $307,000, $16,000 of that amount for the residence; and recurring communications costs of $1,320,000. We also put a communications system on Abplanalp's island, Grand Cay, at a cost to us of $161,000.

But Robert H. Abplanalp was a different story from Bebe Rebozo, who also benefited from the military by getting a signal phone, with free worldwide telephone service, put in his home next to the Nixons'. Abplanalp had a helicopter pad built at his own expense, and I never knew him ever to ask for anything from us. We never even hauled him on airplanes, as we did Rebozo, unless he was actually with the president.

The bottom line for military expenditures at Key Biscayne came close to $2 million. Then we did it all again, only more so, at San Clemente. A Southern White House and a Western White House, both with all the trimmings, were set and ready to go.

As soon as the Southern and Western White Houses were set up, we got into the wholesale transportation business. Until Nixon came in as president, *Air Force One* had been reserved for the exclusive use of the president. Now we started hauling wives and kids of staff members on *Air Force One*.

It reached the ludicrous situation where if we couldn't fit them all on *Air Force One*, we'd have to set up additional aircraft—for the families. Ron Ziegler broke new ground by bringing along a babysitter in addition to his family, and later on, Haig's aide, George Joulwan, did the same thing.

The wives of Nixon's staff members began to take this so for granted that they took it upon themselves to draw up lists of which wife and family would go on which trip to California, as if it were some kind of vacation excursion we were running, not *Air Force One*.

On one occasion, to show you how out of hand the whole thing had gotten, the president decided to leave San Clemente early, and rather then leaving after the president, the backup plane left before him. The whole point of a backup is to have a plane in reserve, *behind* the president in case of need. But this time the backup, filled to the brim with wives and children, left *before Air Force One*. The reason? So the children wouldn't get home past their bedtimes.

The reason the White House gets into the position of hiding the source of its funds is that there's no money to pay honestly for the things it wants to do. And there was no one able to check up on what was really going on. I could hardly believe it when I found out how dumb the Government Accounting Office was and how easy to manipulate. A congressman would ask GAO to look into a White House expenditure, or how much something cost, and the guys they sent were never smart enough to pursue the matter, as investigators should. I'd give them a set of presidential cuff links or a gold pin with the presidential seal, and they'd be on my side. They'd pretty well write what I wanted them to write.

> Miz Lillian Carter said to Billy: "Get all you can, honey. If they'll give you a hundred thousand, take a hundred thousand. Get all you can, because you'll never get another chance like this."

If I really got up against it with GAO, there were two more weapons. First, I could get hard-nosed with them. I could start threatening them with the president. I'd say, "Okay. If you guys have got the balls to take on the president . . ." But the final weapon, and the best, was that no one could come in the gate unless he was cleared. I didn't *have* to see anybody, because they couldn't get in unless I let them in.

I remember when Kissinger gave that helicopter to Sadat, and no one really knows why he did. Right away there was a request from the House Government Activities Committee to tell them how much it cost. GAO came to me, and in the end I got the figure from the navy, which had bought the thing 16 years before.

A helicopter, you have to remember, like an airplane, does not depreciate in value. Every year it's reworked and gets a new engine, and the way they're maintained, the cost of the helicopter you bought 16 years ago should be about the same as one you might buy today. But as it turned out, of course, the actual number of dollars that the helicopter cost then was a lot less than the number of dollars you'd have to pay today. So when I gave GAO the figure, the purchase price 16 years ago, it didn't look bad at all.

Then Jack Brooks, a congressman from Texas who watched Nixon and the Republicans the way Melvin Laird had watched LBJ and the Democrats, said, "That can't be right. That helicopter cost more than that. I just saw the price of new helicopters the White House is buying, and they cost five times that."

When the GAO guy came back to me and told me my figure was all wrong, I said, "Now look. There's all this new equipment on these new helicopters. This was an old helicopter. They didn't have all this sophisticated stuff in those days." Now this guy didn't know a helicopter from a pair of bull's nuts, but he was in my office as a representative of GAO; so he said, "Oh, I see now. Now I understand. It just didn't have all those gadgets, those new expensive things in it."

Of course it *did*. It had all the same equipment. The only difference in the price was the difference in the dollar during 16 years, but he couldn't figure that out.

Having disposed of what Kissinger's little gift to Sadat cost the American people, there was still the matter of how to pay for it. The president, or Kissinger as his agent, didn't have the legal right to give military equipment—which the helicopter was—to Egypt. But Sadat had it, Henry Kissinger wasn't about to ask for it back, and *somebody* had to pay the Department of Defense for its missing helicopter.

The story has a suitably ridiculous ending. Funds that were allocated by Congress to the Agency for International Development specifically to help the poor of Egypt were taken out and given to our Defense Department. Today that helicopter that AID bought for Sadat is being used to haul deposed heads of state around Egypt. In the month of February 1979 alone, it was used by the ex-shah of Iran and two days later by ex-President Gerald Ford.

TRAVELS WITH HENRY KISSINGER

Kissinger's opinion of Kissinger was awesome. He just couldn't get over himself. One time after the resignation, Nixon said to me, "Ford has just got to realize there are times Henry has to be kicked right in the nuts. It's the only way he can be controlled, because sometimes Henry starts to think *he's* the president. But at other times you have to pet Henry and treat him like a child."

From where I sat there was no need to coddle Henry; he took care of that himself, and there weren't many opportunities to kick him in the nuts. It was clear very soon after he came into the White House that among equals Kissinger was going to be the most equal. Right away

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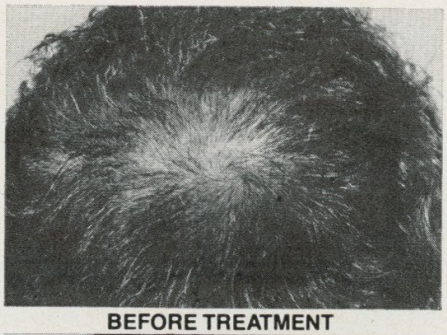

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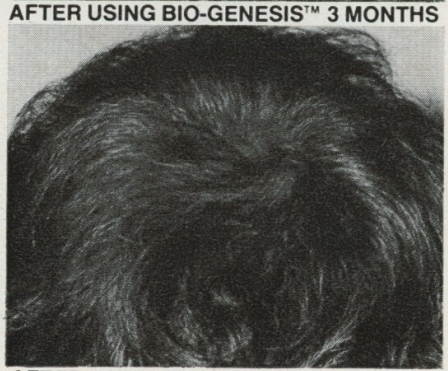

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we began getting requests: for Jet Stars to take him on weekend jaunts, and so forth.

We put up some resistance at first in memorandums to the president, pointing out that we were running the risk of bad publicity if the press got hold of it, but this got us nowhere. The battle was finally joined when we sent him to Europe in a converted cargo plane. It was his first overseas trip, and he had requested a luxury 707. We gave him this one instead. It's basically the same plane, but less luxurious—admittedly it doesn't have windows—but it's about one-third cheaper to operate than a 707, and Kissinger didn't need a military plane anyway. He should have been flying commercial. At this point, early 1969, the feeling around our office, and all around the White House for that matter, was: Who does Henry Kissinger think he is? Little did we know.

When he came back, Kissinger was boiling. It was the one and only time we ever got Henry on a plane without windows.

Kissinger was good at getting what he wanted. Almost at once he started pushing for Secret Service protection. That had never happened before. There had never been anybody at the White House outside of the First Family who had Secret Service protection. He went about getting it from a sideways angle, by asking for military guards.

As far as anybody knew, and Henry would have let us know, there was no particular reason for guards—no threats had been made or anything like that. I'm sure that Henry was on an ego trip and that he also saw all the goodies that official protection would bring with it. If he had a Secret Service detail he'd have them provide a car and driver, there would be guards at his house, and there would be baby-sitters for his children when he was out of town. And he would almost certainly have to fly in military aircraft rather than go commercial. Everyone at the White House loved the luxury of flying military.

SECRET SERVICE AND GREENBALL

There's a lot of romantic bullshit about the Secret Service. And they're still living off their finest hour—the Kennedy assassination when they protected Lyndon Johnson and Jacqueline Kennedy, who weren't the targets anyway, while the president got killed. The most dangerous thing about it is that if you didn't know, you might even feel safe with those guys around.

The truth is that Secret Service is the worst, most inefficient, badly run, highly political outfit in the United States government. In all my years at the White House I saw only two or three really outstanding gents in the Secret Service, with the intelligence and the desire to do the job they were there to do.

One thing they did focus on, though, was taking advantage of any opportunity to better their lot. The Secret Fund wasn't the only classified fund controlled by the Military Office. There was another, much smaller one, code-named "Greenball." It was established in the aftermath of the Kennedy assassination to provide Defense Department "support items" to the Secret Service detail.

In order for the White House to keep some control over how Greenball funds were spent, Secret Service had to make its request to our office, and if we approved it, we would send it on to the Department of Defense. Some of the "support items" it requested, in addition to cases of the sunglasses that all Secret Service agents feel they need in order to be properly dressed, were fleece-lined leather flight jackets, foul-weather gear, and safety shoes—expensive, well-constructed shoes used on the decks of aircraft carriers.

A president might go out on a carrier once in four years, or he might not, but every agent felt he needed to be prepared. Coincidentally, these articles are also great for hunting, backpacking, and all the other neat outdoor things Secret Service guys are into. As are the shotguns and other weapons and ammunition they requested but that were not used for any kind of protection.

> On a flight from London to Geneva the Georgians were having such a fine old time that before long they started throwing fruit at each other and rolling beer cans down the aisles of *Air Force One.*

It was another case of "What the hell—it's not our money," and the fact that Greenball was classified made it easy to abuse the fund.

THE FORD AND CARTER YEARS

I have no direct evidence that Gerald Ford knew or didn't know about the fund; I do know he never fully understood how the White House worked or who did what in support of the presidency. His two chiefs of staff, Don Rumsfeld and Dick Cheney, did know about the fund, but their approach to it seemed to be: the guys in the Military Office are problem solvers; if you want something done, go see them.

During the Ford years I basically made the expenditures from the fund on my own. If the president was going somewhere outside Washington, essential staff people like the president's doctor, who is military, had to stay near him. If no other provision was made for them, as it was not in Kansas City at the 1976 Republican National Convention, I took money from the fund and rented hotel rooms.

When the president went to Vail, I leased villas for the military close to Ford's—and since he stayed in the high-rent district, our rent was high, too. So I took it out of the fund. On a trip to New York City the president was staying at the Waldorf, and staff members, including essential staff, were given $30 per diem, which wouldn't rent them a chair in the lobby. I got them rooms near the president, where they were supposed to be.

Because I became director of the Military Office while Ford was president, there are no records of how the fund was spent—I didn't keep any. For the same reason there are no records of fund expenditures during my time with Carter. Carter was fully briefed on the fund—I briefed him. How the money has been spent since I left, only Carter, and perhaps his cousin Hugh, know.

After 11 years at the White House, my rose-colored glasses were long gone; in fact they broke right after I got to the LBJ White House. It's just not possible to spend any length of time close to the presidency and have any illusions left; so I wasn't expecting a saint when Carter was elected, even if he had won on a preacher's platform of "Trust Me."

Carter's first trip overseas as president was in May 1977, for a European economic summit meeting in London. Our ambassador to England hadn't arrived in London yet; so the president decided to stay at Winfield House, the official ambassador's residence.

The people on the embassy staff had taken the Carter publicity seriously, and there wasn't a drop of liquor in the house when the president arrived. That created quite a stir in the Carter entourage because by the time they got to Winfield House and reported this discovery to the president, it was about eleven-thirty at night and everything was shut, including the pubs, because of British licensing laws. But Carter wanted a drink; so the naval aide had to go out into the London night, back to *Air Force One*, to find the president a bottle of booze.

I'm not suggesting there's anything wrong with Carter or with anybody else wanting a drink. But it seems to me the guy got himself boxed in by representing himself as holier-than-just-about-everybody during the campaign.

You could say, all in all, the Carters took some getting used to.

Carter's White House took some getting used to, too. The formality level that was observed on *Air Force One* would rise and fall with the different administrations, largely owing to the personality of the chief of staff. It was highest with Nixon and most comfortable under Ford,

"I don't care how long you've been away from home. It's still fifty bucks."

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Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, N.J.

when Dick Cheyne was in charge of the president's staff, because he's a relaxed kind of a guy who's easy to be with.

The level reached rock bottom on that first trip we made out of the country with Carter. On a flight from London to Geneva the Georgians—Jody Powell and Hamilton Jordan and the others—were having such a fine old time that before long they started throwing fruit at each other and rolling beer cans down the aisles of *Air Force One*.

After my first trip to Plains to see Carter, it was agreed I would go back and talk to brother Billy about plans for putting a support compound for the president on his land. We had to install a helicopter landing pad; trailers for the doctor, the military aides, and other personnel; and communications facilities. So I went back to Georgia in January.

After Billy and I had talked for a while, he suddenly said, "Look. We may as well go and see Rosalynn. She's the one who makes all the decisions anyway; so we might as well talk to her now. Whatever she says will go." It was a memorable drive. A bottle of whiskey had spilled all over the front of the car, and his dog had crapped all over the back.

When we saw Rosalynn Carter, she wasn't so much concerned with what went onto Billy's land as she was that nobody do any damage to theirs. We went back and forth on it for a good while until Billy broke in and said, "I tell you how we can settle the whole goddamn thing. Keep the bastard in Washington, and we won't have to worry about any of it."

Of the incidents I was involved in that had to do with the Carter presidency, one that occurred during that first visit to see Billy in Plains stands out.

I met him at the peanut warehouse in the middle of the town, and since his office wasn't big enough for us to spread out the blueprints and plans I had, we went next door into a sort of lounge area. It had a broken-down sofa and a couple of overstuffed chairs, but there was a good bit of floor space.

Billy and I got down on the floor with our diagrams, and as we were looking at them, the citizens of Plains began drifting in, so that before long we'd assembled a pretty good crowd. I thought it was strange, but if it didn't bother Billy, why should it have bothered me?

Suddenly Billy stood up and said, "Momma, this is Mr. Gulley from the White House. He's here to talk about the military putting a compound on my place." He was talking to Miz Lillian Carter, of course, and as I got to my feet, she said to Billy, and these were her exact words: "Get all you can, honey. If they'll give you a hundred thousand, take a hundred thousand. Get all you can, because you'll never get another chance like this."

I knew right then that at the White House it was going to be business as usual.

spunky spelunker who wouldn't settle for anything but the real thing.

I never got to know Candy well; my shyness prevented that, though she was always warm and congenial when we did talk. She remained a distant and therefore perfect fantasy. She could be everything I wanted, and she would want me the way I wanted her to. But her unreachable quality had its negative side. I began to have this horrible fear that I'd die without ever banging someone, that a car would bang me first and I'd be sent to the "Limbo of the Nonlaid."

"Candy! Candy!" my errant erection screamed in unrequited agony, as if suffering a sexual sweet tooth. Endless nights of nocturnal emissions consecrated my fantasies of her submission, of feeling fevered kisses from her pouting, crimson lips covering my equally fevered foreskin, of smashing deep into her unexplored recesses during recess.

Well, desperation finally did what courage couldn't, and on graduation day, when she signed my book, she also included, at my stammering request, her phone number. I watched her write the number in a careful, neat script. She tilted her head to the side and gave me "that" look.

"Yes, please call me."

I had a sense of lightness, of elation. I couldn't imagine sex feeling any better. Then I realized that I might soon find out just how much better it was, and with the girl of my seminal seances.

"Fuck me! Fuck my ass! Oh deep, deep and hard, baby."

I watched her mouth and tongue form each word. The words came out jerky and breathless. She gave her head that coy little tilt, as she looked over her shoulder, winked, and smiled. She thrust her ass toward me, and the cheeks filled my vision like two fleshy planets.

"I want you to come in my face."

She looked directly into my eyes as she said it. A mouth whose only words up to now had been hello and good-bye. She pinched her nipples, opened her legs wider, and arched her back toward me. All innocence, all pretense, gone, her face made more lovely by the glow of pure passion.

The room was cool and dark, but I perspired. Blood crashed against my temples and rushed to my groin. It seemed to be pounding in both places simultaneously. My whole body felt like one five-foot-nine-inch, blood-engorged erection. I felt compelled to stand up, constricted by my sitting position. I knew now how my cock felt, trapped inside my pants. She spread her cheeks and moved toward me, moaning softly, almost whimpering. I expected to see little flames dancing about the opening of her vagina. The opening was all I could see. A pink-and-rose-and-red universe. Behind each fold a secret sensation, a new pleasure. Someone once said that everything else we do is just passing time till we can fuck. I don't know if that's true, but at that moment it seemed like a perfectly logical assumption.

"Take me. Take me now!"

She was more beautiful than I remembered. I wanted to. O God, how I wanted to. I was hard as steel, but I couldn't physically do it. So somebody else fucked her.

They did it right in front of me.

Me and about 100 other guys.

There was Candice Vadala, my high-school flame, AKA Candida Royalle, porno star, burning up the silver screen. I'd waited six years to hear those words and could no more take advantage of her now than I could in high school. The girl of my fantasies was now the fantasy of thousands. We'd never gotten to pound pelvises after graduation, and it was only years later, in a sleazy theater in the Bronx, that I finally got a glimpse of what I had missed. After the surprise I found myself amused and curious.

I wondered how she got into skin flicks. I became intrigued with the idea of tracking her down and finding out what course her life had taken for her to arrive at her present position, or positions, as the case may be. I rationalized that my motivation was curiosity and used as a pretense the writing of a story about the whole affair. I guiltily abandoned the idea as unfeasible. It wasn't until four years later, November of 1979, when I saw the

Photograph by Pat Hill

back of Candy's head being interviewed on the CBS "Six O'Clock News" pornography special that I realized my true emission in life. This was an omen, a sign.

My renewed investigations into her whereabouts were futile, when, quite by chance, at the first "Spermathon" held at the seamy Plato's Retreat, I met someone who knew her. The Spermathon, incidentally, was an attempt by a young lady to get into the *Guinness Book of Records* by allowing 86 men to get into her. But that's another story. Bobby Hollander, publisher of the X-rated film review magazine *Cinema X*, said he'd have Candy call me.

"Hi, Robert?"

"Hi, Candy. Wow, it's really kind of wild to be talking to you after what, almost ten years?"

"Yeah, you know, it's funny. I remembered you as soon as Bobby mentioned your name."

Another good omen.

"Really? Well, I'm very flattered."

"Sure I remember. You were kind of shy."

"Yeah, that's me all right. Listen, there's so much to talk about. Let's get together for a drink."

The escalator carried me slowly upward to the second level of the Citicorp building. My eyes panned across the faceless occupants. Then I saw her. Black hair, pulled back. Black jumpsuit. Full, red lips. Lush body. Overall effect: reserved yet sensual.

I've seen a lot of women come and go and *come* over the last ten years. (Sometimes I even had something to do with it.) I'm nowhere near so shy as I used to be, but my head swam with the exciting potential of the situation that I was creating. I had the sense of commanding fate by sheer force of will, of reaching across time and defiantly stealing a piece of my past. Even then I sensed a thrill of inevitability.

"Robert, how wonderful to see you."

"It's good to see you, too, Candy." We kiss. Nice, but nothing to write home about.

"This is my boyfriend, Per."

Jesusfuckingchrist! Boyfriend. Shit. "Hi. Nice to meet you."

Oh, well (heavy sigh of suppressed depression). "So tell me, Candy, what's new?"

Two hours and a dozen glasses of wine later. "And that's how I got into X-rated films."

She never says "fuck films." She's very charming, intelligent, and sensitive. All the things I assumed and maybe hoped she wouldn't be. After high school she dallied at Parsons and dropped out and into the California cabaret circuit as a singer and dancer. She'd always been entertainment oriented. Her father was a musician, and her mother was a singer. She considered porn a valid form of entertainment as well as being financially rewarding. She still loves her art and draws quite well. She is ambitious and imaginative. She went from being a radical women's libber to the total male chauvinism of porn films, which may seem paradoxical, but she contends that she has maintained her integrity and hopes to effect some gradual change in the industry and its depiction of women as sex objects. Her mother accepts it. She hasn't spoken to her father about it. She hopes to use porn as a vehicle to other things. Some of her screen credits are *Pizza Girls*, *Hot Rackets*, *Pro Ball Cheerleaders*, and the one in which I first saw her, *Whatever Happened to Baby Rosemary?*

"You know, Robert, you really look great."

I'd made sure of that.

"When I saw you walk over, I could sense a confidence you didn't have in school. No more shyness?"

Her gaze is openly admiring, and her boyfriend, who looks like a Swedish Sid Vicious, occasionally fondles her breast or crotch just to make sure I didn't take them.

"I'm really excited about the story."

"I'm glad. I'd like to get together when we both have the time for a more detailed interview."

"Great. Call me the beginning of next week."

A week later we visit Art and Design,

our old alma mater. The feeling of déjà vu is so strong I think my face may break out. The horn between classes goes off, and you can almost see the long-haired, bell-bottomed flower children scurrying through the halls. Back to the clock at the Waldorf. We ask a young stranger to help us re-create our graduation day picture.

Then up to my apartment in the Bronx, where, contrary to popular belief, there are still a few nice places to live.

Wine and spaghetti carbonara. This is the first time we have *ever* been alone together. The subjects we could only touch upon before we now openly caress and explore. We have much in common. Our views on love. We are both artists. Our abilities to understand intertwine so that we find ourselves completing each other's unfinished thoughts. Her eyes are bright with enthusiasm, but they are eyes that have seen many things. I feel very close to her. Perhaps the wine amplifies our affinity.

"Candy, you know I want to make love to you. Not just out of lust but because it somehow seems right. As if it was preordained."

"I know how you feel. I sense it, too."

My original scenario for this evening was just one of pure raunch. She's a porno star, right? Just whip it out and say, "Excuse me, Miss, would you mind chewing on this until the coffee perks?" That's what my brother said, and at first I agreed. But then I thought, "You know this girl probably considers fucking and sucking on screen her job and doesn't want anybody to think she's an easy lay because of it."

"I'd like to Robert. But I can't."

I'm not psychic. I just know my luck. You see, it's a conspiracy. Ten years. Ten. Only to strike out again. Hell! I'll write the story and fake the ending. But just like the cavalry, *Penthouse* responds to my letter (inquiring about their interest in the story) in the nick of time. They're interested in the manuscript. Here's the perfectly legitimate reason to have intercourse with Candy.

Research!

"Well, of course I can write the story more authentically when I actually experience all the aspects, and think of the publicity! I mean, think of it as a job if you have to."

"Yes, I agree with you, Robert. Logically, it's the next step."

"How about Monday? I'm anxious to get started."

It seems Mondays were easier to shake the Swedish Sex Pistol. Monday was going to be beautiful.

"Hello? Oh, hi, Candy. You can't. Well, yes, it does lack spontaneity but . . . Well, yes, it does seem a little cold but . . . Well, sure I understand. Yeah, I'll just fake it."

No profanity would be sufficiently descriptive.

If this story seems to have more ups and downs than ins and outs, think about how I felt. A week later I call her and suggest a meeting at my office.

"Yes, I'd like to discuss the rough draft."

I was having trouble writing. We clarified some points and elaborated on others. I enjoyed talking to her. I accepted the fact that we'd never fuck. I was drained. It was a worthwhile experience nonetheless. We were friends.

"Does the door to your office lock?"

"No."

"Will we be disturbed?"

"I don't think so."

O God, just this and I promise I'll be good forever.

"I've been thinking it over, and I've decided you do need a little more material for your story. So if you'd like to fool around a little, I'll take off my clothes so you can describe my body more accurately. Okay?"

I looked twice to make sure I wasn't in some grungy little theater, sitting next to someone doing pull-ups in his lap. Nope, its definitely my office. I turn out the lights. One wall is all windows, and the ambient city light makes it look not unlike a movie screen. They turn the heat off after five, and now its cool and dark. I'd started this job as an art director just three days ago. I didn't know what their reaction to finding me bare-assed doing a layout on Candy might be. I hoped they'd think this was just another creative aberration. I was damned nervous. We kissed. We both have very full lips. It was like a slippery pillow fight. I tugged at her black mane. She moaned. I enjoyed the tactile sensation of my teeth in her neck. I felt the vibration of her purring in my mouth, rather than heard it. I unzipped her camouflage-patterned jumpsuit. My teeth raked her nipples, and they sat up and begged for more. I kneaded the damp heat of her crotch like warm, moist clay, which I would soon mold into ecstasy.

"Let me see the rest of you."

I quickly checked the rest of the office while she stripped her clothes. Empty. Thank God.

She wasn't perfect, but she was close. She took me on a guided tour, opening and exposing herself. Like a blind man, I read the Braille of her body. Soft. Firm. Hard. Peaks rigid at the crest. Valleys of closely trimmed hairs, each one an individual sensation. Seeing inside her with my fingers. Our mouths grazed on each other's body. Licking, sucking, chewing.

"Could I persuade you to place fevered kisses from your pouting crimson lips on my equally fevered foreskin?"

We laugh. Her teeth scrape ever so lightly against the underside. Jesus!

"You're really long. I'd love to feel you inside me."

I can't stand it.

"Let me open myself for you."

I hadn't had sex in a few days, and I almost dropped it right there. The feeling going in, the physical contact, was second (albeit a very close second) to the realization that I was finally completing my destiny. A destiny I had orchestrated. It was pleasure on so many levels that I almost came before I arrived.

I expected her technical expertise, but her muscle control was extraordinary. She massaged and manipulated me.

I grit my teeth. I dance the tip at the entrance, gently teasing. As I reach under her back, her hair snakes through my fingers. I pull back while pushing forward. She arches up, mouth agape. I cover it with mine, tearing at her lips.

"Give me your tongue!"

It slithers against mine. It is sweet. But it is her obedience I enjoy most. The idea that someone will comply with one's forbidden requests is a tremendous stimulant.

"Turn over!"

There it lay before me. The Golden Fleece. The Holy Grail. The Burning Bush. The same, infamous ass. From a movie screen four years ago. It wasn't 40 feet across now, but still it filled my eyes to overflowing. A woman that hundreds of thousands have fantasized about, here, just to give *me* pleasure. If there's a better ego trip, I haven't taken it. She looks over her shoulder, tilts her head, winks, smiles.

I can't resist.

"Say, 'Take me. Take me now!' "

"Take me. Take me now!"

I'm inside. Her hair, like reins. We ride long into the night, exploring new areas of pleasure. She bucks beneath me. Rearing back, she exposes the snowy landscape of neck and breast and belly. The neon hardness of the city light gives it a look of marble. I feel her warmth again in my mouth. Her mouth closes around me and speaks words of love that I hear with my whole body. I watched myself appear and disappear. Everything seems magical, surreal. This climax has been building for a decade. The pleasure is so total that I have trouble experiencing all of it. It's convulsive. My body shudders violently against hers. The orgasm is epileptic. I usually never make noise during sex. It's a throwback to those secret petting sessions in the basement at home, when silence was imperative. I was surprised to hear the primitive groans ripped from my throat. I spew forth endlessly, everything, everywhere. Rocketing into blissful oblivion.

It's quiet. A fleshy blanket covers me.

Our breathing is in harmony, our lips touch, and we feel each other smile.

Uh, oh!

I think I hit the ceiling again.

Writing this story has been introspective as well as liberating. A rewarding experience.

What next, you might wonder. That's a fantasy that's tough to beat, you say. Well, there's this girl I went to kindergarten with who's now a nun over in the Vatican, and during show and tell she used to . . .

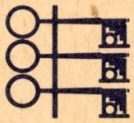
PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

HOW GULLIBLE ARE YOU?

ARE YOU EASILY DUPED?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions: Are you a shark or a mark?



PSYCHOGRAPH

They say there's a sucker born every minute. Take this psychograph and find out if they're talking about you.

What P. T. Barnum called a sucker psychologists would be more likely to label a "highly persuasible subject." But whatever jargon you use, it amounts to the same thing: the guy who'll buy the Brooklyn Bridge every time, as long as you quote him a good price.

Recent psychological research in the field of persuasion indicates that just about anybody can have the wool pulled over his eyes (see "Watch Out—They're Changing Your Mind" at the end of the quiz), but it's obvious that some people are a lot more gullible than others. Studies of just who is most susceptible to persuasion and why began to appear in the 1950s, when Yale psychologist Irving Janis and his colleagues started compiling the personality traits of people whose minds are easily swayed.

Since then researchers have produced an enormous volume of data that we've drawn on for this psychograph. They've discovered some interesting facts and confirmed some observations that street corner philosophers have known all along. Intelligence, for example, appears to play no part in gullibility. An Einstein can be duped as easily as a dim-witted rube. In addition, our own opinion of how suggestible we are bears little relation to reality. The guy who firmly believes he can't be hustled is often an easier mark than one who thinks he's a pushover.

Researchers also believe that suckers—while they may be born one-a-minute—are also bred. Child-rearing habits and environment play major roles in developing the personality traits that distinguish the malleable man from the tough nut.

So answer the questions quickly and honestly. If you end up with a high "Sucker Score," drop us a line. We've got a swell little bridge you may want to invest in. Or maybe a few nice building lots in the Everglades, huh? Or maybe . . .

1. Would you say your life-style is basically

   (a) blue-collar
   (b) white-collar

2. If you had to choose, which kind of book would you rather read

   (a) fiction
   (b) nonfiction

3. Complete this statement: When I'm playing a game and know I'm being watched . . .

   (a) I almost always choke; I tighten up and play worse than normal
   (b) I play better than normal; I guess I'm a grandstander
   (c) it doesn't make any difference; I just play my normal game

4. Which of these statements applies to you?

   (a) when I'm in a social situation (like a dinner party where I don't know everybody), I find it easy to make conversation
   (b) in social situations I usually have trouble thinking of subjects to talk about

5. How do you feel about this statement: "In this world there are thinkers and there are doers, and it's those in the latter category who are most important"?

   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

6. Are you basically shy compared with other men of your age and background?

   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. With which of the following statements are you more likely to agree?

   (a) we should rehabilitate criminals so that they can become useful members of society
   (b) we should lock up criminals and throw away the key; in many cases, capital punishment might be an even better solution

8. Do you often feel guilty about many of the things you do?

   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. If you are invited to a big social occasion where there will be people you don't know, do you usually

   (a) accept the invitation eagerly and look forward to going
   (b) try to think up reasons to turn down the invitation

10. Do you daydream a lot, imagining things you'd like to do and places you'd like to go?

    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. Do you smoke a pipe?

    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Do you read thoroughly at least one newspaper a day?

    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with these two proverbs: "Neatness counts"; "A place for everything, and everything in its place"?

    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

14. With which of these statements would you be more likely to agree?

    (a) no matter how much time, money, and effort you devote to mentally handicapped people, you could never make them "normal"; consequently, from society's standpoint, it's a waste of scarce resources to give them more than the most basic aid
    (b) mentally handicapped people deserve just as much help and support as we can give them—and probably more; a society that can't take care of its less fortunate members is not a society that I want to be part of

15. Be honest now: how would you say your sexual activity compares with that of other men your age?

    (a) more active sexually
    (b) about average
    (c) less active sexually

16. Would you say that you're more irritable than most people?

    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. Which of the following statements more closely reflects your feelings?

    (a) I don't worry a whole lot; whatever is going to occur will happen whether I worry about it or not
    (b) I seem to be worried a large part of the time; if I'm not worrying about big things (like my future), I'm worrying about little things (like whether I'll get to the cleaner before it closes tonight so I can pick up my shirts)

18. Would you say that you were more rebellious as a teenager than most kids?

    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Would you say your parents were easygoing in the way they brought you up?

    (a) yes
    (b) no

20. Do you own two or more of the following: a pet rock; a hula-hoop; a T-shirt advertising the name of a manufacturer, product, or musical group; a mood ring; a "designer" warm-up suit; roller skates with those new plastic wheels; a white John Travolta disco suit?

    (a) yes
    (b) no

Here are the answers most likely to have been chosen by highly persuasible men:

1. b	6. a	11. b	16. a
2. a	7. b	12. b	17. b
3. a	8. a	13. a	18. b
4. b	9. b	14. a	19. b
5. a	10. a	15. c	20. a

Give yourself five points for each of your answers that coincides with those listed above. Your score will place you in one of two categories (after all, you're either a sucker or you're not; there's not much middle ground).

SCORING

If you scored 55–100 points:

Hiya, sucker. Bought any ice cream franchises in Alaska lately? You're the answer to an adman's dreams: pliable and easy to persuade. Highly susceptible men have a lot of social inhibitions and feelings of inadequacy. They like an ordered existence and tend to be passive, waiting for someone else to lead the way. They often prefer to be alone, but, oddly, they are not given to introspection. (Fear of social interaction and shyness—not a philosophical bent—lead them to choose this solitary path.) They don't quite trust their own judgment, which is why they're more willing to listen to, and accept, the arguments of others.

Just because these men are afraid to assert their own feelings doesn't mean they don't have any. Often underneath a passive, pliable exterior bubbles a cauldron of emotion. They get angry more than other men; and they worry more and feel guilty more than others do. They often have elaborate daydreams wherein they act with an assertiveness that they are afraid to show in real life. They dream of power and divide the world up between those who dominate and those who submit. Their solitary, fantasy-rich life-style can turn them into excellent artists and writers. You might not want them to head your multinational corporation, but if you're looking for the Great American Novel, you might find one of them quietly writing it. While people who fall in this category may sound a little cockeyed, they're not really in bad shape after all. Evidence shows that they're no more obsessive, compulsive, neurotic, or insomniac than anybody else.

0–50 points:

Men in this category don't change their minds without a fight. It's not easy to persuade them. They have so much confidence in their own beliefs, judgments, and opinions that you can't hook them with a line. From a psychological point of view, they fit the conventional definition of "healthy." They tend to be at ease among strangers. They're mature; they mix easily; they feel good about themselves; they take a direct approach to life. They also test out as being more sexual than are men who are more suggestible. (In one test, for example, psychologists asked their subjects to draw figures of human beings. Highly persuasible men drew figures devoid of sexual characteristics while less easily persuaded men drew robust figures whose sexual characteristics were obvious. Men who are easily persuaded tend to be less aware of sex.) Men in this category dislike opposition, but they usually have enough social grace to hide it tactfully. Still, they are aggressive, hard-driving people. At their best, they are strong, forceful leaders. At their worst, they are the guys trying to make suckers out of the rest of us.

WATCH OUT—
THEY'RE CHANGING YOUR MIND

People whose business it is to persuade others use a variety of techniques that are not always obvious. Politicians, salesmen, and advertisers often employ these techniques instinctively. It's been discovered, for example, that a man who makes eye contact 80 percent of the time is more likely to convince you than one who looks at you less frequently. When people talk louder and faster, they also become more convincing. "Open" body positions and a forward-leaning posture also create a more persuasive atmosphere. So, if the guy across the table from you suddenly uncrosses his arms, leans toward you, looks you right in the eye, and starts talking loud and fast, you can be pretty damn sure that he's trying to sell you something (it may be anything from a set of encyclopedias to a political ideology). And if you don't watch out, there's a good chance that you're gonna buy it.

THE CANDIDATE

BY EDWARD SOREL

THE BARE MINIMUM.

Ahhh, VIVA bikinis. That minimum look is sure to attract maximum looks from interested parties. Top left: Gold lamé bra with thigh high cut string bikini. LW11. $25.00. Top right: Lined metallic white and gold mesh bra and elasticized bikini. LW14. $30.00. Bottom left: White Ciré bra with taupe embroidered daisy petals backed in flesh colored nylon with elasticized bikini. LW05. $26.00. Bottom right: Red Ciré bra with matching elasticized bikini featuring cut out embroidered heart backed in red nylon on the derrière. LW08. $23.00. All bathing suits feature the gold VIVA logo on the bra and come in S-M-L. All have cotton crotch.

Send check or m.o. for amount shown or charge to AE, VISA or MC. Include signature, account #, expiration date plus interbank # for MC, plus $2.00 p&h each to VIVA Bikinis Dept. P, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631. Be sure to use correct code number and size when ordering. To expedite your charge order call our toll free number 800-526-4797.

Because of health reasons bathing suits are not returnable. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Striped sport coats and suits can give you some linear perspective on this season's newest look.

STRIPE TEASE

FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM MURRAY

A leopard can't change its spots, but you can change your stripes. Classic styles are revitalized by a variety of striped fabrics, from rugged corduroy to the elegance of a thin chalk stripe. Straightforward tailoring and fine workmanship guarantee that you'll be wearing these suits year after year without appearing out of date. Don't look for Joan Crawford shoulders or superskinny lapels on the new suits; the conservative economic environment has been reflected in fashion. Today's buyer prefers better quality, finer fabrics, and classic styling that will last. If you want to add a fashionable touch to your wardrobe, look for deep, rich colors in earth tones. Pattern, color, and styling are the keys. These close-ups will clue you in to the important details.

Subdued elegance is the key to this richly tailored, mid-wale, gray-cotton corduroy sport coat (above) ($125) and gray-flannel trousers ($50); outfit by Fitzgerald by John McCoy. The cotton plaid shirt and wool plaid tie are by Gordon of New Orleans. The gold metal Swiss-movement quartz watch ($275) is by Longines. (opposite page, left) The classic look of an all-wool, herringbone-stripe sport coat ($160) is by Cricketeer. The plaid shirt and wool tie are by Calvin Klein Menswear. (opposite page, right) The all-wool, double-breasted sport coat ($185) and gray all-cotton corduroy trousers ($42), shown with wool-and-silk tie ($22.50) and all-cotton plaid shirt ($35), are by Calvin Klein. Her black dress is by Jesper Nyeboe. All ladies' jewelry is by Josh Mazer.

Ladies' clothes styled by Vanessa Murphy; hair and makeup by Mariella Smith-Masters.

The two-piece, all-virgin-wool gray striped suit (opposite page, left) ($466), crepe-de-chine tie ($25.50), and all-cotton shirt ($70) is by Pietrovanni. (opposite page, right) The brown striped, two-piece all-wool suit ($395) is by Quantas for Barney Sampson Co.; the cotton shirt ($70) and the crepe-de-chine tie ($25.50) are both by Pietrovanni. The gold-filled watch with quartz movement ($495) is by Omega. The lady's dress is by Albert Nippon. (above, left) The grape chenille tweed diagonal-weave sport coat ($370) and lamb's wool trousers ($170) are teamed with an all-silk shirt ($120) and a wool-and-cotton tie, ensemble by Jhane Barnes. (above, right) The diagonal-weave wool-and-nylon sport coat ($155) is by Kasper for Leon of Paris. It is accessorized by an all-silk shirt ($60) by Egon Von Furstenberg for Vee Elle Industries. The wool tie ($21.50) is by Calvin Klein. The gold-toned watch with multi-function calendar and quartz movement ($165) is by Bulova.

Pronounced shoulders and notched lapels make this deep-purple, cotton-corduroy double-breasted jacket (above) ($165) a fashion event, especially when worn with plum-colored wool-tweed trousers ($65); the outfit is by Jean-Paul Germain. The white cotton broadcloth button-down shirt and hand-sewn striped silk tie are both by Gordon of New Orleans. The 18-karat yellow-gold watch with leather strap and quartz movement ($2,050) is by Citizen. (opposite page, left) The striped, all-worsted-wool three-piece suit ($225), by Nino Cerruti for M. Wile Co., is stylishly accessorized by a striped 100 percent silk tie ($17.50) by Pierre Cardin. (opposite page, right) The navy, chalk-striped, all-wool three-piece suit ($335) is by Hammonton Park; it is accessorized by a pink shirt and dotted tie by Gordon of New Orleans. The lady's dress is by Frank Masandrea.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 172.

BOXING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

level. Nothing is open here at night. We are not allowed to use the school buildings or the libraries after hours, and there is no town hall. As for the streets, very few of them are lighted, and it's very dangerous in Soweto after dark. Besides, who would dare attend a meeting? The police would have your name by the morning."

Arnold was tough and not afraid to talk in front of whites, as so many of the blacks are. When I asked him about the statements in the local press that many blacks would be rooting for Coetzee because he is their countryman and is liberal on the race issue, he replied: "It is true we like Gerrie [pronounced Harry]. He is a gentleman, not like Knoetze. But root for him? I think not. Soweto will be for Big John Tate for the best of reasons. We hope to see a white man get hit in the face."

When you talk to whites, they see their plight in the most moral terms. They see themselves as a small, courageous country ringed by Marxist-controlled black states and shunned by cowardly Western outsiders who can't understand the Churchillian righteousness of their stand. They update the battered but unbowed British image and contemporize it.

The whites are correct about the potential for their doom if the anger spreads from the leaders of the 1976 Soweto uprising—the "friendly, deadly children" (as South African novelist Nadine Gordimer called them)—to the general black populace. Hostility is inbred in Soweto by denial and degradation, and the channeling of this hostility is the dilemma. Ponder this powder keg: for the (official count) 1.3 million people of Soweto, there are two cinemas, not a single pharmacy, and a handful of telephones. Families numbering up to ten live in four-room brick cabins. The dining room and master bedroom in each is 9 feet by 12 feet, while the kitchen and children's bedrooms are 9 by 9. Once inside, you notice that there are no interior doors or ceilings and no bathrooms. Only 20 percent of these cabins, which cover 33 square miles, have electricity, even though the largest power plant in South Africa is located in Soweto. It is there, as the blacks are, to service white Johannesburg.

Only the intellectuals and the angry children grasp the picture. A doctor working in his clinic asked, "Why are you here? No, I don't want to talk about the fight. I think it's stupid. Why is America sending us a fighter? They know what's going on here. The whole world knows what's going on here, and you want me to talk about Big John Tate. I'm sure he is a nice young man, but I couldn't care less. Why doesn't America send somebody who matters? I'll tell you why—because they need South Africa's wealth and minerals and sea lanes. The Communists want the same thing. Neither side cares about the people. That's why this is allowed to go on. I have no time for this. I have patients to attend to."

But if many of the intellectuals and the politically aware were hostile or not interested in the fight, the common people were consumed by it. They sensed the stock the whites were investing in Coetzee, and though symbolism was a word unknown to them, they realized the psychic import of a Tate win. Though Tate did not venture into Soweto (he had when he was there for the Knoetze bout and was mobbed), fearing injury from the overenthusiastic crowd, he was still deemed a brother.

The most prescient in the society, both black and white, whiff the future. Jock Foxx, a white who runs a Datsun dealership and has traveled in Europe and the United States, thought having the fight in South Africa was productive because "it opens our society a bit to other points of view. . . . There are plenty of whites like me in South Africa who want change, and I'm not just saying that. My God, we have a lifetime and heritage invested here. But I'm afraid the change will not come fast enough. Most people I know also believe that. After centuries of dormancy the history of Africa is moving very swiftly, and we're not moving with it, and in the end it will swallow us up."

Roger Emerson, a brilliant black student of labor who attends the University of Witwatersrand, is among the lucky two percent of his people who achieve college, and his spirit is irrepressible. Walking through the college grounds, he lavishly teased white students: "My brother, John Tate, is going to whip your brother Saturday night. A new day is dawning." His fellow students laughed, but one suspected this was the only setting in which Emerson could get away with such taunting. He merrily espoused his philosophical overview. "Africa was created to make beautiful history. The government, for all its cleverness, cannot last. Oh, they try like hell. They are marvelous at feigning progress. This fight is such an attempt at make-believe change, but I am happy Big John Tate is here. And, God, I hope he wins. My friends claim it means nothing, but a Coetze loss will shake them badly. They really believe he can't lose, you know."

Meanwhile, things weren't going so well for the fight. The government seemed to be fudging on the plans for the integrated stadium setup for the fight, the "liberal" Coetzee banned the Rand *Daily Mail* sports editor from his camp because his paper was "unpatriotic," and back in New York NBC was beginning to catch flak for planning to televise the fight.

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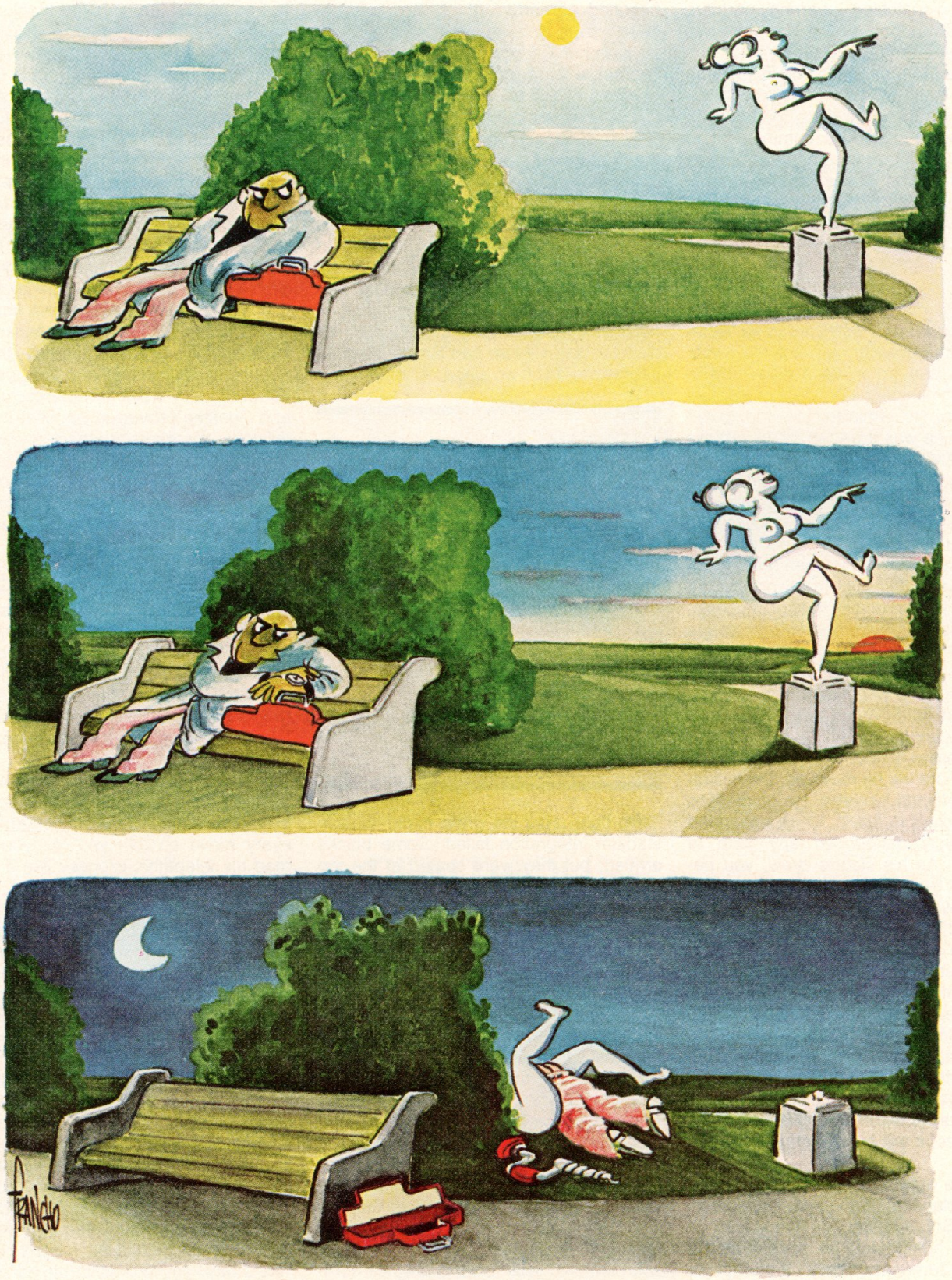
FRANCHO

Despite all this flap, young Tate was the complete stoic, sequestered away in his albino-anointed world, his workouts becoming more and more secret and thereby giving rise to rumors that his hands were arthritically sore or else that he was dispatching sparring partners with such abandon that he was too awesome to be seen.

Arum wasn't so closeted. In fact, he was giving the locals an exclusive view of an impresario gone mad. To start with, he was wary of NBC's commitment to show the fight under fire. Then news reached him that Howard Cosell, awash in his alliteration and whatever they were pouring at a dinner, had called Arum an "apostle of apartheid." Arum, who has never lost sight of how to debate in a Jewish household, began to rant, and the South Africans loved it. He blasted the Coetzee camp as "assholes" and warned the prime minister he'd pull the whole show out and go home if they tried to screw with him on the promise of stadium integration. He reminded all who would listen that he was a backer of the Israelis and had always been associated with the underdog. He promised that he would give Howard the back of his lawyer's hand and that if NBC got cold feet, it would get the same. The South African press, unaccustomed to such public conduct, rallied to his side. In a world where everyone talks politely for fear of reprisal, Arum was peppering every one of his paragraphs with fusillades of "fucks." The press went wild and transformed him into a folk hero who was trying to draw a reluctant South Africa into the realm of twentieth-century sports.

In the press he became "Uncle Bob," and the more ink he received, the broader his demands became. He envisioned *every* stadium in South Africa integrated and publicly denounced any form of apartheid. As his stature grew, you began to get the feeling he wouldn't be happy till he was shot in a theater.

But with 48 hours to go to fight time, the South African press reverted to form and started to imply that Tate would resort to butting and foul tactics. These stories were based not on any factual information or any past history of Tate's performances, but on the white man's estimate of the black man's moral worth — or perhaps on the lack of belief in Coetzee's physical worth. The gist was: if the white loses, it will be subterfuge, not supremacy.

The one outwardly unflappable person on the planning side was bankroller-hotelier Sol Kerzner. If the beds in Kerzner's hotels were as smooth as the owner's demeanor, nary a sleepless night would be spent in a Kerzner flop. Kerzner has a calling for the collar of capitalist-evangelist. Cagneyesque in stature and intensity, he was forever collaring the visiting press (at parties, usually hosted by him) and stating that with their help he could turn this country around. After ten minutes with the "diminutive dynamo" (the descriptive nickname his flunkies most often applied), you got the feeling that South Africa was your true calling, and cynical reporters were soon trundling into their beds with besotted dreams of being carbon-smeared Dr. Schweitzers. Kerzner, a loyal member of the National party (of course), was saying that if we curbed our opinions of the country in the press, we all could do this again next year.

With such exhortation from all sides, the fight would have had to be a disappointment unless, when the victor was announced, the vanquished race was struck dead. Such was the setting for this genetic Götterdämmerung. The outsider Tate's concern was less cosmic—he simply wanted the belt. The same was probably true of Coetzee, but like it or not, his people heaped their burden on him. Not since Ahab had a man been so haunted by such an alabaster monolith.

> The blacks once again got a cosmetic, symbolic victory, an all-night drunk—and the hangover, which is probably less painful than the everyday awareness of living there.

On fight night the great experiment in stadium integration failed. Some blacks arrived, but they were seated at the top of the stadium, which is traditionally known as "nigger heaven." Most likely, they had stayed away because of economics or fear or a parlay of the two.

But they were the only ones who stayed away. The soccer oval was stretched with 81,000 fans. Arum was ecstatic; the evening would prove one of the most successful promotions of his career. Only one thing stung him—NBC had jobbed him. They had taped an interview with him and a handful of reporters and then orchestrated their responses on the conditions in South Africa, playing them off against a group of blacks in a studio in New York. The gimmick was that the two groups were not in the same studio, and Arum and the press at the fight sounded like shills for South Africa compared with the blacks, whose virulent attacks the other side had no chance to rebut. Worse yet, the segment was produced by Hilary Cosell, Howard's daughter. And to top it off, executive producer Don Ohlmeyer, formerly of ABC (the Sorbonne of sleaze journalism) and of Cosell's "Monday Night Football" production staff, ran a short film before the fight footage, coyly titled "Will It Play in Pretoria?" The film showed the bucolic white suburbs of South Africa and then—with gunfire on the sound track—switched to freeze frames that showed blacks being shot in Soweto in 1976. With this maneuver, NBC attempted to absolve themselves from the proceedings à la Pontius Pilate. With it they tried to placate the black protesters of the fight picketing their studios while they satisfied their own greed with high ratings and commercial money by proceeding to show the fight.

So the prologue dwarfed the fight. In the midst of snapping guard dogs, thousands of uniformed police and military personnel, the national anthem "Die Stem" being sung in the night by 81,000 in a huge, open-air arena, the fight was lost. The behind-the-stage machinations, the launching of the enterprise, the maneuvering for money, and the posturing about morality were the true drama. Tate and Coetzee proved to be what most intelligent observers suspected—two talented young fighters in desperate need of seasoning. They bordered on amateurishness, and the endless credits that rolled before them were too burdensome for their limited talents to bear.

From the beginning the fight was a reversal of the stereotypical roles assigned to the races. Coetzee, the representative of the "white thinking class," behaved mercurially, à la Ali, attempting flashing combinations and right-hand leads and delivering a constant stream of snarling taunts. By God, he bordered on being "uppity."

The black Tate, on the other hand, conducted himself with the studied decorum of an investment banker, pondering his every move so that you felt you could read his telepathic process like a ticker-tape on a dull day.

By virtue of his aggression in the first two rounds, Coetzee gave his countrymen heart. Tate was somnambulistic, plodding around the ring in the rote pattern usually associated with novice foxtrotters at an Arthur Murray dance studio. Consternation began to fill the hearts of his followers. Yet there was no reason for panic. Coetzee's most impressive weapon was his mouth: "I'm going to knock you on your ass." You soon divined that if he was going to accomplish that, it would have to be with his vaunted right, since he used his left as frequently as the pope does his from his balcony.

In the third round Coetzee's moment arrived when he landed a right flush on Tate's jaw. The crowd climaxed as Tate bobbled momentarily in mid-ring, much like a drinker taking a step off a bar stool. He then seemed to think about it for a moment and accepted the condition: *I can handle that.* The psychic field now shifted to Tate. After he had faced the worst and not crumbled, his confidence

was restored, and he methodically went to work. Tate had the fight plan of an honest laborer: dig-dig-dig underneath. He was in no hurry to move upstairs.

After seven rounds, the fight was even, and dull. Indeed, the political message being sounded was that integration might prove boring rather than catastrophic.

From the eighth on, Tate carried the fight. Coetzee's pummeled midsection negated his feet. His ass began to seek the ropes. When he reached that response, Tate shifted to the head. The good burghers, ever so mindful of how humans are dismantled, acquiesced with sullen muteness. Tate, now using left hooks, began to buffet Coetzee around the perimeter of the ring. His execution was so ponderous that you had to believe even an ancient Ali might escape his clumsy onslaught. Indeed, such a match might be comic, reminiscent of a flighty Chaplin eluding a pursuing hulk.

From the eleventh on, it was Tate's turn to taunt. "If you're going to put me on my ass, you better hurry," and "It's gettin' late." Coetzee, like his comrades in the audience, was too drained for anger. It was only time that kept Coetzee from being knocked out. When the bell ended the fifteenth, he was flirting with the canvas.

When the unanimous decision for Tate was announced, half the crowd was already making for the exits with heads down, like monks returning to chapel to ponder a weakness in their theology. This night, only sad Soweto would raise clamorous voices into the dawn.

A few days later the fight caravan was packed and ready to leave. Tate, claiming to be pressed for time and once again citing security problems, never got to Soweto for a victory farewell. He had his belt, though, and there would be lucrative fights in the future. Coetzee, in defeat, had the biggest payday of his life. Arum had nearly two mil and a champion to foil Don King. Kerzner made a $600,000 profit plus millions worth of publicity for his hotel chain and upcoming craps parlor. Ali would get his final quarter of a mil for descending. The government got just what it wanted—more time. Asinine articles proclaiming "cracks" in apartheid appeared in some American publications. Others asserted that South Africa was just like the U.S. in the 1940s and that now the country was starting to come into its own.

The blacks once again got a cosmetic, symbolic victory, an all-night drunk—and the hangover, which is probably less painful than the everyday awareness of living there. But for a while, while the world was peeking in, they got promises. The opinions of South Africa's blacks were sought, their tip plates were enriched, and they were constantly sweet-talked. That was the effect of the world peeking in. The dark epilogue is that the sons of Ham were once again sugared but not cured.

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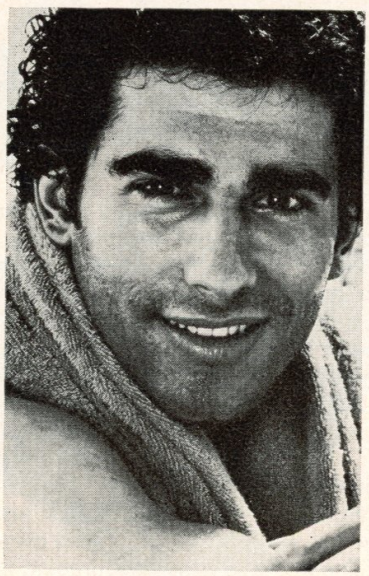

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BARBIZON FOR MEN

Rover fanatics will be happy to learn that their favorite British car is coming back to the States, after a nine-year absence, as a new V-8 touring sedan that has already won the European Car of the Year Award.

RETURN OF THE ROVER

BY WADE HOYT

Americans like Englishmen because they have class, manners, good breeding, and engaging little eccentricities. These same traits characterize the Rover 3500, a most English car despite its Italian styling, American V-8 engine, and Teutonically efficient interior.

Americans who are at all familiar with the Rover name probably know only of the Land Rover, a sturdy, four-wheel-drive utility vehicle no longer available in the United States. But the Rover pedigree goes back to the dawn of the automotive age. In 1877 a traditional family workshop was founded in Coventry, England, to make bicycles. In 1904, the firm entered the automobile field with a single-cylinder, two-seat Rover motorcar. The company's emphasis on speed with safety first took root in 1907, when a 20-hp Rover won the Tourist Trophy on the Isle of Man. In 1930 a Rover Light Six was entered in a match race against the famous Blue Train of France. The Rover covered 750 miles in 20 hours and entered Calais 20 minutes ahead of the Continental express.

Land Rovers and Rover sedans were sold in America until 1971, when the new U.S. smog and safety regulations forced the company to withdraw from this market. Ironically, Rover has always prided itself on the built-in safety of its vehicles. One memorable advertisement documented the crash and roll of a sedan that was spirited away for an unauthorized, high-speed midnight run by a Rover employee. The car spun out on a slick road and bounced off every stone wall and stoop in a sleepy little English village. Yet its driver emerged unscathed and was able to walk all the way to the unemployment office.

British Leyland, the company that imports Rovers, was so busy attempting to meet the new U.S. laws with its more popular Austins, Jaguars, MGs, and Triumphs that the Rovers were unceremoniously dropped from their model lineup.

Back in England, work began on an all-new Rover, designed from the ground up to meet both current English and anticipated U.S. requirements. The result was the Rover 3500, introduced in England in 1976. An international panel of automotive journalists bestowed upon it the coveted European Car of the Year Award, and a panel of British engineering, insurance, and safety associations awarded it the Don Safety Trophy. But what kind of car is it?

On the suface the engineering seems conventional: front-engine, rear-drive, coil spring suspension. But conventional cars aren't named European Car of the Year. It was the subtle details and execution of the design that won points for the Rover.

The live rear axle has an extraordinary nine inches of vertical travel. Transverse Watts linkage allows virtually no side-to-side movement, and load-leveling shocks compensate for cargo weight. The result is exceptional comfort *and* handling.

The diminutive 3½ liter (215-cubic-inch) aluminum V-8 engine began its life in Buick and Oldsmobile compacts in the early 1960s. GM then sold the tooling to Rover, which completely Anglicized the power plant, adding electronic ignition and fuel injection and raising its redline to 5,100 rpm. Its 148 hp propels the 3,200-lb. car from zero to 60 mph in ten seconds, with a top speed of just under 120 mph.

A power system locks or unlocks all five doors at a turn of the key in either front door. The signal-seeking electronic AM/FM stereo radio and cassette player is fascinatingly complex and comes with its own eight-page owner's manual. All four seats have lap and shoulder safety harnesses. The luxurious velour and corduroy interior can be converted into a medium-sized station wagon by removing the rear package shelf and folding the seat-backs forward. Other charming eccentricities include a matching pair of glove compartments, a modular instrument pod that sits atop the dashboard, and a button to deactivate the rear power windows (a safety device for families with small children).

In England this class of car is traditionally purchased by corporations and given to upper-level executives as a tax-free part of their compensation packages. But will it sell in America? That was the question behind a long series of secret marketing clinics and previews in which the Rover 3500 was shown to the owners of selected foreign cars. The results were so encouraging to British Leyland that they changed their corporate name to Jaguar Rover Triumph, Inc.

A long list of standard equipment makes the $15,900 Rover one of the best buys in its class. A five-speed overdrive transmission; air conditioning; mag wheels; power windows and front-, side-, and rear-window defrosters; a carpeted trunk; remote-control outside mirrors; full instrumentation; power steering, with a tilting and telescoping wheel; and cruise control are all part of the list price. Considering the price of comparable imported luxury cars, 16 grand may well be a limited-time special introductory offer.

Photographs by Gary Heary

ROVER

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

say, 12 years ago more than what she's doin' now. That's the real Dolly that I love, where she wrote and sang from the heart. But y'know, if someone wants to become more successful as a movie actress or by singin' pop, rock, whatever, more power to 'em. I'd want people to accept me if I try something else—but they don't have much cause to worry.

Penthouse: What do you think of progressive country artists like Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris?

Wynette: I think Emmylou is one of the greatest talents to come along in years. She's pure country, though it's different from my kind of country.

Penthouse: Exactly what is your kind of country?

Wynette: I guess you could call it contemporary country. But that doesn't mean I can't do straight country. I love to record with a 100-piece orchestra, but I'll turn right around and cut a song with just fiddle and steel guitar.

See, today there's a lot more leeway in country music, but there are still definite categories. There's progressive country, pure country, outlaw music, western-swing, bluegrass—they're all just divisions of country. You know, so many people say, "Don't put me in a category." But I *want* to be in a category. I want my fans to know what kind of music they're gonna hear from me.

Penthouse: What do you think of the popularity of "outlaw" country music?

Wynette: A lot of people thought it was gonna be something that was gonna take over country music, that if you didn't go that route you wouldn't sell any records. So, in a way, it's been a gimmick. Now as far as people like Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings are concerned, both of 'em are completely unique—real stylists. But they're not doing anything different from what they were doing 15 years ago. The only change is that now they've got beards and they wear funky old clothes.

Penthouse: Do you listen to rock music?

Wynette: With six kids in the house, I listen to plenty of it. But next to country my favorite music is rhythm and blues. I love Ray Charles, *idolize* the man. Aretha Franklin is fantastic, and Gladys Knight and the Pips are one of the greatest things that ever happened to music. Now I don't like this acid rock—hard, hard rock. I don't really like groups like the Who, 'cause I can't hear the words. All I hear is loud music. But I have taken the kids to some rock concerts. We saw Blood, Sweat and Tears, and I took them to see Elvis a couple of times.

The only thing I don't like about rock concerts is the drugs. The minute the concert starts all you can see is joints bein' lit up. It scares me a little bit. Now, I'm not sayin' I haven't tried marijuana. I have, but it didn't really do anything for me. I don't know . . . maybe what I had wasn't any good or something. And my two eldest daughters have told me they've tried it. Now, when I was growin' up, we snuck a beer, or maybe a cigarette, so I can't condemn them if they're honest enough to tell me. But if I found out they were doin' LSD or Angel Dust, I'd put my foot down right away. I've seen what it does to people.

Penthouse: Why do you think country artists tend to prefer booze or uppers, while rock artists go for harder drugs?

Wynette: I don't know, really. I asked Jones one time, "Why did you get drunk?" And he said, "Well, everybody else was gettin' drunk. . ." I think that says a lot, 'cause you know, when you're a musician you've got people coming out of the woodwork with "Hey, man, I got a bottle in my pocket. You wanna drink?" I think they get thrown into it, and then it becomes a crutch.

Now lots of country people are using uppers and grass. Some of 'em are using coke. I think a lot of it comes from the way we travel. We go by bus, so for a long time people have been poppin' pills to stay awake, whereas the rock people just hop on a Learjet and they're in the next town—they don't have all those miles to travel by bus. I guess different life-styles make people take different sorts of drugs. It really is two completely different worlds.

Penthouse: Why don't we ever hear an antinuke or gay-rights country song?

Wynette: I can only speak for myself, really. Now, I have my political viewpoints, but when I'm writing I don't like to get into controversial stuff. I'd rather write a sad, sloppy tearjerker—somethin' about divorce or heartache, or a love song. Take a song like "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" or one like "Stand By Your Man"—look how many people that affects. It doesn't matter whether they're pop, rock, country . . . *whatever.* So I try and do those kinds of songs, songs about the real things that happen in life. Somebody has a drinkin' problem, or I'm not satisfied at home . . . I'm in love with somebody else, and I wanna leave and go to that guy, but I can't, 'cause he's married. Things like that happen every day, and those are the things I like to write about. Call it corny if you want to.

Penthouse: People have called it a lot worse than that.

Wynette: That reminds me of an incident that happened recently on a talk show that Roy Clark was hosting. There was this comedian on the show—a guy who does a lot of work in Vegas—who kept sayin' to Roy, "How can you play that terrible old hillbilly music? I just don't understand." And Roy said, "Well, I just like country music is all." And the guy said, "Well, I can't understand that, 'cause it all sounds the same to me." Then Roy looked the guy straight in the eye and said, "You know, I don't know why I do that stuff. Maybe it has something to do

with the fact that I'm the host of this show and you're my guest." Man, I woulda like to died! I tried to find out where Roy was staying so I could send him a telegram. 'Cause I've gotten a lot of the same criticism from people like that, and it really makes me mad.

Penthouse: Is it the word *hillbilly* that makes you mad?

Wynette: Yeah. When I first went to Nashville, it meant "uneducated" . . . like the people on "The Beverly Hillbillies." So I've always hated the word. I like the word *country,* 'cause I am country. I don't like the term *country-western,* 'cause I don't sing "Back in the Saddle Again." Gene Autry sings country-western, or maybe Marty Robbins, but I sing country songs. Not country-*western*, and *not* hillbilly. 'Course, if we were in North Carolina and somebody said, "I just love that hillbilly music," I'd overlook it, 'cause they're talkin' about that good ol' mountain music. But mostly I think of it as a put-down word.

Penthouse: An awful lot of women's libbers felt that you were putting *them* down when you came out with "Stand By Your Man."

Wynette: We kinda got caught in a trap there. I wrote that song with my producer, Billy Sherrill, in September of '68, and I think the first bra-burning was in August of '68; so it was really a case of bad timing. I didn't intend for it to be anything more than just a pretty love song. Today I still like the song, and I still believe in it. Like the line "If you love him, you'll forgive him"—that's true. 'Cause you may not like him, but if you love him and you're gonna live with him, you're gonna have to forgive him. In my case I had to believe that, 'cause if I hadn't, every time Jones came home drunk and I didn't forgive him I would've left him.

Penthouse: There's another line in that song that says, " 'Cause after all he's just a man." What did you mean by that?

Wynette: After all, he's only human. He's gonna make mistakes. He's gonna do things that you don't like. That's all. I didn't intend for it to be puttin' down men or anything.

And as far as women's lib goes, well, I *do* sympathize with some of the causes, like a woman bein' paid the same as a man. But sometimes I think that the ladies makin' the most noise are the least liberated. I feel like I'm liberated—I've always felt that way—because I've been the breadwinner. I had to go out and feed my family all my life. I didn't have time to go 'round squawkin' about some cause, because I was too busy workin'. Besides, I think that the good Lord made us different for a reason. I may be old-fashioned, but I still like my cigarettes bein' lit for me, my luggage carried for me, and doors bein' opened for me. I think mentally we're equal, but I have no desire to go out and dig ditches or climb telephone poles. Of course, if I were a professor in a college and a male pro-

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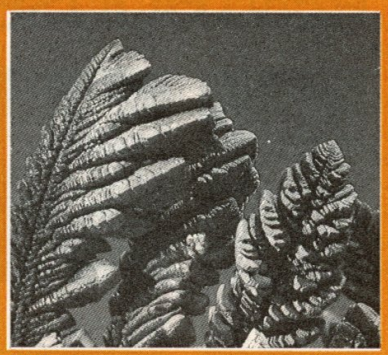

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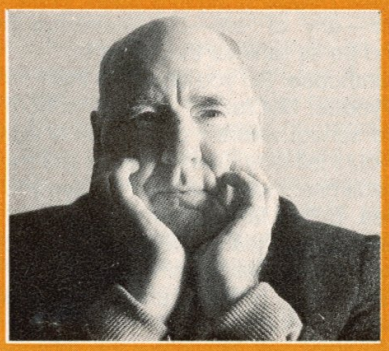

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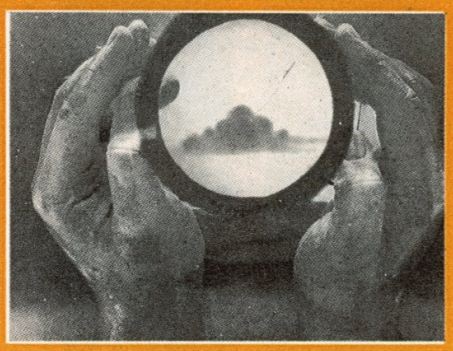

FICTION

CARTOGRAPHER OF CONSCIOUSNESS—If you climbed inside a hallucination, what would you see? Dr. Ronald Siegel, of the Neuropsychiatric Institute at UCLA, knows. He trains psychonauts to descend into the realms of drug-induced illusion and return with objective reports of what they've seen. Dr. Siegel's unique studies of hallucinogenic experiences uncover important new facts about the roots of human consciousness. Writer Brian Van der Horst takes you on a guided tour through inner space in September's *Omni.*

FUTURE CARS—The automobile is dead. Long live the automobile? Not so, says automotive engineer and SF writer Dean Ing. The next generation of American dream machines will render OPEC obsolete. Superlightweight, superaerodynamic, and supersafe, these sedans, coupes, and uni-cars will still be sexy enough to satisfy all kinds of libidinal needs—on a third less gas or no gas at all. This month in *Omni* we put you behind the computerized instrument panel to take a test drive in tomorrow's visionary ground vehicles.

SPECTACULAR FAKES—Are you outraged by the skyrocketing cost of gems? Can't afford real diamonds and emeralds? You'll be even more outraged to know that your highly prized jewels may not be real. Synthetic gems created by modern technology have become so perfect that experts, too, are having a difficult time distinguishing them from natural stones. But don't worry, because—as gemologist Joel Arem explains in the September *Omni*—synthetic gems are still worth their weight in real diamonds to modern society.

INTERVIEW—Work expands to fill the time allowed for it. With that simple law, C. Northcote Parkinson started a revolution in modern thought. Parkinson's laws, which show how bureaucracy almost inevitably swallows up progress, are as much a part of the contemporary world as the laws of Newton. Meet this insightful professor this month in *Omni.*

SCIENCE FICTION—This month *Omni* presents Robert Silverberg's first story in seven years, "Our Lady of the Sauropods." Stranded in a space habitat populated by cloned dinosaurs, a scientist is given the opportunity to study these huge beasts—if she survives. "In the Hereafter Hilton" finds Bob Shaw's criminal protagonist waiting to hear whether he's been condemned to death, and Sherwood Springer puts a new twist on an old joke in "Only You, Fanzy."

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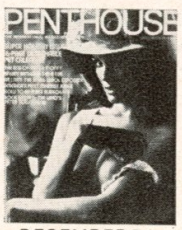
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fessor made more money than I did, you can bet I'd scream and shout.

Penthouse: Are you paid fairly?

Wynette: I am now, but it hasn't always been that way. When Jones and I were married in '68, the highest money I was gettin' was $750 a night—and I'd had some hits by then. It was up to Loretta and me and a few others to pave the way for women, 'cause when I first came to Nashville women couldn't even get bookings. But after a few hit records things started changing.

But even now things aren't completely fair. Just a little example: guys can still go out and miss dates, wreck hotel rooms, and generally get by with more than a woman can. We can't tell jokes onstage like the guys do. We have to get by telling *cute* jokes, while Jones, or Merle Haggard, Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson—any of 'em—can stand up there and be as rank as they want to.

Penthouse: Do you object to that?

Wynette: Not really. I guess I'm from the old school where I don't think a woman should tell dirty jokes—unless she's a comedienne. I was just tryin' to give you the idea. But as far as the money goes, I will have to say that, at least for the top female artists, we're bein' paid fairly.

Penthouse: Is there anything you want that you couldn't have?

Wynette: Well, there are lots of things I don't have, but it's not 'cause I can't afford 'em. It's because they're not important to me. But no, there's really nothin' I couldn't have materially—if that's what you mean.

Penthouse: Yet you've described yourself as an "average woman."

Wynette: I do feel that I'm an average woman in that I can relate to the woman that comes to see me. I've gone through the same things. I've worked in a shoe factory, a doctor's office. I've been a hairdresser, a waitress . . . I've picked cotton. I've had the divorces, the drinkin' problems, the fights . . .

Penthouse: You also have a house with 15 bathrooms.

Wynette: Right. And no time to spend in it, 'cause I'm out on the road working—staying in Holiday Inns. You know I've often said that the only way success has changed me is that I've got a bigger house to live in, more food to eat, and no time to spend in that house—and when we're there, we live on hot dogs and hamburgers. I don't feel that having possessions, having money, makes me—as a woman—any different from the woman that comes to see me. On the other hand, I've been rich and I've been poor, and I'd be lyin' if I said I'd rather be poor. Folks are always talkin' about the good old days, but for me they weren't so good. Fact is, I'm glad they're gone.

Penthouse: Are your bad times over now?

Wynette: Well, I've been quite ill a number of times. I've had nine major operations in the past eight years. I've had an appendectomy, a hysterectomy, a gallbladder operation, four operations for adhesions, and two bladder suspensions. But I can live with all of that, because I've accepted certain facts about my life.

Penthouse: Didn't you also go through a severe psychological depression.

Wynette: Yes, I was down—about as down as a person can get. And I did have to undergo shock treatments at one point.

Penthouse: Did you try to commit suicide?

Wynette: No, I didn't. What happened was that I had some Valium and some sleeping pills. And I would take one Valium, and an hour later I'd think, "Oh, these aren't doing me any good," and I'd take another one. Then, before I'd get ready to go to bed, I'd think, "Well, I've got some sleeping pills, too, so I'll take a couple of those," not realizing that all this was building up in my system. And before I knew it, I wound up in the hospital with my stomach being pumped. But no, I didn't consciously try to commit suicide, though I don't think there's a person alive that hasn't thought at some time, "Boy, this whole world would be a better place if I wasn't even in it." But I've just got too many people dependent upon me, and I would never want to make them suffer.

Penthouse: Did you ever consider going into analysis?

Wynette: No, not really. But the way I was raised, going to a psychiatrist was just somethin' that never entered my mind. I wasn't really aware that there were people like that. When I was a child, the only doctor we had was a family doctor, who would come out and make house calls if we had whooping cough or measles—somethin' like that. So I didn't really think about it. I never would have had the shock treatments if my doctor hadn't told me to. Of course, now I would go to somebody if I had a serious problem that was troublin' my mind, just like I'd go to a medical doctor if I had a stomach problem.

But at the time I didn't think like that. All I knew was that everything was really confused, and I couldn't figure out what was goin' on. When my doctor came into my room, I wouldn't even communicate with him. For 12 days he'd come in and try to talk to me, and I just wouldn't say anything. So, on the twelfth day he got mad and said, "Okay, I'm gonna hang a 'No Visitors' sign on your door, and until you get ready to talk to me there's gonna be nobody in this room." When he walked out, I couldn't stand the thought of being all alone, and I ran out after him and said, "Wait, I'll talk."

But today I would go to see somebody, because I think it's important to understand why you've got these problems in your mind. A lot of mine had to do with the way I was raised up. My mother was

really strict. I never really did any dating right up until my first marriage, and she never talked to me about sex. Everything I knew about sex was something I learned from the kids at school, which was all wrong, 'cause all they knew was what they'd heard from somebody else. They'd come from the same kind of family that I did, where sex was not talked about. It was just *not* discussed.

Even when I married Jones, I was totally naive. I didn't feel like a total woman, and I thought, "Maybe I won't please him" or "Maybe I don't know how to make him happy." It really took Jones to make me realize that I *was* a total woman. I just had never been told by anybody that I was. And afterwards—when Jones was completely happy and I was completely happy—I thought, "Well, shoot, girl! There's nothin' wrong with you."

Penthouse: Do you think that you might have been trying to get back at your mother by marrying so many times?

Wynette: After the first divorce, and then the second one, I did think of that. Sort of like "Well, I don't care if you like it or not. I'm not gonna stay married any longer than I'm in love." I didn't directly blame my mother, but maybe if I'd had a better relationship with her I wouldn't have run away the first time.

I'll tell you, though, I think that through all those bad times the thing I've gotten by on more that anything else is faith—and I've got plenty of that. Not that it hasn't been shaken a few times, but I've never lost it.

Penthouse: How would you describe that faith?

Wynette: I have a very strong Southern Baptist upbringing. I was practically raised in the church. I know that when I die I'm going to either one of two places, and I'm going to do my best to get to the good one. I don't expect any jewels in my crown, but I *do* hope I'll have a crown.

Penthouse: In her interview with us, Loretta Lynn said that she believed in reincarnation. Do you?

Wynette: No, I don't. Loretta and I are very close, but I don't understand her beliefs in reincarnation, and I'd like to talk to her. I'd like to say, "Loretta, if you really think about it, I think you're getting away from what you truly believed in the beginning." I'm not puttin' her down for it, but it's just not my belief. But then Loretta's always had a thing for Ouija boards and séances, and I know her mother was a palm reader or something—so through the years it's been a thing with her.

Penthouse: Both you and Loretta still spend about nine months of the year on the road. Why?

Wynette: For my part, I guess I'm just hooked on the road. I gripe and complain . . . I'm worn out, tired, and I want to go home. But after about three days off I'm thinkin', "Man, I can't wait to get back out again."

Penthouse: Isn't it lonely?

Wynette: Just the opposite. I mean—look, my daughters fly out to see me whenever they want. I have my husband with me—he's my musical conductor—and my band is just like family to me. No, if anything I need to get off and be by myself every once in a while.

Penthouse: Do you ever feel isolated from the rest of the world?

Wynette: I don't let that happen, 'cause I think it's dangerous. And when I do feel like it's happenin', I'll get in my car and take the kids to a movie or out to dinner. Sometimes people come up to us, and yes, it irritates me if we're eating and somebody comes up and says, "I hate to bother you but . . ." But then, when they leave, I think, "What if they didn't do that?" When they stop comin', that's when I'm gonna get scared. That was one of the reasons I wrote the book. The guy from Simon & Schuster had asked me three times to do it, and I said, "I don't think my life's over yet. I'd rather wait fifteen years." And he said point-blank, "Maybe in fifteen years nobody's going to care about Tammy Wynette." And I thought, "God, I hadn't thought about that." I think that every performer has that fear, and yet we *do* need our privacy. It's strange—kind of like a, ah . . ."

Penthouse: A love-hate relationship with the audience?

Wynette: Well, I never quite thought of it like that, but I guess that's what it is, isn't it?

Penthouse: Elvis Presley is an example of a star who protected himself to the point of total isolation. Do you think that much protection is ever necessary?

Wynette: No. I think that Elvis's death was really tragic, and a lot of it had to do with how isolated he was. He was a victim of circumstances. He couldn't go anyplace alone, and finally he just withdrew. He had his friends—the Memphis Mafia—around him all the time. But they protected him in ways that weren't always necessary. I know, 'cause I had a run-in one time with his people.

I'd read several articles that said Elvis wanted to meet me, because we came from the same part of the country—he was born just 28 miles from where I was born—and that he liked my singing. And I was a great fan of his. At one point I was in my home in Florida, and I saw he was working in West Palm Beach, right close to me. I called and got in touch with the guy who took all his calls, and I asked him if I could please come backstage and meet Elvis. He told me that they were all sold out, so I said, "Look, I won't bother him, I won't bug him, I won't hang around. I just want to come backstage and say hello." He told me he'd get back to me. Well, about an hour later the phone rang, and the same guy said, "Tammy, do you know any places where we could eat after the show?" So I gave him the names of a couple of places, and then he said, "Tell you what. Maybe you

IN THE SEPTEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

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can just take us there." And I said, "Meaning *who*?" He said, "Oh, me and you—and didn't you say you had a couple of girl friends, 'cause there'll be a few of us?" I said, "That's *not* what I had in mind." Then he said, "Well, like I said earlier, it's awfully crowded backstage tonight. Maybe you could come to one of the shows later on."

Two months later Elvis was dead. And I was really angry that this one guy had kept me from seeing him. These were the people he depended on for protection, but they weren't always looking out for him. They convinced him he had to retreat from the world, which I think had a lot to do with why he died so young.

Penthouse: Didn't you feel like retreating after your kidnapping?

Wynette: No possible way. I was back onstage two nights after it happened. I didn't want to go out looking the way I looked, 'cause I was awfully bruised and beaten, but I think had I stayed home and not gone, I would've gotten the feeling "Well, I didn't do that show—maybe I should cancel the next one." And I didn't want to do that. Besides, I'm a firm believer in what's-gonna-happen's-gonna-happen. I really believe that the good Lord—if he knows every hair on my head, he knows when it's my time to go.

Penthouse: Did the police ever find out who was responsible for the kidnapping?

Wynette: No, they didn't. Though in my mind, I feel I know who was responsible. But I'd prefer to let it be—if it will.

Penthouse: Why is that?

Wynette: To accuse certain people could cause a lot more problems. What I will say is that there was more than one person involved. They were people who had approached me about doing some things career-wise—very legitimate things in the business—and I'd said no. Now, there was reasons for sayin' no, and there was reasons for them not to like that.

What the police do know now is that it was all preplanned. In fact, three people in Nashville said that they knew four hours ahead of time that I was going to be kidnapped. Later, security found out that six of our seven phone lines had been tapped—even the one in the basement. And these people had a place set up in the woods that surround our house where they had built a little seat to sit on, and the phone box was down at the bottom instead of up at the top. All they had to do was sit there and listen. And they could see right into the house when the curtains weren't pulled.

But nothing's happened since then, so I don't really want to pursue it. I just hope that it's all in the past.

Penthouse: What do you want from your future?

Wynette: I just want to keep my fans. I know that you can only be on top for so long—then you're just *a* country singer and not the number-one country singer. And I'm prepared to accept that, because bein' on top is something that's always going to be just temporary.

Penthouse: Nevertheless, you are considered the queen of country music. What sort of pressure does that put on you?

Wynette: First of all, I think that Kitty Wells is the queen of country music, because she helped so many of the girls get started. When I went to Nashville, there were maybe only four or five girl singers, but now there's more of 'em than you can count. As for pressure, well—I don't know. Certainly the competition is tougher, but I think that's healthy. I don't think "I'm gonna beat Loretta" or anything like that. It's more like: "Crystal Gayle has a fantastic record out right now, and if I'm gonna stay in the running I'm gonna have to come up with something as good as hers." So the competition's good for us. You can't slouch around and say, "Well, shoot, people are always gonna remember my name, and I don't have to work." Not true.

Penthouse: So you're actually serious about keeping up your hairdresser's license?

Wynette: You bet I am.

Penthouse: You mean you think that this could all be gone?

Wynette: I don't just think it. I know it. I've seen it happen to too many artists. If my next album didn't do anything, and then the one after that didn't do anything, well, that would be it. I suppose I'd be able to keep working just on the strength of my past hits. But I don't want to do that. I want to have somethin' that they like now. And if I don't, well, then I'll just do something else. And I know I could adjust my life to it, 'cause I still feel lucky to have come this far. Sometimes I have to blink my eyes, 'cause I think I'm still dreaming.

Penthouse: In a sense your life *has* been a fairy tale. Do you ever feel that it was meant to happen?

Wynette: That's hard to say. Back when I was playing in beer joints and draggin' three little kids all over town, trying to make a living and hating myself for not going back to the beauty shop—well, something was keeping me going. So I suppose it *was* meant to be. I do feel that it's born in you to sing or not to sing, and that if I didn't use my talents, the good Lord might take 'em away from me. He gave 'em to me for a reason. So it would be a disservice to my religious beliefs if I didn't sing, 'cause that's what He intended for me to do. It's really a ministry in its own way. Still, with all the good things, my life hasn't been a bed of roses—so I'm not quite sure it's been like a fairy tale.

Penthouse: Perhaps soap opera is more like it.

Wynette: Yeah, that sounds about right.

Penthouse: The analogy doesn't bother you?

Wynette: You kidding? That's what country music is all about. Besides, I've always loved soap operas.

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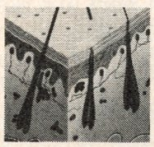
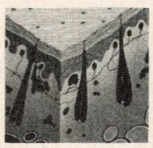


Sebaceous matter in the scalp can make normal, healthy hair follicles (left) begin to shrivel and atrophy (right).



Continued buildup of sebum can choke and weaken hair follicle. As a result, hair fallout can occur.

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SLUGGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

ago to score during a game against the New York Mets by the simple expedient of trying to put his head through the formidable bulk of Mets catcher John Stearns. Stearns managed to hold on to the ball during that frightening collision at home plate, and Parker wound up with a broken jaw. Such kamikaze-like recklessness and will to win cause ripples of fear (and respect) down the baseball grapevine, and Parker has acquired the reputation of a man to steer clear of on the ballfield. As Los Angeles Dodgers pitcher Don Sutton has said of him, "Parker's the most awesome, devastating hitter in the National League."

Like so much else about Parker, the reputation seems contradictory, considering his quiet off-field personality. Parker acknowledges his reputation for ferocity on the field and explains its genesis ten years ago, when, as a senior at Courter Technical High School in Cincinnati, the world in effect came to him on a platter. He had been one of the country's greatest high-school athletes, winning all-state honors in football, baseball, and basketball. He was also one of the most hotly recruited: he received nearly 100 scholarship offers for college football alone but turned them all down to become a fourteenth-round draft choice of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

"So there I was," he says. "I was sacrificing an education to play the game. I felt I could play the game and play it just as well—or better—than anybody who had ever played it. So I knew my back was against the wall; I had to excel and achieve at this profession, because I had turned down an education to do it. And I went at it like there ain't no tomorrow: this is it. When I first got to the major leagues, I bought a jacket, a Pirate jacket. I put on the back, 'Beware of Dog Parker Number 39.' The reason I did that was because to achieve the stardom I dreamed about, and the intensity I had, I warned people about it. The message was directed at anybody that was holding the position that I played."

Parker's path to superstardom is the nearly classic story of at least a dozen other great black athletes who have hit, dunked, or run their way out of the ghettos. Born in Jackson, Miss., into a poor family that included six children, Parker and his family moved to Cincinnati when he was four (there his father worked as a shipping clerk). At nine, already big, Parker batted for the first time in baseball and hit a 400-foot home run. ("I just stood there at the plate and cried without going around the bases. I was upset because I had broken the bat.")

At 12, Parker lied about his age and got a job selling hot dogs, peanuts, and lemonade at Crosley Field, then the home of the Cincinnati Reds. Parker was a failure at the job, since, as he now admits, he spent most of his time there watching such stars as Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson. Parker was determined to become a baseball superstar like Robinson, and by the time the Pirates picked him in the 1970 draft, his skills had matured to that most awesome of all baseball talents: a devastating combination of power and speed. (Rare, since big men are usually power hitters without speed, and smaller players are usually very fast but without power.)

The Pirates sent him to the minor leagues for experience, and by 1972 Parker was marked for greatness: he led the International League that year in hitting, at-bats, runs, hits, doubles, runs batted in, and stolen bases. Called up to the Pirates in 1973, he had his first .300-plus season in 1975, a year marked by a feat that made him the most talked-about young star in the game: he hit a home run that soared completely out of Wrigley Field in Chicago. But despite his growing reputation as the game's next great superstar, things were not nearly so easy as they seemed.

"Actually," says Parker, "a lot of people don't know it, but at one point I actually quit baseball. It was in 1973. I had won two batting titles in the minor

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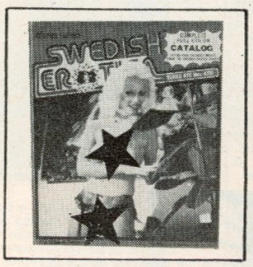

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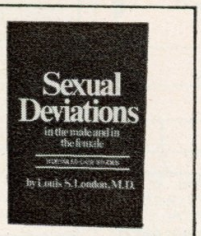

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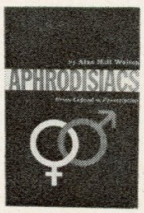

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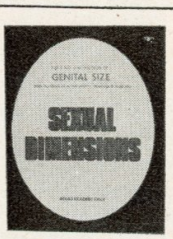

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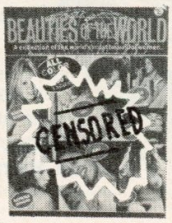

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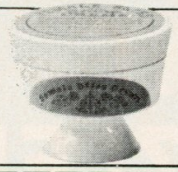

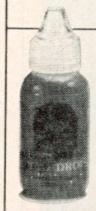

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leagues, and I had done everything I could do. Yet they [the Pirates] didn't call me up [to the major leagues]. Okay, the Pirates then were loaded with guys like Gene Klein, Al Oliver, Richie Zisk, Roberto Clemente, and Willie Stargell. But I said to myself, 'Hey, I had sixty-nine RBIs and nine home runs at that point in the season already, but the Pirates didn't call me up.' And here they were publicizing me as the number-one prospect in the Pirate organization. I told myself, 'All right, this is my Pirate move. When I make the move, this is going to be for all the chips. You publicize me as your number-one prospect. Here's a good chance for you to show me.' I went home for three days. I received probably sixty phone calls, but I wasn't talking; my mother was screening all calls. After Joe Brown [the Pirates' general manager] talked to my mother, she talked to me and said, 'Hey, go back. This is something you wanted to do all your life. You gave it three years of your life. You're into adulthood. Go back and play baseball and do what you want to do in the game. And I talked to Joe Brown. Then I went back. A week later I was in the major leagues."

Where, indeed, he has been a presence ever since. As the fans in Montreal found out during the Pirate series there (the Pirates won two of the three games), there is virtually nothing Parker can't do well on the baseball diamond. There were several base hits. There was a ninth-inning home run. There was a magnificent running catch in right-center field to take away a double. And to top it off, there was a demonstration of Parker's most noted attribute, his rifle arm. In one game, a baserunner made a routine rounding of second base on a hit to right field; Parker threw behind him and cut him down with a perfect throw.

Otherwise, it was business as usual in the Pirate locker room. Stargell, an avid amateur photographer, announced his intention of taking pictures of the team for *Penthouse* magazine and then discovered that every Pirate at whom the camera was aimed had immediately dropped his pants. Stargell wound up with an interesting photographic collection of Pirate genitalia, moving Parker to observe, "Willie's probably right; these people are crazy." Other Pirates, for some reason, put black makeup on their faces and did imitations of black ballplayers; their black counterparts donned white powder to imitate white ballplayers. It was all very confusing.

"I'll tell you," Parker says, "somebody like 'Sixty Minutes' ought to do a special on this team and benefit the world. Really. Look at my situation. People talk about the salary I receive. I could have gotten more elsewhere; I'm sure I could have gotten more in New York. I'm sure I could have gotten more in Boston; the Red Sox were one man away from having a pennant winner. The attitude and the atmosphere around the team we have in Pittsburgh is the only reason I stay here. I mean, it's phenomenal! You've got twenty-five different personalities, guys from different walks of life. And it's the harmony that makes it work. We have our scraps, but they're never prolonged to the point where an individual gets mad at another individual for the whole year. I mean, if I had a scrap with a player, even if it was physical, within a day we would be back together saying, 'Hey, man, that was ridiculous. It shouldn't even have happened.' It's a very unique atmosphere, and I think it's something the world could benefit from. You've got Latin Americans, whites, Polish people, blacks. We've got a United Nations. Somehow, we seem to have the harmony where we all function together. Hey, you know there are guys on this club playing second string who would be starters on any other club in the majors? I'll tell you why they stay here: because it's the Pirates. Just like that."

Perhaps, but it is a fact that when Parker's current contract runs out in 1983—and assuming his talents remain at their current level—there may be a bidding war for his services that will dwarf anything that has already happened in the lucrative free-agent market. As

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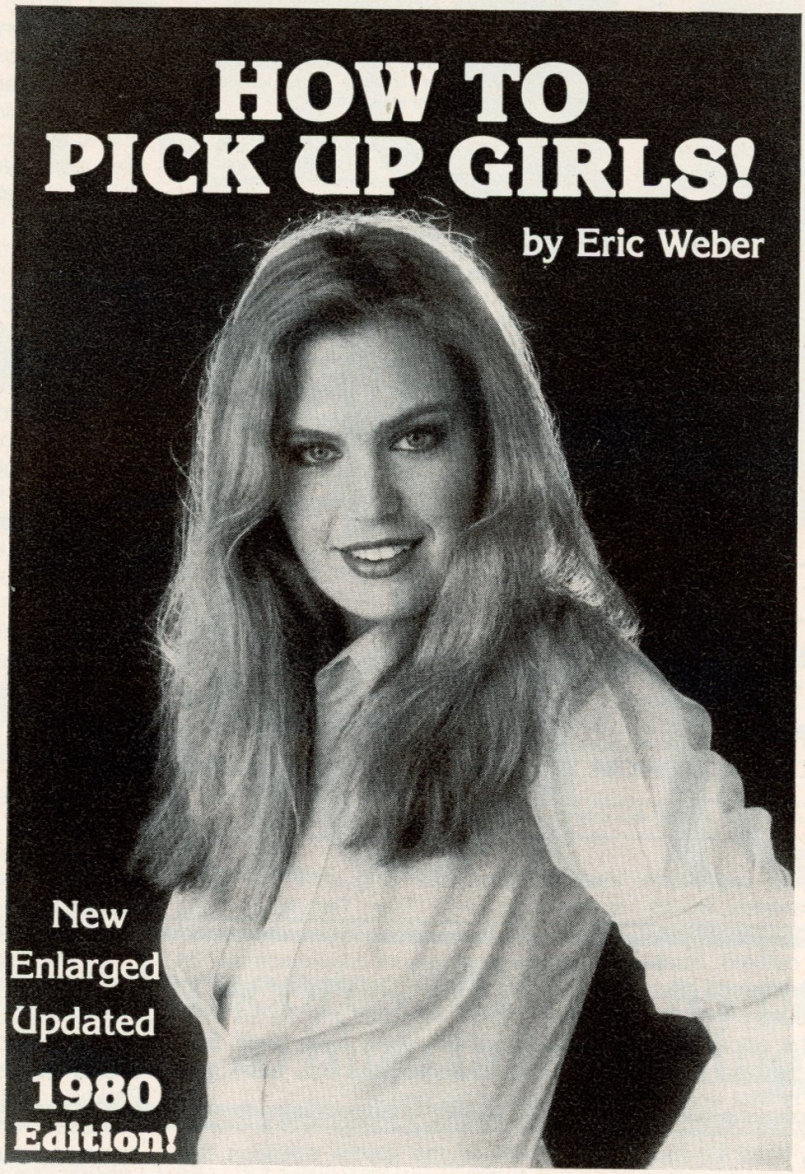

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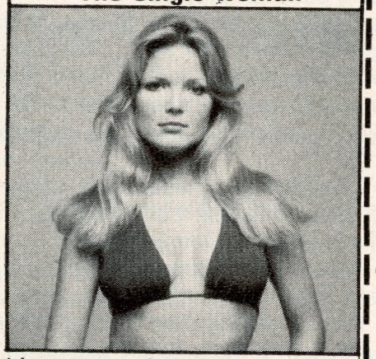

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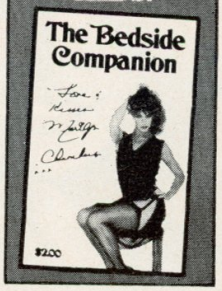

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Parker is perfectly aware, an organization like the New York Yankees would love nothing better than the opportunity to have Dave Parker in its outfield. Such teams as the Yankees, of course, offer precious intangibles: the country's greatest media exposure and the opportunity for commercial endorsements and other business interests. And it is that sort of intangibles that increasingly has been luring Parker. He has recently hired a press agent, begun a music production firm called Cobra Productions that books Natalie Cole, Chic, and other major acts, and is also running a horse-raising business and pursuing real-estate interests.

There are obvious comparisons with Reggie Jackson, the Yankees' most publicized star (he appears to be a staple of daily journalism in New York), who has parlayed his exposure in New York into proliferating business enterprises that have made him a millionaire for life. In fact, Parker was quoted in one article not too long ago as saying that if he came to play in New York, "they'd name a whole new candy flavor after me," which he described as "Cobra Swirl." This was an obvious reference to Jackson's famous comment before joining the Yankees that New York could name a candy bar after him if he came to play in the Big Apple. (It did.)

"You won't get me to rap Reggie Jackson," says Parker, now sitting in his hotel room in Montreal, long after the day's game was over. "See, Reggie decided to use all that media hype about him. Reggie is a very wise businessman; I'd put him in a class with Muhammad Ali in that respect. He uses the media coverage about him, and fortunately he's been able to back it up. You can't give him anything but praise."

True, but the implication is that Parker himself envies the media attention that has been showered on Jackson, the better to convert that attention into lucrative commercial endorsements and business ventures. As Parker concedes, his professional career is now half over (38 is considered old among baseball players) and a future after baseball beckons. Up to now he has hardly bothered with the media, a key factor in the notable lack of such things as commercial endorsements by a player supposedly the game's greatest.

"I never thought I needed the media hype," Parker concedes, "because I always believed that the bottom line would tell the story—you know, your accomplishments on the field. I've found out that it's not that simple. I'm not getting complacent when I say that I've done just about everything there is to do in baseball, but my interests are beginning to vary a little bit. I spent 29 days home in Pittsburgh in the off-season last winter because I was on a public-relations thing for myself—more or less for me to tell the public what I was all about. I worry about that, you know, because I want to really concentrate on playing ball as much as I can. But you have to think about the future."

For a man who plays with such reckless abandon on the field, Parker's careful calculations about business and the rest of his career seem odd. But to those who know him, that sort of calculation is characteristic, the result of a man whose life has seemed almost prearranged. "Dave Parker has never been surprised by anything in his life," says one, more in admiration than criticism.

"That's a fair statement," says Parker when reminded of it. "It *does* seem like my life has been prearranged. When I was nine years old, I told my mother that I would be a baseball superstar some day and I would buy her a house. I did that, both those things. When I started in baseball, I told myself I would be playing in the major leagues in three years. I did that. I announced I was going to hit .350. I did that. All I ever wanted to do was establish myself as me. I came to the big leagues in 1973, and the Pirates went through the league one time. And I said to myself, 'Hey, I'm the best fucking player in the major leagues.' I could feel that I was better than any talent I saw. All I had to do from there was execute it. And I did."

In a profession whose unwritten rules dictate more modesty, that sort of statement—and others like it in various other forums—have led to some criticism of Parker as arrogant and cocky, a criticism he dismisses. "That's not arrogance. If I can hit .390, then I can hit .390. And if I say I'll hit .390 and go out and do it, what's arrogant about that?"

The calm anticipation about such events leads to the impression that Parker's meteoric rise to superstardom has been without personal cost. The impression would be inaccurate, and along with his mild regret at having given up a college education to play professional baseball, there has been at least one deeper personal cost. It is a cost he seldom discusses.

"When I came out of high school," he says, "I was the father of a daughter. The pressure of marriage was there, but I decided that I wouldn't let anything sidetrack me from achieving what I wanted to achieve in baseball. To me, there weren't many things as major as a marital obligation and having a daughter. I felt that marriage would have stagnated me. So I didn't get married. All I've said publicly up to now is that I do have a daughter who's now eleven years old. It's in all the yearbooks, but I've never really discussed the circumstances. She's an inspiration to me, because the kids at school really have a hard time identifying me being her father. I find myself going out of my way to see her when I can—just a little visit or maybe to give her a

World Series shirt, dedicated from me to my daughter. She lives with her mother in Washington, D.C., at the present time. She's a very intelligent young lady; I'm very proud of her. I think she's proud of me. She gives me a lot of drive; I want to provide her with all the things I went without in my childhood. It's important just for her to know that anything she wants I'm here to provide for her. It's just that I'm saying, 'Hey, I love you. I love you regardless of whether you're right or wrong. Daddy's going to be here on your side.' I wish she could live with me, but she can't, because I'm on the road so much; how would I take care of her?" He becomes silent for a long moment.

Night has fallen on Montreal. A strikingly beautiful woman named Stella enters the room and orders a large dinner for Parker. She bears a strong resemblance to the woman identified during telecasts of the last year's World Series as "Mrs. Dave Parker." This has caused some confusion, since Parker is supposed to be unmarried. "We were married once and went through a separation," Parker says, almost absentmindedly. "She went through all those hard times with me, but once I reached a certain peak, that other thing, that personal thing, wasn't there. She still carries my name. That's exactly what she is, Mrs. Parker."

Stella has said nothing, but she glares at Parker when, during dinner, he calmly takes an apple in one huge hand, and squeezing it, crushes it into several pieces.

"You're the first person I've ever met who didn't say anything after I did that," he says to a visitor, apparently overlooking the fact that most rational human beings seldom rebuke fellow humans weighing over 230 pounds and standing over six feet six inches tall about their table manners.

Despite the considerable amount of food ordered, Parker seems almost lost in thought and hardly touches his plate. "I've got to get my weight down," he says. "I've been as high as two fifty-seven, which is too high. I'm going to put in some stuff at my place—a jacuzzi, a basketball court, weights, everything, so I can work out. If it costs a hundred fifty thousand dollars, it's worth it, because I've got to take care of the body; that's what makes the money."

He seems to be mentally computing this addition to his treasures, adding up the condominium, the cars, the jewelry, the businesses, the bank accounts, all of it. Then he asks about the visitor's ten-year-old son, a Little Leaguer and baseball fanatic. He listens carefully, almost wistfully, and begins talking about autographed baseballs, bats, hats, and other souvenirs for the boy; he seems to be talking about cleaning out the entire Pirate equipment room.

"It's nice about your boy," Parker says. "Real nice."

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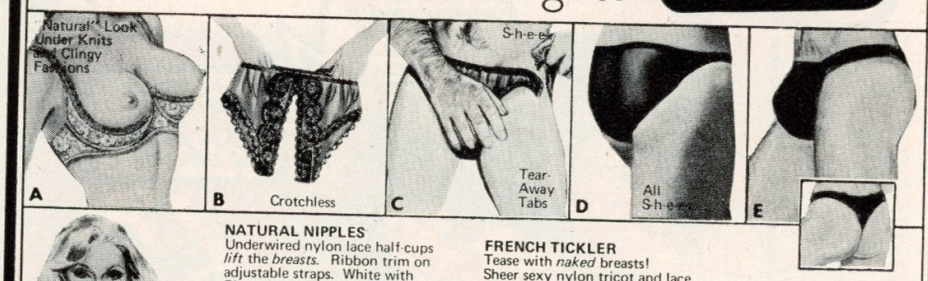

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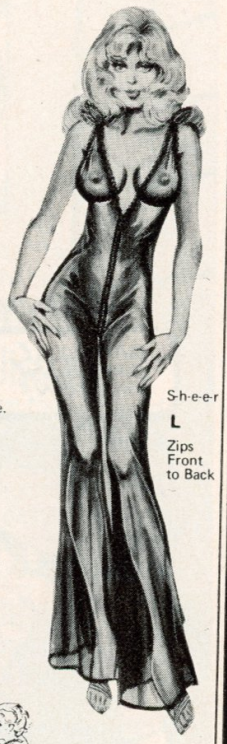

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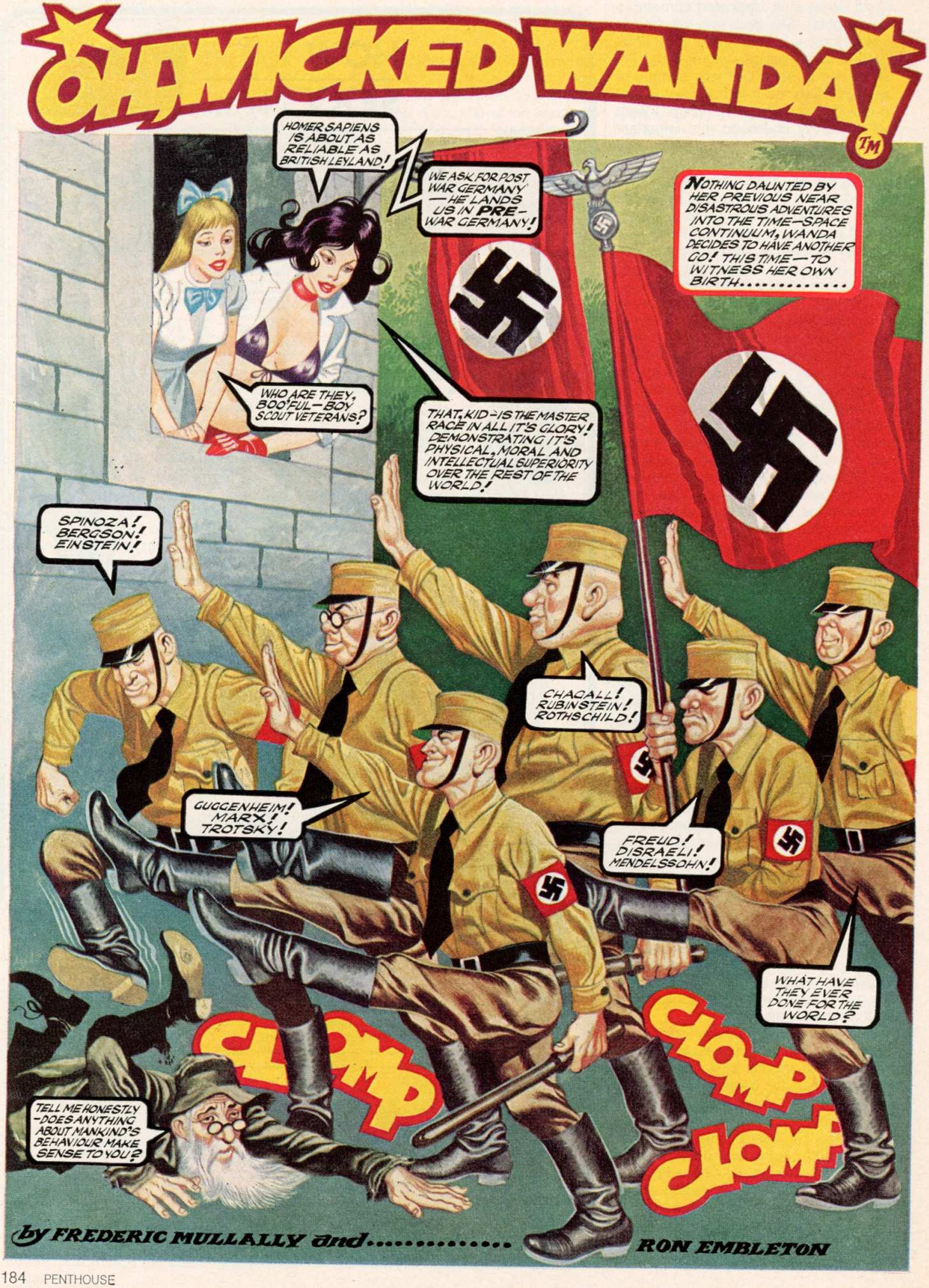
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RIGHT! AND THE YEAR IS 1938 — CENTURIES BEFORE I WAS BORN!
IT'S A PRETTY DREARY PROSPECT BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT MISCHIEF WE CAN GET UP TO WHILE WE'RE HERE!
IT'S GETTING LATE AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO 'TIL THE MORNING!
HEY! IT'S A REAL OL' FASHIONED FEATHER BED!

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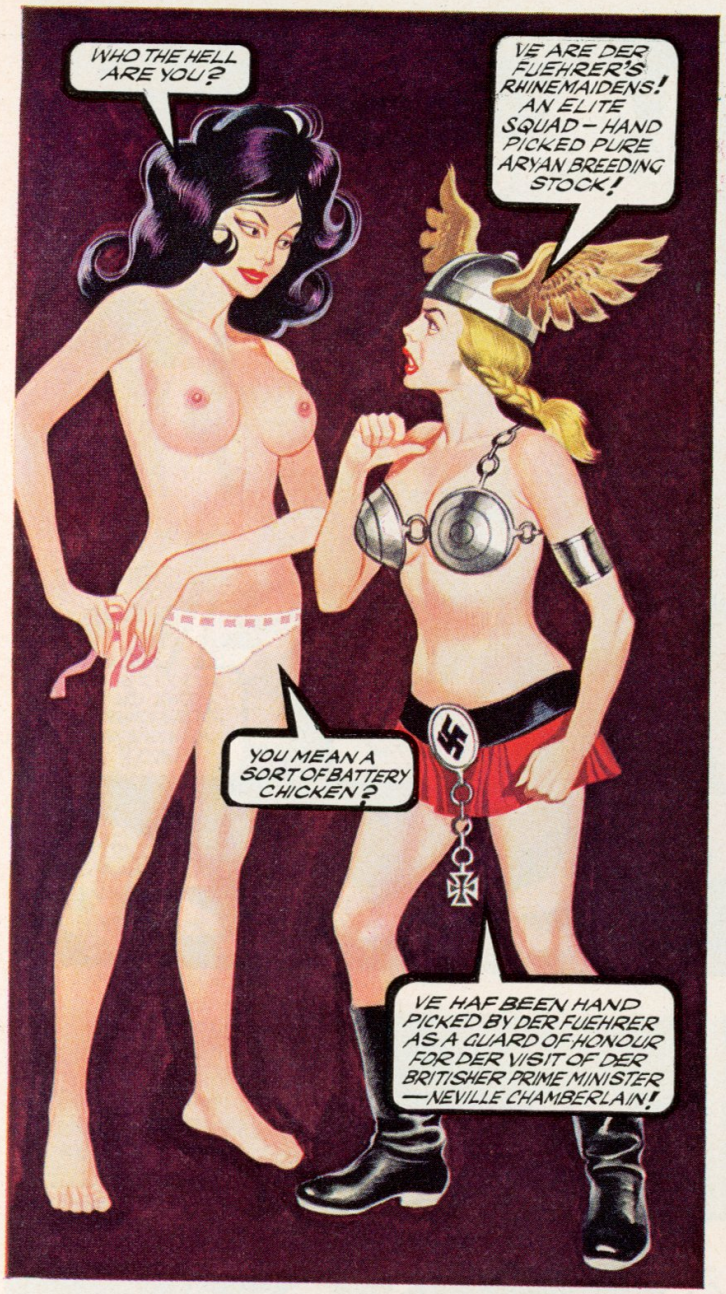
JEEPERS! THE LAST ACT OF LOHENGRIN!
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE OPERA YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG BUILDING!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VE ARE DER FUEHRER'S RHINEMAIDENS! AN ELITE SQUAD — HAND PICKED PURE ARYAN BREEDING STOCK!
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CHAMBERLAIN IS HERE — RIGHT NOW?
IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS! YOUR PAPERS, STRUMPET! YOU HAF DER LOOK OF SOME DECADENT MONEY LENDER'S PLAYTHING!
OH, COLLY! SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT!
BOO'FUL WON'T LIKE THAT — AT ALL!

STRUMPET!
MONEY LENDER'S PLAYTHING!

WANDA DEALS WITH THE RHINEMAIDENS IN TRUE WAGNERIAN HEROIC STYLE.....
OKAY! SO NOW WE PLAY 'RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES'!
CAREFUL, BOO'FUL— YOU'VE KNOCKED HER RIGHT INTO THE PRECEEDING FRAME!

IF THEY HAD ME FOR BREEDING STOCK—THEN THEY WOULD HAVE THE MAKINGS OF A MASTER RACE!
I DUNNO ANYTHING ABOUT BREEDING STOCK—BUT THIS DAMN STRIP IS MAKIN' ME A LAUGHING STOCK!
COME ON, PUSS CAKE—LET'S GO FIND NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND AVERT WORLD WAR II!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE HITLER'S BERGHOF....
NOW YOU VILL SEE, MINE OWN EVA, HOW I FOOL DER GREAT NINCOMPOOP OF A DECADENT ENGLISH PRIME MINISTER!
OH, ADOLFY—WADOLFY—MINE OWN ODIN! YOU ARE SO MASTERFUL!

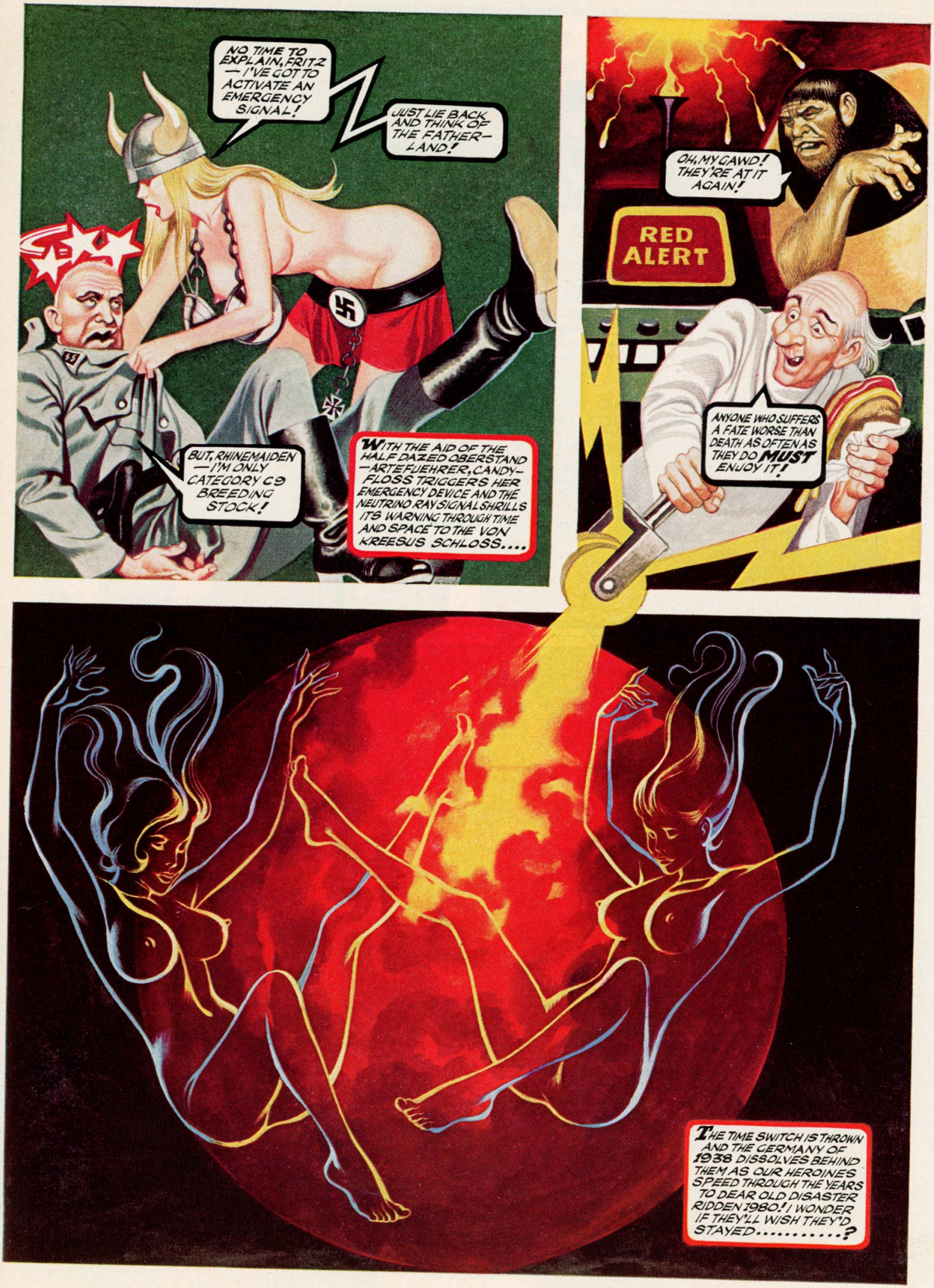
A GUEST HOUSE NEAR THE BERGHOF.....
URGENT DISPATCH FOR MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN!
YOU'LL FIND HIM INSIDE, RHINEMAIDEN!
HEY! I'M ONE HUNDRED PER CENT BREEDING STOCK — CATEGORY A3 — SO HOW ABOUT....?
LATER, SOLDIER — BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!

NEVILLE! THANK HEAVEN! I CAUGHT YOU!
ONE — IT ISN'T TRUE! TWO — I WASN'T EVEN THERE! THREE — HE JUST LOOKED LIKE ME!
OOF!

DON'T ASK ME HOW I KNOW — BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE TAKEN FOR AN HISTORIC RIDE!
THE PACT IS WORTHLESS! REFUSE TO SIGN IT!
CAN'T STOP NOW, YOUNG LADY — GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR. HITLER!
APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST! GOT TO BE GOING! TOODLE-OO!

I SAY, HERR OBERSTANDARTEFUEHRER — THERE'S A MAD WOMAN IN THERE — IN SOME SORT OF FANCY DRESS! PROBABLY A BOLSHEVIK!
BOLSHEVIKS! LEAVE IT TO ME, HERR PRIME MINISTER!

STAND BACK!
I'M COMING...
CAN YOU IMAGINE — THE SHEER EFFRONTERY OF THE WOMAN!
ADVISING ME! THE ARCHITECT OF WORLD PEACE!
ONE OF THE GREATEST STATESMEN OF THE CENTURY!
...IN! OOF!
THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES!
HE'S NOT GOING TO THAT MEETING — EVEN IF I HAVE TO BRAIN THE OLD IDIOT!
NOW I MOVE ON TO MY CROWNING GLORY! "PEACE IN OUR TIME" WILL ELEVATE ME TO MY RIGHTFUL PLACE AMONG THE IMMORTALS!


NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, FRITZ — I'VE GOT TO ACTIVATE AN EMERGENCY SIGNAL!
JUST LIE BACK AND THINK OF THE FATHER-LAND!
BUT, RHINEMAIDEN — I'M ONLY CATEGORY C9 BREEDING STOCK!
WITH THE AID OF THE HALF DAZED OBERSTAND — ARTE FUEHRER, CANDY-FLOSS TRIGGERS HER EMERGENCY DEVICE AND THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL SHRILLS ITS WARNING THROUGH TIME AND SPACE TO THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS....
OH, MY GAWD! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN!
RED ALERT
ANYONE WHO SUFFERS A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH AS OFTEN AS THEY DO MUST ENJOY IT!
THE TIME SWITCH IS THROWN AND THE GERMANY OF 1938 DISSOLVES BEHIND THEM AS OUR HEROINES SPEED THROUGH THE YEARS TO DEAR OLD DISASTER RIDDEN 1980! I WONDER IF THEY'LL WISH THEY'D STAYED.....?

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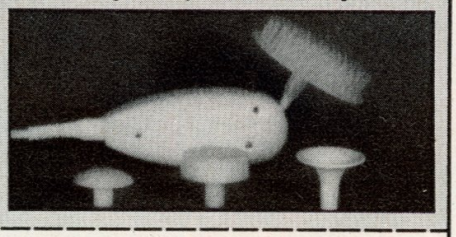

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

ther of them was wearing any clothing. Christina dimmed the lights, and they asked me if I enjoyed their company. Then they grabbed hold of my shorts and abruptly tore them off. I was too horny and high to be shocked as Christina began lightly running her nails up the insides of my hairy legs. Emilia did the same to my arms, and I began to return to reality. I almost blew my mind when Christina asked Emilia if she could suck her tit. Emilia responded with a yes and reacted to the rapid tongue-flickings from her friend with deep moans of obvious pleasure. Emilia then returned the treatment, and soon all three of us were extremely ready . . .

They both lay on top of me, positioning their wet, dripping cunts on each of my knees, and stared me in the face as they began fucking my knees. Then Emilia counted, "Uno, dos, tres . . ." *and I found both of my nipples being sucked to their fullest. Christina moved around so that she was above me in a sitting position. She began to masturbate with her long, slender, red-nailed, many-ringed fingers. Her fingers seemed to twine around the thick mass of pubic hair and dart in and out and work on her clitoris, all at the same time. Emilia sat between my legs and grabbed my purple helmet and squeezed it. Just then I looked up and saw Christina holding her socks in her hand, and with a wide smile she smothered my face with the socks. Although I struggled to get clean air, I was helpless and could not help breathing in the sweaty but sweet odor from her feet. At first I thought that I would suffocate, but as their giggling increased, along with Emilia's hand strokes, I relaxed and actually got into it. Just as I was about to explode, Christina took her socks away from my face and replaced them with the pair of drenched, smelly underwear that she had been wearing since the day before. Again I struggled, but I gave in even sooner this time and began to moan uncontrollably and started sucking. My body started rocking and spastically jerking as I cried out in a frenzy. I felt the tingles and warmth stream from my insides and down to my toes, and then I felt two wet fingers plunge deep into my anus. Again I felt the ecstatic vibes throughout my body and warm, liquid sperm shooting out through my love cannon all over their hands and arms. That caused them to order me to lick the spew off their bodies, and this made me even harder than I had been before.*

Emilia and Christina untied me, and we took turns all night and into the next day making love to each other, not to mention masturbating, playing, and smelling each other.

It is now several months later, and Emilia has moved back to her native country

to study, but we write and phone each other often and wish that we were together again.

I am really stumped, because ever since that day I find myself masturbating more than I ever did before. During my self-lovemaking, I fantasize being with those two girls again, and I actually finger myself and smell away as I shag. Upon smelling my socks or underwear, I increase my strokes until I explode with more intensity than when I am with a woman. Is this smelling fetish normal? Will it harm me in any way? It sure feels good.—R. J. R.

Right off the bat, I had a few chuckles from the way your jock mentality refers to sex in all-American baseball terms, such as "baseball-sized tits" and "home plate." Maybe you are just used to fucking cheerleaders after the baseball games, and making it with those truly passionate South American ladies was a hot new experience for you. Now you might be spoiled for life. In Brazil even the hookers give their clients a hell of a time for a minimal fee. Brazilians are especially fond of anything that is tall and blond, so if you are a handsome North American male, maybe you should go and celebrate some carnival sex at the Mardi Gras.

As for your newly developed smell fetish, it is quite normal for people to get turned on by odors. After all, animals do. Dogs sniff anything that vaguely reminds them of another dog. In fact, a new male cologne has recently been invented that drives women absolutely crazy, or so they tell me, because its smell consists of simple male perspiration mixed with chemicals.

As far as my own experiences go, I have one fabulous lover who lives very far away; we get to see each other only once a year. This year he decided to rough it and traveled to my house by train. I could smell him coming down the hallway, since he had not had a chance to change his shirt for three days. Since I had been so looking forward to his arrival, I attacked him and made love to him right away, sweat and all. I immediately removed his shirt, sniffed it out, and put it away for keeps in my drawer *without* washing it. Now that he is gone, I occasionally take it out and inhale the odor, which turns me on enough for a good masturbatory fantasy. Marcel Proust never had it so good.

Also, it is quite common for men to sniff out women's panties, sometimes collecting them (either with or without the woman's permission). Picking panties from the clothesline is also often done but is obviously not as exciting, because by then the panties are washed—unless the woman wants to reel men in.

The list of sexually sweet smells is, of course, endless, and it is up to you to sniff them out. There are as many as there are people.

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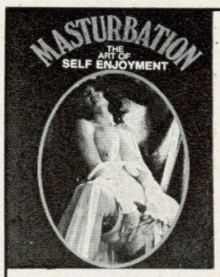

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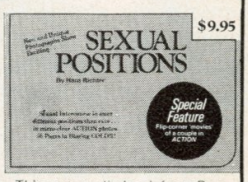

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

and pulled me to her harder than before.

I took my hand away and used both hands to pull both her sweat pants and panties downward, with Patty wriggling to help me get them past her firm butt. Pulling back to gaze at her bare middle with its dark bush and smooth, creamy skin, I leaned down and kissed her belly, inching my way to her pubic area as I pulled her pants down to her ankles and the rest of the way off. I slid off the bed and into a kneeling position between her calves, which were off the bed, kissing up from her ankles as I pulled off her running shoes and socks. Slowly I kissed my way up to her glistening pussy lips, kissing around the outside and sucking her lips but not yet giving any attention to her crack. My cock was so hard and tingling that I thought I'd come in my pants just from the contact of my own clothes, so I stood up and quickly undressed.

Patty sat up and looked nervously at me, not knowing what to expect. My cock is only five inches, but it felt like a watermelon, so I took Patty's hand and put it on my aching, hot length. She was somewhat shy about holding it, so I guided her hand in a tickling motion under the circumcised tip. Clear fluid oozed from the hole, and I took her finger and swirled it there before guiding her finger to her mouth and telling Patty to suck it. She did so in such a sexy manner that I quickly helped her in replacing the finger with my burning dick. Her mouth was warm, and she must have been salivating like a spigot because it felt like absolute heaven for the few seconds of sucking and thrusting before I came into her mouth, almost collapsing as I moaned as never before. My dick had shrunk slightly as I removed it from her warm lips. I told Patty how fantastic she was and picked her to her feet and pushed the bra straps from her shoulders and then removed the bra, dropping it to the floor and then cupping the soft, grapefruit-sized contents. Her perfectly centered nipples were erect, rose-colored fingers protruding from small, tightly puckered areolas just a tint lighter in color.

My dick was again fully erect as I stopped gaping at her beauty and laid her back on the bed and picked up where I'd left off, only this time wasting little time before spreading the lips of her love box with my tongue. She moaned almost continuously as I licked and sucked her drooling, young cunt, finding her clitoris and devoting long, sucking kisses there as I moved my head furiously to help out. Her cunt juice was flowing in a mix of my own saliva into a slippery stream onto her perfect ass cheeks, and I freely rubbed it on her with my hands and rubbed my slippery fingers along her ass crack.

Finally I spread her cunt with my fingers and ate for all I was worth as I also rubbed my fingers on her clitoris. She came with a force, grinding her box at me as she pushed my head into it. Her moans of pleasure finally subsided, and she relaxed her grip; I licked the juice from her crotch and thighs and ass as she regained some composure before moving back next to me on the bed. For the first time I kissed and felt her magnificent tits, sucking the perfect nipples into inch-long erections, which included most of the areola tightly puckered into it. Moving from lips to breasts and back for some time had again gotten Patty responding terrifically. I stroked her all over, fingering her cunt into new flows of love juice as she murmured into my mouth. Her hands were busy with my dick, squeezing and tickling the head until I had to stop her. We kissed as I felt her tits and played with her nipples with one hand and teased her pussy with the other as my dick cooled down.

Then I rolled onto my back, pulling Patty on top of me and positioning my cockhead at the entrance to heaven. Slowly, I started to enter her, meeting some resistance and having to withdraw. Since she was really wet down there, I knew that her inexperience was really virginity and that I really wanted something for her

to remember. Again I started my entry, gaining a centimeter at a time as I kissed and fondled her, savoring each new delicious contact inside her. Patty pushed against me, and finally I was in to the hilt, my only regret being that my dick wasn't twice as long so that it would have taken longer to get all the way in. I asked her if it hurt, and she shook her head no, and slowly I started to pump in and out of her tight, young pussy. In a minute I felt her juices flowing down over my balls, and I increased my motion at the same time, trying to keep contact with the top part of her cunt by her love button; by now Patty was kissing me hard and trying to match my thrusts, moaning as I felt her insides melt and contract as she again moaned loudly and collapsed on top of me. Although my cock was just about ready, I stopped and just stroked and fondled her, kissing her as she calmed down from the orgasmic delight of her first fuck.

Patty picked herself up on her hands and smiled down at me as her tits lightly tickled my chest; she started to move against me, clumsily but terrifically. I squeezed her nipples and then ran my hand down to her cunt, where we were joined together. I rubbed her belly and then took her hand and put it between our pubic hair so she could feel as my cock moved in and out with her thrusts. Then I took her hand out and kissed her before rolling over on top, keeping my dick in her all the while. I asked her if she liked what we were doing. She bobbed her head and throatily said yes. Then I asked her what it was called; "fucking," she answered.

I asked her why she liked fucking, and she said because it feels so good. I asked if she liked to get her pussy eaten out, and again she said yes. Then I said, "Okay, Patty, you pass the test with flying colors; here's the first prize." With that, I helped her to hook her legs around mine, and we started our fuck again. As we fucked, Patty got better and better at moving with me, even moving her legs up and crossing her ankles as we each moaned and murmured into each other's mouth. My hands pulled her titties to the sides so that I could rub and squeeze her nipples as we moved. She moaned, "O God, good, good, love you, love you, ohhh, ohhh! Keep going, mmmmmmmm, ohh, mmmmmmmm, love you," as her pussy again disintegrated into a hot vat of love juice around my cock, and she sucked my tongue as she came seconds before my hot come shot deep inside her tight cunt.

I rolled off her as my cock grew soft, and I pulled her head on my chest. I told her that until her last sentence, as she was coming, I thought she'd forgotten how to talk. Well, Patty knew how to talk after that as she proceeded to tell me how we were going to fuck in the shower, suck in the bedroom, and then go to her house and do the same in her bedroom and bathroom and kitchen. I could write a book about the rest of the weekend as she and I did everything she said and then some, but the beginning is enough to tell here. By the way, I was never as happy as when my wife returned and informed me that she had her period. My cock was so drained from Patty's young body and mouth that it would have taken me about a half hour to get it up and another hour to come.—*Name and address withheld*

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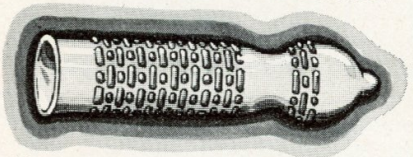

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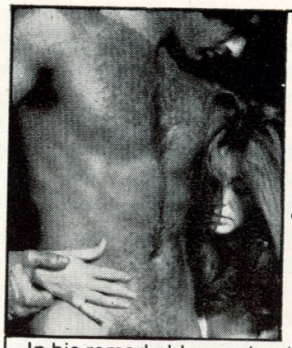

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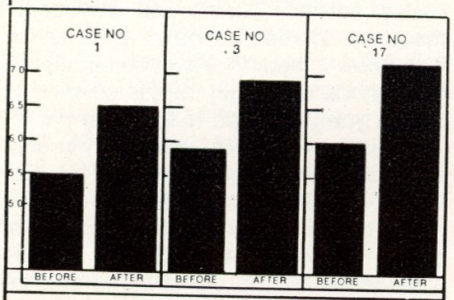

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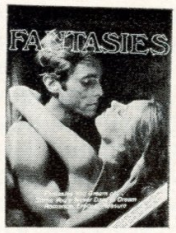

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and came to her shoulders. She was wearing tight jeans and beneath her blouse was a pair of large, round, braless breasts. Her nipples were poking through the material of the blouse, which looked extremely sexy. I got up and walked over to the table, feeling my own small, but cute, 34As bouncing freely under my sweater. I asked if I could join her. She agreed, and we chatted. A little later I asked her if she would like to go to my apartment, since my whiskey was of better quality than the kind being served at the bar. She smiled and seemed delighted with my proposition.

When we got to my apartment, I fixed us both a drink and joined Beth on my sofa. Neither one of us was feeling any pain at this point. I brazenly put my arm around her and drew her close to me. She leaned her head on my shoulder as I ran my fingers through her hair. Then she tilted her head toward me like she wanted to be kissed, so I obliged her. It was the first time I ever kissed a woman, and it was great. Her lips were so small and so soft. The whiskey had made me high, and Frenching Beth made me even higher. I was flying. My pussy was wet and open. I reached down and fumbled with her buttons and finally undid them and reached in for a breast. Incredible! So large, so firm, yet so soft. Her nipples were long and thick. The only breasts I had ever touched were mine, and Beth's were so different. Hers were larger, rounder, and a lot firmer than my own. My head was spinning. Beth sensed my giddiness, so she cradled me in her arms and guided a nipple to my lips so I could suckle her. Now it was her turn. She pulled my sweater completely off, leaving my little tits exposed to the world. Her caress was so gentle, so tender. As she rubbed my little boobs, I briefly passed out from the fabulous sensations I was getting from her touch. . .

At this point Beth suggested we go to my bedroom. We staggered in, and I flopped on my bed. Beth unfastened my jeans and pulled them off along with my drenched panties. I was now naked. I watched as she removed her blouse. She then unsnapped her jeans and slowly pulled them down until a thick, blonde bush appeared. Apparently, Beth didn't care for underwear. I was lying on the bed, on my back, and Beth got on top of me, and we started Frenching again. She was pushing her breasts into mine, which is an incredible feeling. Shortly thereafter, she pried my legs apart and guided her pretty face in between them until her tongue was in my pussy. As she ate me, my body began quivering and I felt a great surge beginning that built to an unbelievable climax for me. Beth wanted me to go down on her, but realizing I was barely conscious, she sat on my face instead. I tongued her, apparently very well, because she, too, climaxed. After she regained her strength, she fingered me and at the same time sucked on my stiff nipple. I felt her ass, which I just loved doing. I think a female ass is the greatest. Not long after we completely fell asleep for the night. We woke up together and had a great hangover. Since we had to get to work, we showered and ate breakfast quickly and even traded clothes.

I truly love getting it on with her, and at this moment she is my number-one lover. As long as I can get a sexy, warm lady, I'll have no need for a man.—*Name and address withheld*

Cutting loose

My husband has been buying *Penthouse* for the last several years, and recently I, too, have come to enjoy your magazine very much. We have been married for almost 13 years, and the last four have been anything but satisfying for me until a recent experience turned all that, and more, around. I'm an attractive brunette with a great figure, as a result of a diet that finally worked.

A few years ago my husband "cut me off" for reasons that I'll not go into, and our relationship developed into a totally platonic marriage. Well, recently he changed jobs and was transferred to an office in a rather large and "loose" city. My son and I followed him, though I had

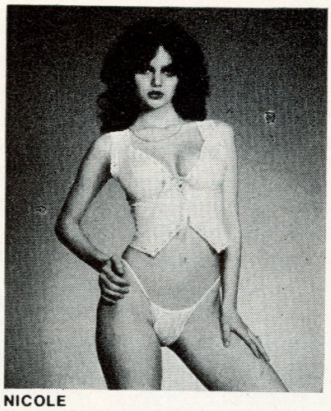
considered staying in our old hometown and filing for divorce. With our son in school or at some activity most of each day and my husband (I'll call him Sam) spending long hours on his new job, I soon became so bored that I decided to go out and find myself a job. The girl at the employment agency told me that I was very attractive but would find my chances better if I were to shorten my skirts or wear the style with the long slits in front and casually revealing tops. At first I was appalled at the idea and felt she intended that I appear somewhat "whorish." After giving it more thought, I found the idea a little exciting and went on a shopping trip to update my wardrobe. I also remembered a few sexy items my husband had bought for me that I had never really worn and decided to get a little use from them also.

On my second interview for a receptionist position with an office identified as "exciting" and "looking for an attractive gal who could satisfy an appreciative boss," I suddenly found myself accepting the job over cocktails at a quaint little lounge.

My boss, Ralph, was an older man with distinguished gray hair and a gentle, charming manner. He commented about liking my appearance and asked if I was wearing a garter belt. I replied, rather sheepishly, that they were panty hose. The following day I found a package on my desk containing expensive dark stockings and a lace garter belt. I went straight to the rest room and changed from the panty hose I was wearing, while realizing there were no panties to go with my gift. When Ralph arrived that morning, he was with a gentleman I didn't know, who accompanied him straight to his office. After several minutes Ralph called for me to come into the office. As I entered and asked what he wanted, he smiled and winked, looking at my legs. He then introduced me to the other man and asked him what he thought of my legs. I was somewhat embarrassed, as the two of them commented on how sexy and perfect they were. I took a seat across from Ralph's desk at his request. He then asked if I would like to close the office after noon and join them for a late business lunch. I think I surprised myself when I agreed. On our way to the intimate little club he had chosen, he asked me to accompany him to an exclusive ladies' apparel shop, while the other man went ahead to meet us later. He said that he wanted to buy me a dress that would compliment my beautiful legs. I insisted that it was not necessary, but his mind was made up, and I *did* find it a rather nice idea. After I tried on three different selections he had chosen, he decided on a dark-blue party dress that was cut nearly to the waistline and had a rather daring front slit in the already short skirt. So off we went, with my skirt, blouse, bra, and panty hose in a box from the store, and me in the most revealing dress I had ever worn, with only the hose and garter belt underneath.

After a heavy lunch we settled back in a secluded booth in a dark remote area of the dimly lit lounge. After more glasses of wine than I cared to count, Ralph gently kissed me and whispered that I should relax and not worry about constantly adjusting the neckline of my dress each time I moved. The wine in me giggled as I complied with his wishes, and I leaned forward for another glass, half realizing that my entire left breast was completely exposed to their view. Feeling a need to drink the entire glass in one gulp, I sat the empty glass down and leaned back with my head resting against the top of a cushion and closed my eyes. I felt my dress top very slowly and gently being parted. Still, with my eyes closed and my head spinning, I felt two gentle, warm hands caress each now fully exposed breast. From the position of the hands I could tell that each of them had one to themselves. I muttered some faint protest but did not move and just kept my eyes closed. Their response was a gentle kiss on my left shoulder as I felt the strap on that side being slowly dropped down my arm and under my elbow.

A gentle kiss to the nipple of that breast was followed by the other strap



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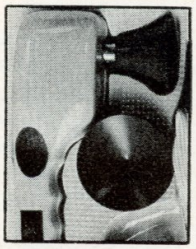

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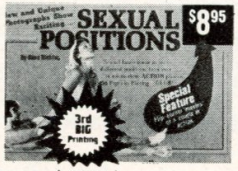

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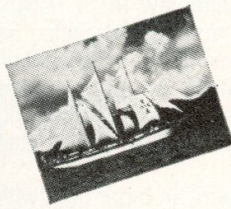

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being lowered in the same fashion. I found myself instinctively lifting both arms slightly to allow the top to completely drop free. The action on each breast intensified, and I felt I would just float away in total abandon. I believe it was Ralph who first started caressing my leg just above my knee with his free hand. Soon there was another hand releasing the buttons at the front of the skirt, above the slit. I felt myself go totally limp as I relaxed even more and parted my legs slightly. Soon the belt was unfastened, and with the entire front of the dress now open and laid to each side of me on the cushion, I was aware that I was sitting there naked with the exception of the hose and garter belt. The man who was there with Ralph seemed to enjoy roughly squeezing the breast on his side and would pinch my nipple with what seemed like all of his strength. It hurt terribly, especially in comparison with the gentle way that Ralph was caressing the other one, but the wine had numbed me somewhat, and this new experience of sexual pain was actually quite stimulating. My crotch was wet by this time, and with all of the other action my body was experiencing, I wasn't immediately aware that they were now also fingering my pussy until one of them inserted several fingers in me as the other began to massage my clitoris.

As they were bringing me to my first climax, I heard the waiter advise Ralph that he would ensure our total privacy and asked if he might bring more wine. Ralph answered affirmatively, and I heard the waiter leave. Before I came to the next climax, the waiter was back and talking with Ralph as I heard him open and pour the wine. I continued to keep my eyes closed as the fingers within me were withdrawn and one breast was momentarily abandoned as they drank their wine. I thought the waiter had gone until I heard him ask if "the lady" would care for another glass. I nodded yes without otherwise moving. Soon a hand was placed behind my head to gently lift it forward as the glass was placed to my lips. As I drank, I realized that Ralph and his friend had each returned both hands to their respective places within me and on me.

I opened my eyes for a moment to see who was feeding me my drink and noticed that the table had been moved away from our half-circle booth, and the young waiter was standing directly in front of me, holding my head and the glass to my lips. He smiled and nodded as I looked at him and then closed my eyes once again. Just as the glass left my lips and my head was laid back, once again I heard the waiter exclaim how beautiful I was. Ralph agreed and added that I had the softest skin he had ever felt on a woman. He then kissed my mouth gently and moved to my ear, where he whispered, "Do you mind?" I only moaned, not being aware of what he was talking about and really so far into a world of my own that I didn't care.

Then something was said that I didn't understand, and there was suddenly another set of hands rubbing the tops of my knees. It was the waiter joining them. I felt myself tense up, and Ralph kissed me again and told me to relax once more. The extra hands left my knees, and I felt my head being lifted as another glass of wine was placed at my lips. As I started to drink, I realized a much larger water glass had been substituted for the wine glass. I continued to drink until it was gone, and with my head laid back, the waiter began to rub my legs. The two hands on my crotch moved to my thighs, and I felt my legs being lifted apart and placed over a knee to either side. The waiter's hands continued to move toward my crotch, until I felt them slowly part the lips of my pussy. There was gentle, warm breath against my crotch as he began to lick my lips and start sucking my clitoris in and out of his mouth. I moaned so loud that I must have half screamed when I climaxed again.

After at least another hour of this "heaven," we slowly began to wind down. My legs were lowered, and I felt the men returning my dress over me. I placed my head on Ralph's shoulder as

he kissed and hugged me. I could not believe how drunk I was as I was helped to my feet, and we left through a rear door into a parking lot, where the waiter had brought the car around for us. While getting into the car, I realized that my dress was still completely open down the front, but at that point I really didn't care! Ralph and I were now alone as he drove me to his townhouse. I expected that we would be in the bed soon but instead found myself being undressed and put in the shower. I stepped out to have a large fresh towel wrapped around me. I then called my husband, who was still at his office, and told him that I would be late as my office was having a welcoming party for me. He said he thought that was nice and would see me later. Ralph served me several cups of coffee rather than taking me to bed as I had expected. Then I changed into my old clothes, and he took me home.

The following night was a Friday, and I had been horny all day. Before Sam got home, I changed into the "new" outfit (our son was camping over the weekend, and I wanted my husband to take me out). He could not believe the outfit, but it excited him enough that he agreed to go out for the evening. After dinner I took him to the lounge I was at the day before, where the same waiter served us but was quite discreet, although he had a rather special smile. Sam was extremely attentive and even got a little fresh. After two bottles of wine, I asked him to take me to a local strip club, as I had never seen that type of thing before. He was excited at the idea and commented that he had thought I was too prudish for such things. Once there, and after several more drinks, Sam became aroused by the show. He began to fondle me. I permitted one side of my top to drop, and he almost ripped my breast off, making up for the years we had not touched each other. Only a few people seemed to notice us. It appeared that it was "anything goes" there. When he discovered I was wearing the new hose and garter belt without panties, he was all over me. I suggested that we go to one of the motels that showed X-rated movies in the rooms, and he almost pulled my arm off, heading for the door.

Since that night my entire wardrobe has changed, and Sam and Ralph are constantly giving me something newer and more daring. The two of them have met and become close friends and we even do threesomes together. The three of us (Ralph, Sam, and I) are now planning a vacation in two more weeks. We are renting a mobile camper and plan to find some place where we can just leave our clothes packed away for the entire week. They are each packing cases of wine for me—it seems I'm more fun that way. This newfound life, marriage, and enjoyment sure make me feel sad that I didn't wake up sooner and realize that being happy beats the hell out of being a prude!

Well, gotta go now, as Sam and Ralph are taking me to a drive-in movie tonight to see Linda Lovelace. Sam said he is bringing "something new" for me to wear, and Ralph is bringing the cooler filled with wine.—*Name and address withheld*

Lady Chatterly . . . revisited

I am a student at a Big Ten university. For the past few years I have worked as gardener-handyman for a prominent family at their summer home. The estate is huge and is used like a hotel by the many family members.

I was clearing and mulching flower beds. It was a hot and humid afternoon. I was dripping sweat despite wearing only cutoffs. Since I hadn't noticed any activity around the big house, I felt it safe to take a quick dip in the pool to cool off.

As I rounded the corner of the pool house, I was already unzipping my shorts when I caught sight of Diana, the oldest daughter, who was in her mid-twenties, sunning on one of the poolside lounges. Her deeply tanned, well-built body was clad in just a bikini bottom. The top lay on the deck beside her chair. Her firm, pink areolas seemed to stare accusingly

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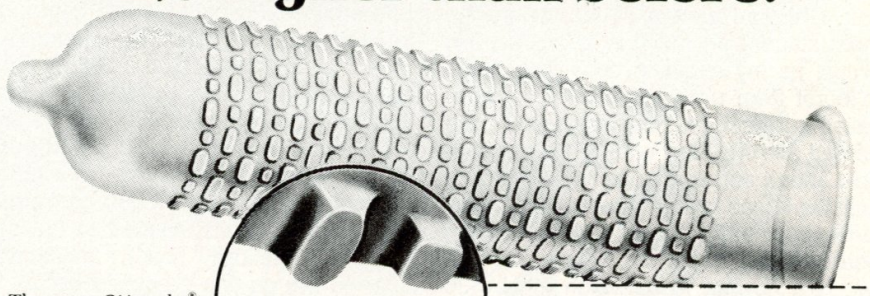

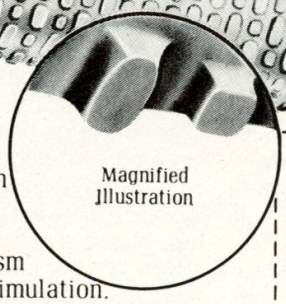

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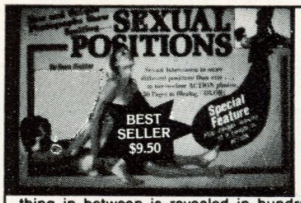

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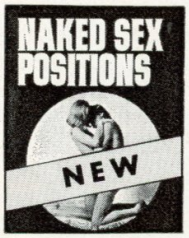

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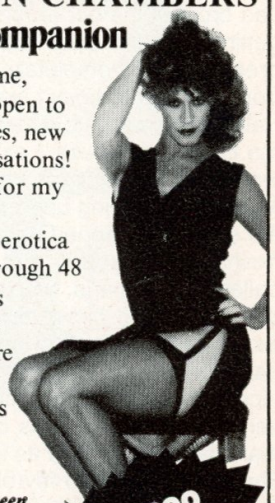

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at me as she lay with her eyes closed, soaking up the sun. I stood rooted to the spot, hand at my crotch, feeling my prick grow, as I drank in this vision. Diana was tall and willowy with a mane of tawny hair. She had always struck me as the most standoffish member of the family.

Just as my straining cock threatened to burst from my shorts, I chillingly recalled her husband, Frank. He had been named all-American end at the school I now attend and had gone on in the pros until his knees failed. Now he was in the family business. He was dark-haired and bearded and about my height, six feet two, but he had to outweigh me by 30 pounds, all of it muscle. He was easy-going and friendly, but I could hardly expect that under these conditions.

I had started to back off when I felt those cold eyes sweep over me. Diana stared at me for a moment with a little frown. Then, with a lazy smile, she asked me what I wanted. She made no move to cover herself. I fought to keep my eyes on her face as I told her why I was there. She told me the pool was mine to use. When I hesitated, she told me to get a suit from the pool house if I was bashful. Rising to her challenge, in more ways than one, I stripped and dove into the cool water with my semihard cock in centerboard-down position. I swam several lengths of the large pool before sculling over to the side, where she lay propped up on her elbows, taking in my body.

The still, humid air was suddenly electrically charged as we casually chatted about school, weather, and other equally mundane things while our eyes devoured one another. Probably taking pity on my labored breathing and stammering conversation, she suggested a Coke. I slowly breast-stroked to the end of the pool, watching her long-strided, boob-bouncing walk toward the pool house. I pulled myself onto the deck and followed my pointing prick into the cool, dim space. As I entered, I was treated to the sight of her practically bare, sweetheart-shaped ass as she crouched before the open-bar refrigerator. I padded up behind her. She swiftly stood, turned, and locked me in a tight embrace with her face buried in my chest and my prick burrowed into her lower belly. She tilted her head, and our open mouths met. Our tongues began an intricate ballet that might have gone on for a full three acts if I hadn't become aware of the two very cold cans of Coke moving up and down my back to the rhythm of our tonguing and dry-humping. I disengaged, removed the cans from her hands, turned her around, placed the cans in my hands, and steered her toward the guest bed in the corner.

I rid Diana of her suit and knelt above her, drinking in her lithe length. My cock stood straight, already stretched to the point of pain. Letting my hands slide forward, I prepared to drown in the ice-blue pools of her eyes. Her body was still warm from the sun. I felt like I was floating on a pool of smooth, molten lava.

We began a long and agonizingly controlled preamble to love, in which each covered every square inch of the other's body with lips and tongue. I considered myself adept at this art, but she was a master player. Her tongue and mouth became another being, a spirit that could soothe, tantalize, or cause delightful pain as my moans soon testified.

We settled into a side-by-side 69 with me nuzzling and lightly biting her love button and then thrusting my tongue deep into her pussy while she played a virtuoso number on my flute and balls. After her second heaving orgasm, I felt the urgent need to turn and enter her. As I made this move, she stopped me to suggest that I tie her up before fucking her, since it was a fantasy she really dug. I readily complied, getting the thoughtfully available scarves from the nightstand and securing her spread-eagled on the bed as directed.

With that accomplished, I started to tease her with mouth and cock, leaving her covered with tracks of saliva and love juice. She climaxed twice more as I snorkled in the sea grotto between her legs. Then, shoving a pillow under her ass, I entered her hot, moist cave, pumping in

slow, unhurried thrusts. For a while she responded by lightly gripping my dick with her strong vaginal muscles, but soon she grew frantic and tried to force the tempo. Refusing her humping invitation, I merely changed the rhythm and length of my stroke while providing counterpoint with a change in the direction of thrust. Finally, as nature took over the orchestration, we drove to a frenzied flooding crescendo of come, with Diana keening a high banshee wail while I accompanied her primitive song with a strong bass line. I collapsed on top of her in a sweaty stupor.

When reality returned, I glanced at the clock to find that over two hours had passed since I'd started for my "dip." I freed Diana. She produced a couple of numbers from the refrigerator. We shared them, talking little and nuzzling contentedly between tokes.

My euphoria was suddenly replaced by paranoia when I flashed on Frank, but Diana assured me he was in town on business. I fell back into my sex-surfeited, drug-assisted trip, slowly caressing the smooth leg thrown over mine, dawdling on the upstroke at the entrance to her delightful, damp pleasure palace. She, in turn, began to play with my chest hair, tweaking my nipples, and running her hand down the furry track to my cock, which was beginning to stir on my stomach. Her lips brushed my ear as she whispered that turnabout was fair play. As I lazily watched, she bound my wrists and ankles to the bed. Suddenly I was the prisoner. My cock grew in leaps from the excitement the helpless feeling provoked.

Diana returned the treatment in kind. She moved down my long body, lightly nipping, licking, and scratching with her pointed nails, creating a tension so great that I was shuddering, not knowing whether to expect pain or tenderness. She was lightly pulling the hair on my inner thighs with her teeth when a new sensation pushed past my sex-crazed haze to jangle every alarm mechanism in my body. Her soft, knowing mouth had been replaced by the unmistakable feel of a beard brushing my legs. I jerked my head up to see Frank kneeling on the bed, with his large, hard cock poking against his furry belly and his mouth buried in my groin. I froze for a heart-stopping moment but then began to writhe against my bonds, trying to push his devouring mouth away by twisting my body, all the time yelling and protesting this new turn of events. Diana moved up to cover my mouth with hers. Then she turned and knelt with her snatch over my mouth. The musty primeval anesthetic quieted me and lured my tongue into its depths. I started to dig the multisensations of this new act until I felt my ass being lifted onto a pillow and a greased finger probing my virgin rosebud. Before I could do more than moan into Diana's box, a cock replaced the finger.

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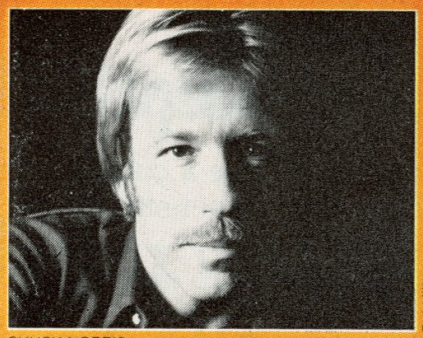

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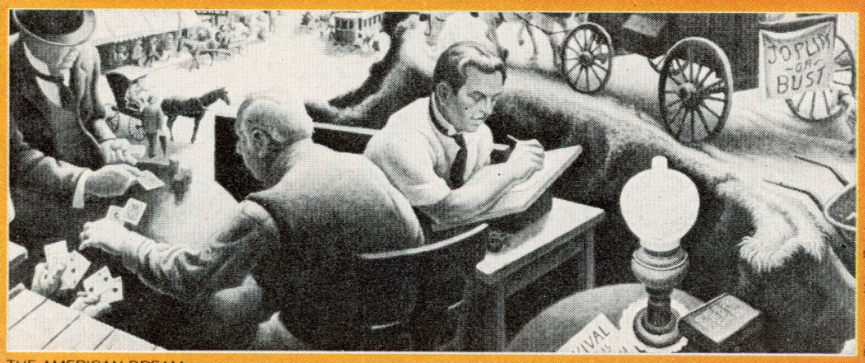

THE AMERICAN DREAM

Thomas Hart Benton

The American Dream—Surrounded as we are by media hype and political rhetoric, it is all too easy to forget the true greatness of the United States of America. Studs Terkel, the best-selling author of *Working* and *Hard Times*, interviews five typical, yet special Americans, who tell us just what this country has meant to them. Hollywood; Washington, D.C.; and the black, Chicano, and Jewish ghettos are brought vividly to life in this excerpt from Terkel's new book *American Dreams: Lost and Found*, which will be published by Pantheon.

The Next Bruce Lee—Chuck Norris is a six-time middleweight karate champion who has starred in four big box-office martial-arts films. (The latest, *The Octagon*, will be released late this month.) Norris is a blond, blue-eyed WASP from Ryan, Okla., who extols the virtues of patriotism, family, discipline, and hard work. Writer Joe Flaherty accompanied Norris on a tour of public schools in New York's Harlem to describe what is behind the phenomenal success of the next high priest of kung fu.

Twenty Worst—*Penthouse*'s annual rating of next season's worst college football teams prompts a flurry of mail from campuses across the country, suggesting in no uncertain and often unprintable terms what we might do with our fearless forecasts. More interesting, however, are letters from students who cannot believe that their school's team did not qualify for membership in the bottom of the collegiate barrel. Take heart, faithless fans. This may be the year our peerless pigskin prophet, Lawrence Linderman, honors your university as one of "The Twenty Worst College Football Teams of 1980–81." Linderman promises many new candidates on his roster of the rotten, along with favorite repeat offenders.

Jack-in-the-Box—It was prom night at Anthracite Academic, and nothing was going to stop Jack Twiller from scoring with Gina Gabooch, not even the prospect of being mangled by her incredibly huge brothers. Nothing could ruin this big night except, perhaps, the $50 junkyard Buick he depended on. In this exclusive excerpt from his novel, William Kotzwinkle looks at a young man on the verge of becoming an adult.

Marty Feldman—He is the latest and probably the most successful in a long line of endearing eccentrics that includes Peter Sellers, Arnold Stang, Don Knotts, and Woody Allen. A comedian turned writer turned actor turned filmmaker turned producer, Feldman wrote, directed, produced, and starred in his latest film project, *In God We Trust*, to be released by Universal at the end of this month. Richard Kleiner spoke with Feldman in Los Angeles for the October *Penthouse* interview. O⊢

The pain was excruciating. I let out a pussy-muffled yell as Diana, reading my biting thoughts, slipped off my face and went down to minister to my pain-shrunk cock. I realized that I had to relax if I were to survive this assault without being split in two by Frank's monstrous marauder. After some intense concentration on loosening my sphincter, I gradually became aware of Diana's insistent mouth on my prick and Frank's thankfully slow, grunting reaming. Mercifully soon, Diana's lollipopping my glans and the hot poker stroking my prostate produced the familiar scrotum-tightening feel of a soon-to-come come. After I had emptied my load into her eagerly gulping throat, he began his ass-jerking dance, filling me with scalding jism.

Presently, they sandwiched me between them to stroke and talk me down. Aided by several more joints, I let myself succumb to this treatment. When they finally untied me, I was so spaced I couldn't have lifted a hand in protest if I'd been dumb enough to wish it. Our stroking became more sexual. I had my face buried in Diana's nest, seeking her little bird with my tongue, when I felt Frank's hard cock pressing into my thigh. I turned, both to protect myself and to check him out. I could not believe it had been in me. We carried about the same seven inches, but his tool was thick.

As I was returning to Diana's treasure trove, Frank asked me to fuck him. After some consideration I thought this seemed to be an appropriate and ego-building form of avenging myself. I greased up and was soon fucking the hairy ass hole of a former all-American and pro football player. It wasn't as tight as I had expected, having used the rear entry with some of the women I'd known. Diana lay up against the headboard, with Frank eating her out as I humped him. Looking across the heavily muscled back of her husband, I watched the blissful expressions play over her face. The sensation of power was heavy. At some point Frank brought my hand around to his prick. As I pulled him off, it felt like my cock was too feet long and I had pierced right through him with my powerful pole. Soon after Diana climaxed in a shivering, eye-rolling orgasm, Frank spurted into my hand. His tightening ass caused me to pour myself into him. We collapsed in a warm, tangle on the bed.

Since I returned to school in the fall, Diana and Frank have invited me to many of their parties. I have met interesting and influential people who, like them, are sexually liberal. The above theme has been embellished and embroidered upon in countless variations.—*Name and address withheld* O⊢

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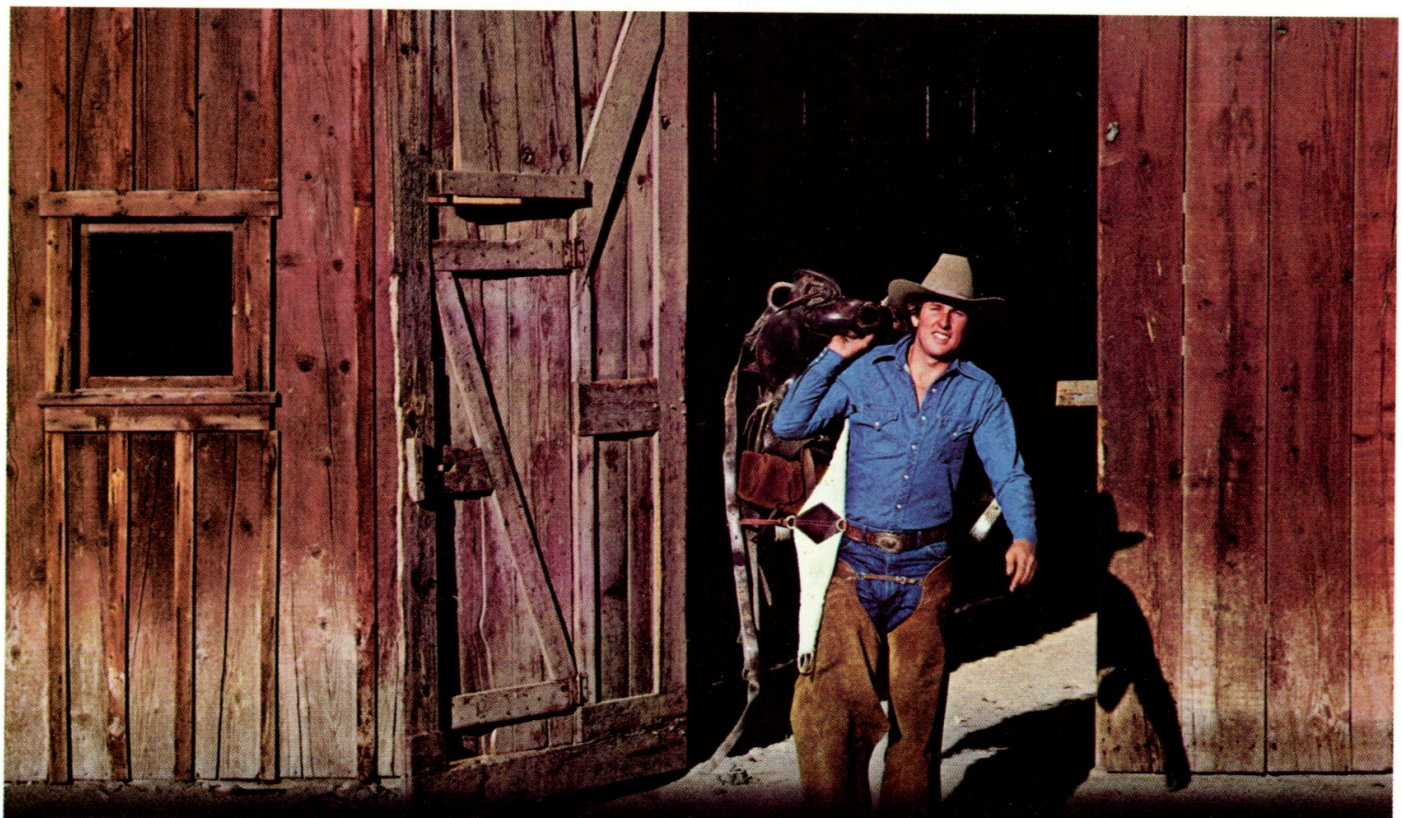

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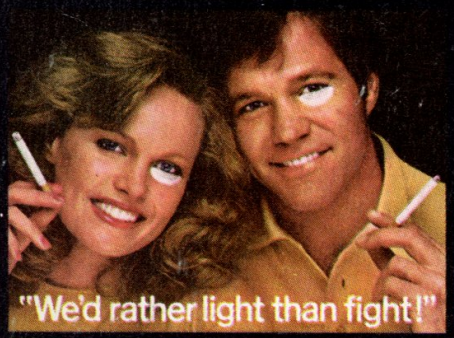

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